

BOSTON

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# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



## AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

CRISP CURRENT COMMENT LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED

### ♣ THE MAN ON THE BARREN

A POWERFUL STORY BY EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

### SHALL THE WHITE MAN RULE? ♣

SENATOR TILLMAN ON THE NEGRO QUESTION

### ♣ STOPPING A MORO FORTRESS

A SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF SAVAGE FIGHTING

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**THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Department 128, Chicago.**

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1903

No. 1



## Affairs at Washington

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

**R**EAR ADMIRAL COTTON'S squadron is knocking at the door of the turbulent Turk; Governor General Taft is preparing to take charge of the war department; Secretary Root is shaping his affairs to argue the Alaskan boundary question in London; Vice-Governor-General Luke Wright is waiting the hour

of his advancement to first place in the Philippines; General Miles' friends are grooming him for the democratic presidential nomination; Mr. Bryan almost daily is adding a name or two to his celebrated blacklist; Mr. Cleveland is still fishing—just what he hopes to catch isn't quite clear; the State department is



ADMIRAL AND MRS. DEWEY DRIVING TO THEIR COUNTRY HOME JUST OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON  
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by B. Clinedinst.



WILLIAM H. TAFT, GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

Judge Taft, who will succeed Mr. Root as secretary of war, was a United States circuit judge, resident in Cincinnati, when President McKinley appointed him the first civil governor of the Philippines. Judge Taft's father, Alphonso Taft, was a jurist, a cabinet officer and a diplomat. The family has long been distinguished.

dickering with the Colombian government about the Panama canal—one treaty rejected at Bogota and another in formation; the pros and antis are lining up for a great fight over Aldrich's financial program; Professor Langley's airship hasn't done any flying yet,—conditions not just right, somehow; and the president and his family are returning to Washington from their Summer home at Oyster Bay. Altogether, the Summer

has been full of interesting events and the Fall and Winter bid fair to be actually exciting at the national capital.

The called session of congress is dated to open November 9, but there has been some pressure for an earlier date — sometime early in October. At this writing there is no indication that the president will advance the date. The principal business before the session will be the financial bill which Senator Aldrich is shaping with certain of his colleagues; the matter of trade reciprocity with Cuba, the straightening out of the Panama canal tangle,—and the usual "something unexpected."

#### SENATOR ALDRICH seems to

be confident that congress will pass a bill embodying his ideas. He says the purpose of his work is to get more money into circulation. To this end he proposes the removal of the restriction on the retirement of banknote circulation, so that it may be retired in such volume as the national banks may desire. And he would have congress grant permission for the deposit of surplus customs receipts in national banks upon the de-



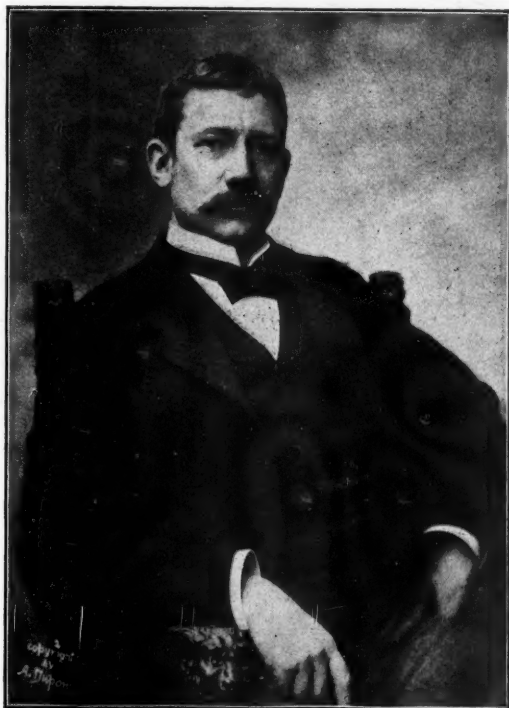
posit of state, municipal and railway bonds in a mixed collateral half of which should be government bonds. At present, customs receipts are turned into the government sub-treasuries and can be paid out only on appropriations by congress. The opponents of this plan do not regard state, municipal and railway—especially railway—bonds as good enough security for the use of public cash. They say that the men behind the plan are great speculative investors. That these men, if they prove powerful enough to get the bill passed, will be able also to have it interpreted: that if they can get the bonds of their railways accepted as security for government money, they will have only to issue new railway bonds in order to get more money whenever they need it. That with this money they can buy more railways, issue more bonds for more money, and so on *ad infinitum*. The one man the critics of the bill single out as the especial beneficiary of the Aldrich plan is John D. Rockefeller, who is generally understood to be supplanting J. Pierpont Morgan and the Vanderbilts in ownership and control of the biggest and best railway systems of the country.

Wall street operators generally do not appear to be perspiring any in their efforts to get the Aldrich idea made law. They are apparently satisfied that the annual addition of \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 in gold to the world's basic money supply —(the present rate, steadily increasing)—will be ample to provide for the legitimate

demands of business. Possibly, also, they think it wouldn't be well for their business to put into the hands of their master—J. D. R.—a weapon so powerful as the Aldrich plan is reputed to be.

The western press has shown a disposition to oppose the Aldrich plan, irrespective of party lines. Former Senator Carter of Montana—and, by the way, he expects again to sit in the senate from that state—voices this western feeling when he says:

"The people of our western country are more prosperous than ever before.



HON. ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF WAR

Mr. Root was one of New York's most distinguished lawyers and clubmen when, in August, 1899, President McKinley called him to the head of the War department. He has made a record in office equal to the ablest of his predecessors, and goes now to London, where he will attend the meetings of the Alaskan Boundary Commission. His resignation from the War department will take effect January 9, 1904, when General Young will retire for age and be succeeded by General Chaffee at the head of the new general staff of the army.

They have abundant crops and money in plenty; in fact, for the first time in the commercial history of this country the West is loaning money in the East. I know it to be a fact that Butte, Montana, banks are discounting Philadelphia and New York paper. I think there

the financial stringency in New York particularly is due to disorder of trade or of speculation largely local."

Speaking of Morgan's slackening grip on railway affairs, coincident with Rockefeller's advance in that direction, it is interesting to note that Rockefeller's right-hand man in his recent gigantic railway operations is George Gould, the son of Jay Gould. George Gould is rated the ablest young man in the whole world of finance. His training and genius allied with the Standard Oil millions make a combination sufficiently strong to explain the obvious partial eclipse of the great shipping promoter as a railway king.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A., RETIRED

General Miles' retirement in curt terms has caused much sharp comment on the part of his friends and admirers. They are now urging him to become a candidate for the next democratic presidential nomination. Nelson A. Miles was born in Massachusetts, August 8, 1839, entered the Union army as a lieutenant of volunteers and rose to be major general. Congress revived the grade of lieutenant general for him in 1900. General Miles is the author of several books of travel and military science. His record as a fighting man is one of the best in American history. As a diplomat he ranks with General William Tecumseh Sherman, who also quarreled with his secretary of war.

will be an abundance of money in the West to move the crops, and that our people will not find it necessary to seek a dollar in the East. Naturally, under these circumstances, they are not thinking much about financial legislation. The belief is general in the West that

any authority and an adjutant general with far too much. The manner of General Miles' dismissal might have been much gentler without offending the public sense of justice—but that is past,—and it is always the public's privilege to pass judgment upon the acts of its

THE selection of Judge Taft, governor general of the Philippines, to succeed Secretary of War Root means that President Roosevelt regards the Philippine problem as one of the greatest his administration will have to deal with. The president thanked Mr. Root heartily, in accepting his resignation to take effect January 9, 1904. And the country heartily seconded his praise. Mr. Root has done his work quietly, without display. He has put the management of the army on a business basis—incidentally putting an end to tiresome friction between a lieutenant general without

official servants — which it always does.

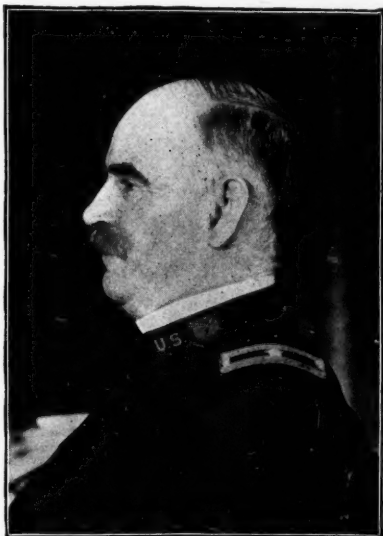
The public remembers that General Miles was a successful soldier in the Civil war, in indian campaigns and in the Spanish war, and it seems to have felt that he was being done out of his justly won honors by a clique of carpet-soldiers at the capital. But the plain fact is that a change from the old order had become a crying necessity. A necessity horribly demonstrated by the blundering that marred the early stages of the war with Spain. An officer of the new general staff makes this clear, saying:

"The demand for a general staff grows out of the lessons learned by the government in the war with Spain. The country remembers the troubles that developed at Tampa when the expedition was being organized to invade Cuba and commence the assault by land against the intrenched army of Spain



LIEUTENANT GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG, U. S. A.

He entered the Union army as a private in a Pennsylvania regiment, and was mustered out at the war's end with the brevet rank of brigadier general. In 1866 he entered the regular army as lieutenant colonel, and has risen to be the last of the lieutenant generals, a grade he held for only a week, before the army's new general staff plan became effective.



BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE BRECKINRIDGE DAVIS, JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL, U. S. A.

Born in Massachusetts, February 14, (a valentine) 1847, he entered West Point in 1867 and reached his present rank in 1901. He was professor of law in the Military Academy, 1895 to 1900. As a Civil war volunteer he rose from the rank of sergeant to a second lieutenant before his eighteenth birthday.

in Santiago. The country rang with severe criticism of the War department and the officers who administered army affairs. Even men who had sworn to support the constitution and uphold the flag and who wore the blue of the army were so sorely tried that they cursed the lack of system and the neglect which had grown up in the military arm of the government. Supplies were slow and not furnished at the right time and in the right way. Transports were not at hand. Horses and pack animals could not be secured. Arms and ammunition were not forthcoming as they should be. Insufficient information as to the extent of the task that confronted our administration in the island made it necessary to delay until our secret agents could make reconnoiters in the country of the enemy.

"The general staff will meet just such



BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES F. HUMPHREY, QUARTERMASTER GENERAL, U. S. A.

Born in New York, he began army life as a private of artillery in 1863 and was a first lieutenant when the Civil war closed. Since 1879 he has been in the quartermaster's department, of which he became chief in April this year. He has a splendid record as a soldier. The Medal of Honor was given him for most distinguished gallantry in an Indian fight at Clearwater, Idaho, in 1877, where he recovered captured guns under a withering fire. He retires for age (64) September 2, 1903. His son, Charles F. Humphrey, Jr., is a lieutenant of infantry.

a condition and render impossible a repetition of the mistakes of that campaign. The commission which, under the direction of the president, investigated the conduct of the war with Spain reported that 'for many years the divided authority and responsibility in the War department has produced friction, for which, in the interest of the service, a remedy, if possible, should be applied.' Now the general staff is proposed as the remedy needed.

"Under the general staff system in

time of peace there will be a rigid investigation of all branches of the service. Information will be gathered by the members of the general staff concerning the resources of all the world powers. Imaginary campaigns will be planned against them.

"The roads and bridges, the climate and the possibility of sustaining an army on the soil of foreign countries will be carefully considered. With the information collated by the members of the general staff the head of the army will have at immediate command every detail needed for the direction of an army of defense. As has been repeatedly asserted, the departure does not mean the building up of a military system which

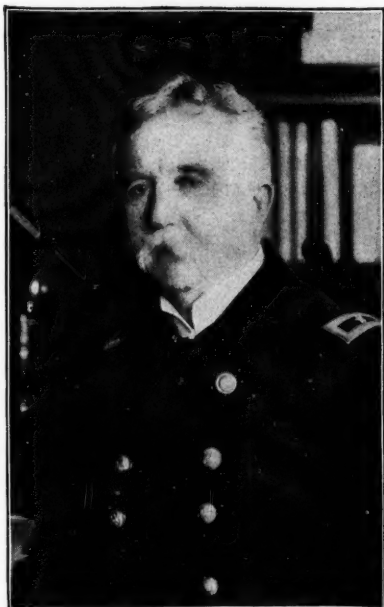


BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM CROZIER, CHIEF OF ORDNANCE, U. S. A.

General Crozier was a boy of six when the Civil war began. Born in Ohio, he entered West Point from Kansas, class of 1872. He attained his present rank in 1901. Crozier is regarded as a very able man, but his rapid promotion, over the heads of more than thirty other officers, excited bitter protest. President McKinley was his friend, and it is said that President Roosevelt, in making him chief of ordnance, really carried out one of McKinley's promises.

shall endanger, even remotely, existing institutions. It does not mean that the nation proposes to engage in war or that the authorities fear a world struggle. On the contrary, the theory behind the movement for the new and better army is that a state of preparedness is the best insurance against war. World powers which keep a sleepless eye on our movements will know the moment the general staff system is put into operation. They will be restrained by the knowledge that we, too, have taken to the study of military defense as a science and on modern and most scientific lines."

**A SUGGESTION**—the best possible suggestion—for the Philippines, has been warmly endorsed by Secretary



BRIGADIER GENERAL ALFRED ELLIOTT BATES,  
PAYMASTER GENERAL, U.S.A.

Born in Michigan in 1840, he entered West Point in 1861. It took General Bates twentytwo years to get from major to lieutenant colonel, but after that promotion was rapid, as his seniors retired. He is well off, and has a fine house near the British embassy. It was occupied for two years by Secretary Root while General Bates' family were abroad.



COLONEL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, U.S.A.  
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF INSULAR AFFAIRS

A West Pointer, graduated in 1883. An Ohioan. During the Spanish war he served as major and assistant adjutant general and as lieutenant colonel of the fortyseventh infantry. A keen, kindly, politic man, well fitted for the difficult post he now holds.

Root, and will doubtless be made a leading feature of Mr. Taft's administration of the War department. This is for the building of a system of railways in the Philippines. Secretary Root believes this step will do more to develop the resources of the islands, and to prevent insurrections, than anything else that could be done. Nothing could be more self-evident. This is the age of business and the railway is the first essential tool of business. It is proposed to build a line from Manila north through Luzon to the harbor at the northernmost end of the island. Another projected line



is a branch from this north-and-south line over the mountains to the eastern coast. Another proposed line is from Manila south to Batangas. It has been suggested also that a line be constructed along the west coast of Luzon from Dagupan, the present terminus of the Manila and Dagupan road, to the north end of the island.

The propositions which have been considered by the secretary of war and the governor of the Philippines contemplate aid by the government in the construction of the proposed roads. It is believed that a guarantee of the interest on the amount of the cost of the roads, in case the roads prove unable to pay such interest out of the earnings, will be sufficient to induce capital to invest in the different enterprises. The Philippine government could not make grants of lands to aid in the construction of the roads, but it could grant rights of way.

It has been determined that the Philippine government has the authority to guarantee the interest on the railroad bonds, the payment of interest, if made, to constitute a lien on the property of the railroad.

It appears they have "grafters" in Bogota, too. Uncle Sam offered the Panama Canal Company



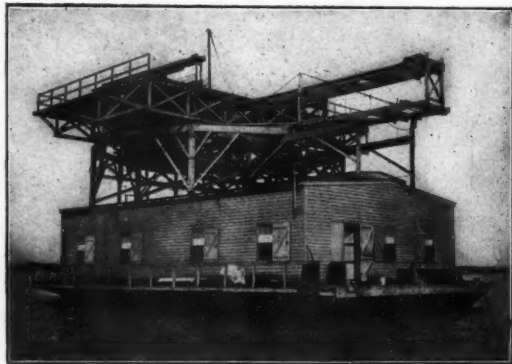
SAMUEL PIERPONT  
LANGLEY

Professor Langley is a famous astronomer and physicist, and most favored of flying-machine inventors, with Uncle Sam's ample bank account to draw upon. He is now experimenting with an aeroplane machine over the Potomac at Widewater, Virginia.

forty million dollars for its plant and franchises. The Colombian government—that is, the small handful of hungry adventurers at the moment controlling the Colombian government—has had the cheek to demand that the Panama Canal Company shall give it half this forty millions. No divvy, no sale. The French stock-holders just naturally object to being plucked in this fashion. Witness, then, a new showing of the magnificent nerve of the Colombians: they ask Uncle Sam to help them squeeze the French. As the Colombians see it, they hold the whip

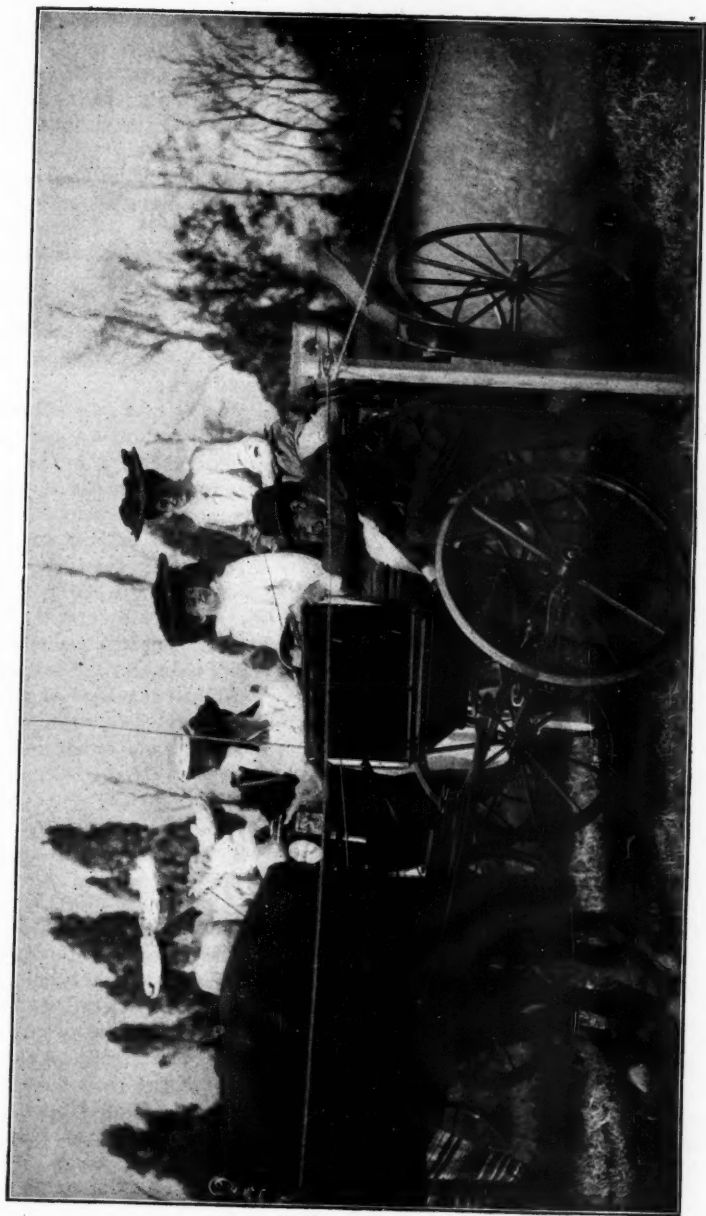
hand. Unluckily for their plans, President Roosevelt is not one of their sort—not a grafter but an honest man. The Colombians were foolish to think he would either bribe them or help rob the French. He will do neither, and it is a safe wager that he will find a way to dig the canal through Colombian territory. It is not to be tolerated that a little handful of over-night revolutionists

temporarily unhung shall balk the building of the canal in the best of all possible routes for it. The world's commerce needs the canal,—needs the canal at Panama. It is equally essential to the safeguarding of the inter-



PROFESSOR LANGLEY'S HOUSEBOAT AT WIDEWATER, VA.

The flying machine is kept inside the houseboat. The machine will be started from the tracks on the roof of the boat, which can be revolved so as to point in any desired direction. The Langley flying machine does not employ the balloon, but relies upon motive power to keep a winged aeroplane afloat. Sir Hiram Maxim says this is the right idea.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT AND HER FRIENDS

Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by B. Clineinst.



AL. PORTS AND HIS FRIEND THE GODDESS OF FREEDOM

ests of the western republics, all of them, that this water highway between East and West coasts should be built, and built speedily.

The situation is stated succinctly by Walter Wellman in the Record-Herald:

"President Roosevelt is unqualifiedly opposed to the Nicaragua route. He fears a canal there would be a failure. He has the judgment of many eminent engineers condensed in an editorial expression in the current issue of the Scientific American, to-wit:

"Since the Panama location was decided upon by congress the engineering world has come to the settled conclusion that there are physical obstacles which render the construction of a safe and successful canal at Nicaragua impossible."

"The president believes it is his duty to do everything in his power to locate the canal at Panama. The Spooner law requires him to deal with Nicaragua whenever a 'reasonable' time has elapsed without success in gaining a concession Panama. Mr. Roosevelt proposes to

be the judge and interpreter of that word 'reasonable,' and meanwhile he will exhaust all practicable means of securing a canal at Panama before he turns to the inferior route.

"If Colombia fails to come to terms with the United States, the president has in mind various alternatives, as follows:

"1. Recognition of Panama as an independent state in case an insurrection occurs.

"2. To take possession of the isthmus for canal purposes under the treaty of 1846, at the same time disclaiming any intention to acquire sovereignty and offering to pay the indemnity mentioned in

the pending treaty.

"3. To carry the case to The Hague tribunal as a sort of international court, which might in a judgment enforce the principle of civilization's right of eminent domain over strategic points in the development of commerce and communication."

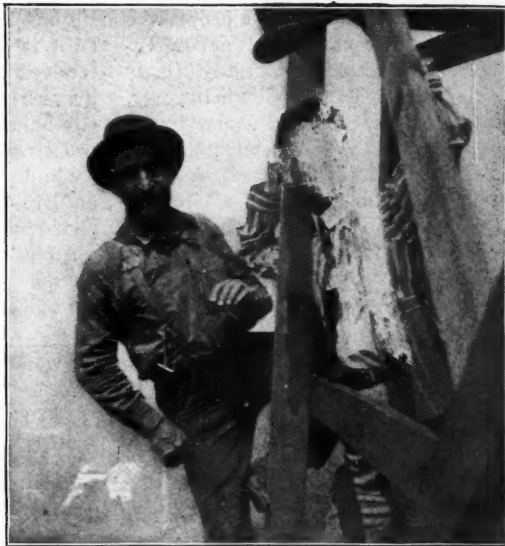
**L**EROY J. MCNEELY of the speaker's staff tells this breezy story of an interesting proceeding:

It is said that the bronze "Godless of Freedom" on the dome of the Capitol turned green with envy of the glittering golden dome of the Congressional Library building across the way. At any rate, the statue has in recent years had a conspicuous coat of unsightly verdigris over the most of it, which got so bad that a cleaning was decided upon by Superintendent of the Capitol Elliott Woods, who has done so much in the past year to beautify the Capitol building and grounds. To make the cleaning possible, a scaffold was built around the

statue, and after much scrubbing and rubbing with pumice stone and water, the work was completed, although it was not as successful as had been expected.

Not since the statue was raised to position in 1863 has there been a scaffold erected on the top of the dome. The photographs presented herewith are therefore noteworthy, as they were taken (by Mr. McNeely) from the scaffold within arm's length of the statue itself. Naturally the building of the scaffold attracted much attention in Washington and led to comment on various matters relating to the dome, and the interesting figure that surmounts it. The discussion brought out the very emphatic statement that the statue does not represent an indian figure, as many people seemed to think. The erroneous impression grew out of the fact that the figure of an eagle on the helmet of the goddess looks very much like an indian head-dress. Many people have learned, too, the true name of the statue, that it is the "Goddess of Freedom," and not the "Goddess of Liberty." The facts bearing on the raising of the distinction between the two are interesting. It was in the year 1855, in Rome, that the figure was designed by Thomas Crawford, father of F. Marion Crawford, the novelist. In October, 1855, Crawford wrote concerning his model

"It is quite possible that Mr. Jefferson Davis may, as *upon a former occasion*, object to the cap of Liberty and the fasces. I can only say in reply that the work is for the people, and they must be addressed in language they understand, and which has become unalterable



FEARLESS AL. PORTS SWINGING OUT FROM THE SCAFFOLD  
287 FEET ABOVE THE EARTH

for the masses. The emblems I allude to can never be replaced by any invention of the artist; all that can be done is to add to them, as I have done, by placing the circlet of stars around the cap of liberty; it thus becomes more picturesque, and nothing of its generally understood signification is lost. All arguments, however, must reduce themselves into the question: 'Will the people understand it?' I must, therefore, hope the secretary will allow the emblems to 'pass muster.'"

But the original model did not "pass muster," for the reason that "the secretary," who was Jefferson Davis, had positive ideas of his own as to what the figure should be. In a letter dated January 15, 1856, to "Captain M. C. Meigs, in charge of Capitol Extension, Washington City," he wrote, among other things:

"As to the cap, I can only say, without intending to press the objection formerly made, it seems to me its history

renders it inappropriate to a people who were born free and would not be enslaved. Why should not armed Liberty wear a helmet? Her conflict being over, her cause triumphant, as shown by the other emblems of the statue, the visor would be up so as to permit, as in the photograph, the display of a circle of stars, expressive of endless existence and of heavenly birth."

"Jeff" Davis' suggestions were adopted, and the liberty cap was changed to a

rigger" of the Capitol building, who built it with only one "helper," has received no end of commendation for his success. It was precarious work to climb those heights with only a rope and two cross-beams with which to start the scaffold. Little by little he built it up, until in a week's time he had it completed and ready for the cleaners.

Attention is called to the points on the shoulders of the "goddess." These are platinum-tipped lightning rods.

There are a number of these points on the helmet, and elsewhere on the statue, and it was found when the scaffold was put up that some of them were burned out, so that they had to be replaced.

On the top of the statue, which, by the way, is 287 feet from the ground on the east front, is the following inscription, cut in the bronze:

**GODDESS OF FREEDOM.**

THIS STATUE  
WAS PUT IN PLACE ON THE  
2D DAY OF DECEMBER,  
1863,

BY CHARLES THOMAS,  
of Boston, Mass.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
President of the United States.

B. B. FRENCH,  
Commissioner of Public  
Buildings and Grounds.



SHOWING THE SCAFFOLD FROM A DISTANCE

helmet with the crest of an eagle's head and an arrangement of feathers.

George C. Hazelton, Jr., in his book on the National Capitol, says:

"The secretary's objections to the cap were that it was the Roman badge of emancipation and inappropriate to a free-born people. It has been often asserted that he saw in it a fanciful menace to the South and her institution of slavery."

The erection of the scaffold around the statue was a remarkable piece of work, and Albert Ports, the "boss

It may be interesting, in this connection, to state that the statue is nineteen and one-half feet high and weighs about 15,000 pounds. It is composed of five sections, the heaviest of which weighs 4,740 pounds. The statue was raised to its position one section at a time. The raising of the statue was made quite an occasion. As the fifth section, which comprised the head and shoulders, was lifted into place, a flag was waved from the top of the dome, which was the signal for the firing of the national salute by the field battery of thirty-five guns sta-



tioned in the grounds of the Capitol.

Something of the size of the statue may be imagined by comparing the face of the figure with the size of Mr. Ports' face in the same picture.

**M.** H. De YOUNG, proprietor of the San Francisco Chronicle, has been one of the most conspicuous and energetic workers for California among the many prominent men who stand for the settlement and development of the big Pacific coast state. Through the medium of his powerful daily, the Chronicle, Mr. de Young took a leading part in the organization of the California Promotion Committee, a central organization of commercial bodies in California whose unselfish object is the development of the state at large. Mr. De Young is a close friend of President Roosevelt. As president of the Citizens Committee of San Francisco, his executive ability planned and made successful the famous \$10,000 "golden banquet" which was a feature of the chief executive's recent visit to the Pacific coast. His name has been frequently mentioned in connection with large political positions, but it is thought that he prefers to devote his energies to the management of the Chronicle. Mr. De Young is a self-made man and has accumulated a large fortune through the broad, far-sighted policies which have rendered him so popular in California.

**B**RILLIANT indeed is the roster of names of notable women—most of them the daughters of men prominent in our national history—who as girls have graduated from the famous

Georgetown Convent at the national capital. In order that the friendships of girlhood days might not be forgotten, there was organized the Georgetown Alumnae Association, which has members in every state in the Union and in France, Germany,



M. H. DEYOUNG

Spain and many of the South and Central American countries. Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker, the originator and first president of the association, is the only daughter of the late General John A. and Mary Logan, the latter still living at her beautiful home in Washington, where she takes an active part in the political and social life of the capital. Mrs. Tucker was born in Illinois, but went to Washington at an early age, while her father was in the senate. After

graduating from the convent with the highest honors, she entered society, but this portion of her girlhood was brief, for after one season she married Major W. F. Tucker of the United States army. Following the army requirements, Mrs. Tucker has been obliged to make her home at various times in pretty nearly every part of the United States, and this has served greatly to extend the circle of her acquaintances.



MRS. MARY LOGAN TUCKER

**I**T is understood Hemenway of Indiana will be chairman of the house appropriations committee, succeeding Cannon.

# Shall White Men Rule or Be Ruled?

SENATOR TILLMAN PREDICTS THE REPEAL OF THE  
AMENDMENT GRANTING SUFFRAGE TO THE NEGRO

By *BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN*

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA



SENATOR TILLMAN

*THE Editor of the National Magazine, Dear Sir:—* I have your letter of August 26th. You ask me to express "an opinion as to whether in the life of the present generation we shall repeal the constitutional amendment granting suffrage to the negro."

I would not be willing to make a guess as to when this will be done, but my judgment is, that as it was the first great blunder in dealing with the race question after emancipation, there can be no amelioration or remedy for existing evils which are recognized by all until it is repealed.

There is nothing more certain than that the whites of the South will never submit to negro domination in any form; yet in the two states of Mississippi and South Carolina the negroes outnumber the whites 268,870 in the first and 224,702 in the second, while in the six states, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, the relative numbers at the last census were 4,408,298 whites and 4,438,383 colored.

The amendment is now nullified and has been for upwards of twentyfive years. Recent amendments to state constitutions in the South have given only temporary relief. The white race is pulling against the law of gravitation as represented by the constantly increasing number of negroes eligible to vote. There are more negro children going to school in South Carolina and Mississippi than there are whites. When enough negroes are educated to obtain the right to vote to outnumber the whites who can vote, then what?

It is doubtful whether a race war will be postponed so long as that. It certainly can not be if northern fanatics and greedy politicians continue to urge the policy now being pursued.

If the door of hope is to be kept open to the negroes it means that it must be shut on the whites. Absolute equality before the law would mean negro domination in two states at least, and that is something which will never be permitted.

I, therefore, do not hesitate to assert that the amendment will be repealed, because I do not believe there are enough fanatics in the North to force the other alternative. The negro must be subordinate and remain so forever or he will be exterminated.

TRENTON, S. C., AUGUST 31, 1903

# Storming a Moro Fortress

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF SAVAGE FIGHTING IN MINDANAO

By MAJOR R. S. PORTER

SURGEON U. S. V.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DIAGRAMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE trouble which culminated so disastrously for the Moros may be said to have begun in April, 1900, when the murders and robberies committed by a certain Datto Odessan at Malabang, Mindanao, made it necessary that he should be brought to time; so a note was sent to him, requesting an explanation of his action. In reply he sent a very impudent and defiant answer, as a consequence of which Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd M. Brett, thirtyfirst infantry, took a small force to Malabang to arrest him. Some of Odessan's followers resisted and were killed to the number of sixteen. Shortly afterward, a number of cattle, purchased by the commissary for the use of the troops, were stolen and the Bayan Moros were soon found to be the guilty ones. They were called on to deliver the cattle, but did not even respond, and they were notified that they would not be allowed to take part in the market until they had returned the stolen cattle.

From this time on, Bayan considered us as enemies and sent all kinds of taunts and threats, of which no notice was taken. Pandapatan, the war chief of Bayan, offered \$200 and two Remington



DR. R. S. PORTER, MAJOR AND SURGEON IN THE LATE U. S. V.

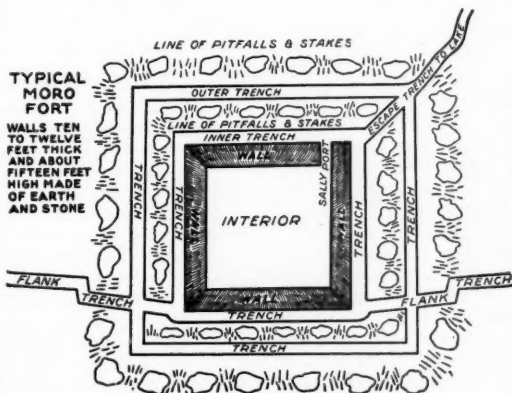
rifles if the commanding officer at Malabang would only come up to Bayan to fight him, saying that he alone was good for one hundred Americans. Such things as this were with infinite patience overlooked by the American authorities, until the events beginning March, 1902, at last made patience no longer a virtue.

During the middle of March, 1902, Lieutenant Forsyth of the fifteenth cavalry took a detachment of seventeen men up the Parang trail on an exploring and surveying trip, and was attacked by two hundred Moros of Butig under the Sultan na Wali. He was

compelled to retire to Parang Parang, losing one man but inflicting serious losses on the Moros, who succeeded in capturing about twenty horses and pack-mules. This was the immediate cause of the forming of the Lake Lanao expedition for the punishment

of Wali and his gang.

During the mobilization of troops at Malabang for one of the columns, Bayan contrived to get mixed up in the trouble. A party of six Moros attacked two soldiers of company B, twentyseventh infantry, about a mile from the fort, killing one and severely wounding the



A TYPICAL MORO FORT—FROM DRAWINGS BY MAJOR PORTER



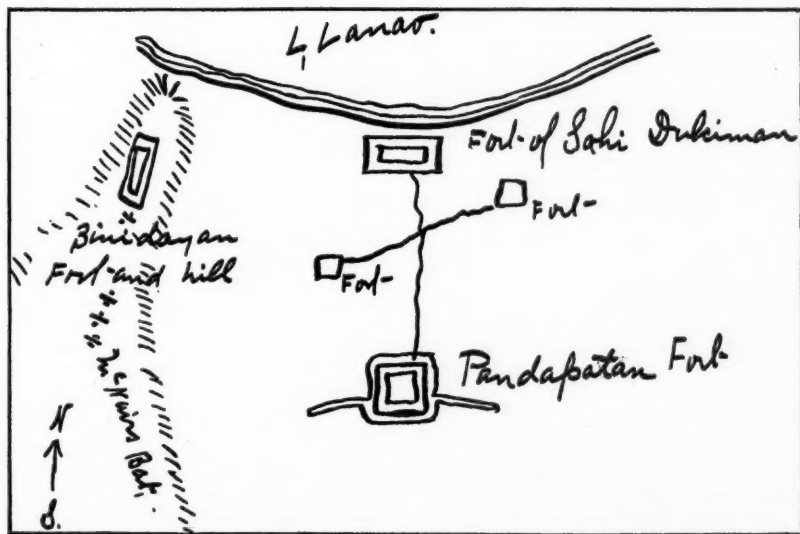
in the afternoon, when we came to the first open country seen since leaving Malabang, and this was only a small plain. This clearing is called Kalalaman and is the limit of the Spanish advance, the Moros never having allowed the Spaniards to go any nearer the lake from the south. After a rest here, the column moved forward, but nightfall found us still on the trail, and, not deeming it advisable to proceed further for fear of losing the trail in the darkness, we camped for the night. The next morning we crossed the Matiling river where it emerges from the beautiful lake of Bapao, which is about five miles long by three wide. The Moros have a legend that long years ago this region was dry land, but there came a flood which drowned all the inhabitants, and that now at certain times these people can be seen in the depths of the lake going about their business, plowing, planting and weaving. The ford of the Matiling was fortified by a trench and a stone wall, and the trail itself had been well blockaded all the way from Malabang with trees big and little, and the interstices filled with briars and piles of brush. Our arrival on the edge of the lake was a surprise to the enemy, who had supposed that we would have to build a wagon road as we advanced, and hence could not arrive for several weeks.

On April 20 messages were sent to all the chiefs of the valley through the Raja Muda

of Ganasi, inviting them to a conference, and telling them that we had not come to the lake country to fight them, but had come to be their friends and to improve their condition in every way.

All the chiefs of the valley responded to this except the Sultan Mamor of Pualas, whose red flag still defied us. The other chiefs professed great friendship for us and expressed regret that Bakulud, Bayan and Pualas should have fired on us from the friendly Ganasi country. Later they brought us cattle, eggs, fish and sweet potatoes, which were purchased by the commissary at a fair price.

April 21, the expedition moved on Pualas, passing by a dozen smaller fortifications whose owners looked at us from a safe distance. After passing peacefully over hills and through ravines, we at last came to the main hill of Pualas, on the summit of which stands the fort of the Sultan Mamor, the great red flag floating lazily in the breeze. Creeping carefully up the hill, entirely out of sight of the enemy on account of inequalities of the ground, we reached a point about 400 yards from the fort on the two principal sides. The cannon had been silently pushed up the hill with us, and on carefully peeping over a hillock we could see the fort directly in front of us, silent as the grave, with a solitary sentry, spear in hand, looking in our



MAJOR PORTER'S SKETCH OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF PANDAPATAN





DATTO PIANG AND HIS SON WITH LIEUTENANT REED AND THE INTERPRETER

direction. When all was ready and the troops were in position, the signal was given, and the loaded guns were pushed over the brow of the hill and a shell was sent screaming high over the fort. The sentry disappeared like magic, but yet no reply from the fort, and Lieutenant Wagner stepped forward and waved a white handkerchief tied to the end of a switch, while Datto Kumaug, one of our allies, called on the Sultan to surrender.

"Sulutan Mamor pebpandi ka sa maputi," he called;—"Sulutan Mamor pebpandi ka sa maputi," he repeated more audibly, as no sheet of flame came from the fort. Now, our ally actually raised himself up in plain sight, but still holding onto the rock to jump behind at the first shot from the fort. He repeated his demand, and just then two great puffs of smoke came from the fort, followed by two reports. The enemy had replied with his big guns. Datto Kumaug disappeared and the artillery opened the ball, at this range making the fort untenable; then the infantry rose up and rushed toward the fort, through ditches and over walls, only to find that the enemy had made a rapid retreat through a long ditch in the rear. The sultan had been killed with several of his followers and the rest had not stayed to see more, but had departed on the instant.

After destroying the fort and its defenses, attention was called to a large fort on the east which was flying a red banner, so a shell

or two was sent in its direction, although it was over a mile away. Just then the Raja Muda of Ganasi came up and told us excitedly that that was the main fort of Ganasi (called Marigo on account of the soil of which it was built being red in color) and that it was occupied by the Datto Ama ni Pak Pak, the patriarch of Ganasi who had made peace with us the day before, and that he would go and compel the old man to surrender his flag; so the raja started as fast as his little horse would take him toward the fort. Soon we saw the flag come down and the Raja Muda come out of the fort and start in our direction, bringing the banner with him. When he returned with his prize the colonel told him that as he had saved Ganasi, he should no longer be Raja Muda of Ganasi but the Sultan

of Ganasi, and the next day all of the people of Ganasi, even the old Ama ni Pak Pak, acknowledged him as chief.

After the taking of Pualas, all opposition to American authority ceased in this rich country, and visits were made by our soldiers and officers to all parts of Pualas and Ganasi. Efforts were now made to bring Bayan and Bakulud into the fold, and letters were sent to the Sultan of Bayan and his chiefs stating that the general would soon be up at Gadungan, and inviting them to a conference, also telling them of our innocent and beneficent intention toward them. Our messenger "Ampun," a nephew of the recently created Sultan of Ganasi, undertook to deliver the note, which he did, but with great personal risk. He was not admitted to the fort, but was kept waiting on the outskirts of Bayan for his answer, which was as follows:

"Letter of the Sultan of Bayan to the General. The word of the Colonel is not the law of the Sultan of Bayan."

This made it appear as if we would have to move upon Bayan and teach him that he must acknowledge our authority.

April 30, after having apparently exhausted every possible means to secure peace, the command started on its way to Bayan, and by five o'clock we reached the fort of the son of the Sultan of Binidayan, who hoisted a white flag and came to meet us, giving us

assurance of good will and friendship. There we went into camp. He informed us that the Moros of Bayan had built a new fort on the hill of Binidayan which overlooked all of Bayan and Bibi.

This camp at the fort of the son of the Sultan of Binidayan was called Camp No. 4. On the following day Colonel Baldwin sent by an Arab priest, under a flag of truce, a letter to the Sultan of Bayan, Datto Adta, demanding that the murderers of our soldiers be surrendered, and that they should cease their defying and taunting manner, and come or send a delegation to make peace. They were given until noon of May 2 to comply with these demands or suffer the consequences.

To show the moderation and self-control our troops were obliged to display, at the very moment of the departure of our messenger we were fired upon by parties of Moros on our front and rear, which continued until our move forward May 2, without damage to us, however. The enemy lost two, killed by our outpost who returned the fire.

All the time of our stay at camp No. 4, in addition to firing on us, the enemy, from their new fort on the hill on our front, kept up a constant defiance, by yelling and hooting at us, waving their knives in the air and dancing about in wild, war-dance antics, as if to show us what they would do to us if we came up there.

Our messenger we watched closely as he approached the fort, and on getting within a few hundred yards of it he was surrounded by Moros who hurried him across the hill in the direction of the Fort of Pandapatan, whose banners we could see waving in the distance on the other side of the hill. Shortly after, we heard a great cheer and yell from the forts and the Moros again shook their knives at us and danced about hooting. At this we all said, "Goodby, Mr. Arab," as we supposed that it meant that they had made short work of our emissary; but it turned out that instead of killing him they dragged him before the sultan and Datto Pandapatan, where he delivered his message. The sultan handed it to his war chief, Pandapatan, who tore it in two and threw it on the ground and spat upon it; this was the cause of the cheers; then all clamored for our messen-



VISIT OF A DATTO TO THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN FORT MALABANG, MINDANAO

ger's life, but after some discussion it was thought best to detain him, but not kill him till after the battle, and he was sent to the fortress of Sahi Dulciman, the high priest of Bayan, from which he escaped the day after the battle.

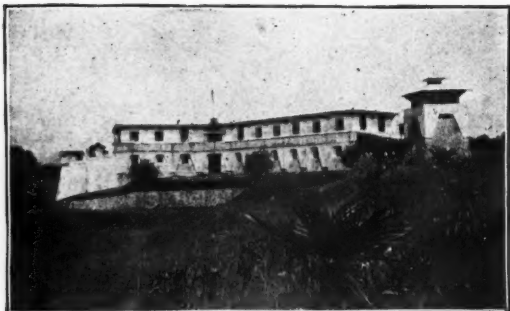
So the night passed with desultory firing from the enemy, and in the morning, about nine o'clock, Moros were seen crossing the lake in canoes and heading for Bayan and Binidayan. They were Bakalud Moros coming to take part in the fight and from which they were never to return. Some of them stole up the steep bluff on which we were camped and opened up a fairly good fire on our outpost at the spring. These were soon driven away, however, and our messenger not returning of course, preparations were made for the advance.

From here the command moved forward to a position about 1,000 yards from the new Binidayan fort where the artillery opened up a fine shell fire, while Major Scott's battalion continued in the advance up the hill, the enemy keeping up a desultory fire from some old iron cannon staked to the ground by big pegs of bamboo.

With a rush and a yell the battalion crossed the trenches and over the walls, the enemy fleeing down the hill to the fort of Pandapatan in the valley, leaving about twentyfour dead in the ditches.

This was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the problem which now confronted

## STORMING A MORO FORTRESS



FORT MALABANG

us was the fort of Pandapatan below, from which a rather heavy fire was practically silenced by volley firing from our infantry. The artillery, as soon as it arrived upon Binidayan Hill, opened up on Pandapatan, not a shot missing, all exploding on the parapets, in the ditches, and in the interior of the fort.

The infantry now advanced, Captain Phillips on the right, Company E and Company F on the front and left and Captain Moore on the rear, thus completely surrounding the enemy and entirely preventing his escape.

As our troops advanced in perfect order, the enemy increased their fire, and as we came in sight of the trenches they were seen to be filled like a sardine box with the yelling, gesticulating enemy, made desperate by being thus caught like rats in a trap; and as our men approached about forty or fifty feet from the other trench, the enemy's fire became very severe, but nothing stopped the

American soldiers. Rushing forward, leaving their comrades falling on every side, into the ditches they went, with bayonet, pistol and rifle, and there began a struggle with the frenzied fanatics. In the fierceness of this hand-to-hand combat, modern times have few equals.

Out of one trench into the next, the enemy screaming in their despair, our men at last reached the very wall of the fort itself, from which came a rain of leaden and iron missiles, the lantakas spouting and belching buckets full of

slugs. Digging their fingers into the dirt of the walls, and standing on each other's shoulders in their eagerness to scale it, our blue-shirted heroes forced the last enemy into the interior of the fort.

A desperate attempt was made by Company B, twentyseventh infantry, to force the sally port of the fort, as dark was coming on and ammunition was getting low; this, even if successful, would have cost the lives of the first half dozen men who entered the gate; but as conditions were getting desperate and a sally by the enemy was expected which could not be resisted with our reduced amount of ammunition, it was the only thing that could be done. At the first rush, however, their intrepid and heroic leader, Captain Moore, was shot through the head, and at about this time a supply of ammunition came and the necessity passed.

By this time all the enemy in the trenches had been killed or wounded, and the Moros in the fort, yelling and shouting, some in encouragement and some in despair, kept up a heavy fire upon us. About five o'clock the sky became overcast and a heavy rain began to fall. Finding it impossible to scale the walls successfully, it was decided to construct scaling ladders during the darkness now rapidly approaching, and also to arrange some dynamite in the walls of the fort, and then at daybreak explode the charge, scale the walls, and put an end to the affair. So our men drew back a little way, threw up some temporary shelter and prepared to wait till morn-



MORO WOMEN

ing, when the finishing touch would be put on.

All during the night our men and the friendly Moros built scaling ladders of bamboo torn out of the palings of the captured fort of Binidayan, but when the first faint light of morning came, we saw to our surprise a number of white flags floating over the fort and the defenders perched on the parapet.

These prisoners, eightythree in number, the sole remainder of the original garrison of several hundred men, were marched up the Binidayan hill and put under guard, while the fort was entered by our troops and the victorious banners of the twentyseventh infantry were planted on its walls.

Upon our entering the fort, some of the Moro wounded, who feigned inability to walk, fell upon our men, determined to die killing an infidel so that they might go to heaven on a white horse. But they were overpowered.

The fort after the surrender was a most impressive sight. The trenches in portions were filled to overflowing with the Moro dead; inside and all around the place were scattered their corpses.

About ten o'clock in the morning the eighty-three prisoners made an attempt to overpower their guard and escape, but a great many were killed in the attempt, which came near being successful.

The losses of the enemy, as may be imagined, were very heavy, while our loss was seven killed and about sixty wounded.

This victory which cost the Moros so dear was a warning to the other two tribes of Bakulud and Butig (Masiu) who at once made



SCHOOL HOUSE IN MINDANAO

overtures for peace, which were received by our government in good spirit, and efforts were made to have the sultans of both those places come to Camp Vicars to confer with the commanding officer. This they declined to do, and little by little their letters lost the friendly tone as they recovered from the shock which Bayan's defeat had caused, and they

and the remnants of Bayan began acts of hostility, such as attacking outposts and firing on wagons and pack trains, and at the time of the writer's departure from the scene it began to look as if they too would have to be punished as Bayan was, their pacification or destruction being the only thing now necessary to clear the Philippines of the last vestige of resistance to American authority.

[NOTE: To show the utter frenzy of these fanatical people, an incident may be cited: During the taking of the Binidayan fort, Lieutenant Wigmore of the engineers saw a Moro brandishing a camplan (a huge knife) rushing toward him. His pistol was empty and Lieutenant Jossman, who was standing near, fired six shots from a 38-caliber pistol directly into the Moro's body, and yet he did not stop but came straight on Wigmore and was only stopped by a blow from Lieutenant Wigmore's saber, which cleft him to the middle. A Moro worked up to this high frenzy will not stop until he is dead, which accounts for the comparatively small number of wounded Moros remaining after the battle.

Upon the occupation of Mindanao by the Americans, one of the first questions asked by Datto Uttu was, "Is your great datto (President McKinley) a Moro or a Christian?" They were under the impression that there were only two classes of people in the world, Mohammedans and Spaniards.

Since the above was written the Masiu and Butig forts have been taken without loss to our troops, and with but slight loss to the enemy, and Bakulud has withdrawn its defiance.]

## MARY MACLANE'S SECOND BOOK

"MY Friend Annabel Lee" is distinctly better work than "The Story of Mary Mac Lane." It has not the impassioned lyric cry that was in the first book done by the little girl from Butte, but it reaches higher levels of imagination, and displays a finer literary art. The first book was of Butte and Mary Mac Lane. The second is of Boston and Mary Mac Lane's friend, Annabel Lee. Annabel Lee tells stories to Mary

Mac Lane. Some of these stories will be read with delight and at least partial comprehension by children who know Grimm and Andersen. At least one other is likely to become a classic in the hands of those best of story-tellers, the commercial travelers. I mean the story of the Wettenstein children. It is irresistibly comic. It is satire colored with sympathy. It is a gem among short stories.

Frank Putnam

# Down An Alpine Stream

BEING A LITTLE ROMANCE IN THE WAKE OF A CANOE

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

AUTHOR OF "PADDLES AND POLITICS DOWN THE DANUBE"

CANOES are feminine—they want to know everything—and they want to get at it with the least possible difficulty.

And that is how it happened that I suddenly found myself swirled around by the force of a mighty eddy in the river Inn and when I had recovered myself found that the nose of Caribee was pointing impudently into a sweet little sheltered cove where a merry mountain maid was busy about some washing.

Any other maiden would have scowled, screamed or called me names, but Resi laughed loudly, threw aloft her arms and welcomed me with:

"*Jessasna—ist das aber a herziges Ding!*"—and little Caribee bobbed with delight at the compliment; and the skipper was likewise happy.

For had I not been paddling all day on this most turbulent, rushing, swirling, eddying, tumbling stream—this most bewildering Inn which scurries to the Danube from the Alpine snows of Tyrol, sometimes a little trickle down the seams of the mountains, and at times swelling to monstrous proportions—roaring and showing its rocky teeth as though it were trying to get a good bite at the passing canoeist.

Resi presented a picture that will never fade so long as I can retain memory for good form in the woman beautiful. Her skirts were tucked up above the knee that she might not get them wet—her throat was open, her arms were bare—her beautiful hair was artistically tumbled—she had the laughing eyes and the fine, healthy, rosy skin of the Alps.

"Will you take care of my canoe?" said I—for I was wet through by a day of rain.

"Where have you come from?" said she.

"Innsbruck!"

"In that little boat! *Jessasna!*" and this time she laughed more sympathetically—for she was a water nymph, a fellow craftsman.

It had been a hard, long day's work. The river was in flood; the channel was difficult to find—there were many rocks to dodge and exhilarating whirlpools to negotiate; there was much sudden backing on one blade

and violent forwards on the other—much tumbling in foaming rapids—a constant strain on nerve and muscle. By the time, therefore, that the sun was commencing to dip behind the mountains, I, for my part, was equally ready to seek a village inn.

Resi told me her name—Theresa—and promised to look out for my various wet belongings—maps, books, clothing, cooking and camping outfit—and having promised to come back next day, I trudged to the "Swan" and secured a room for the night.

Then I strolled out to see where I was, and found myself in the midst of a battery of mountain artillery. The men wore the chocolate-colored uniform of the Austrian service—a fine, hardy, adventurous set of mountaineers. It was the close of the Summer and the army of Kaiser Franz Joseph was carrying out some military combinations which involved taking a regiment of infantry over a mountain range—and along with it two batteries of mountain artillery.

This branch of the service is recruited from the grandest specimens of humanity to be found in Europe—the Alpine peasantry. They are, for the most part, hardy and self-reliant farmers, who are good at woodcraft, splendid shots, expert climbers and all-round good fellows. Next to deep-sea sailors, there is no kind of man I would rather mess with than your Alpine peasant—be he Austrian, German, Italian or French.

The bulk of the troops had gone on, but several pieces had been left behind at the smithy, and with them a few of the men who were to follow so soon as the repairs had been made.

It was rather early in the afternoon—the village streets were little better than mud puddles—I looked for a barber shop—could find none. I asked the host of the "Swan" what he did for a barber—he said he would attend to it. So I went to my room and had but got myself comfortably arranged in dry togs when a gentle rap came at the door.

"Herrin!"

I bellowed: "*Gruss Gott, Herr Barbier!*"

And with that I turned around—and who should be standing before me with the same



apple-cheeked smile but my Resi of the waterside! This was as embarrassing as it was novel.

"Why," said I—"how did you know I was here—I thought you were the barber!"

"Well, so I am—what does the gracious Herr command?"

"I thought I would have my hair cut—for want of something better to do in this dull little place!"

So Resi pulled out her scissors, and, throwing a towel around my neck, commenced to make me feel comfortable. She talked as she snipped—told me that her husband had been a barber, and that she had worked into it. She was very proud of her position—but admitted that in secret her chief delight was the zither.

"Mine too!" said I. "Let's have some this evening!"

So she arranged that she would call for me at seven o'clock and have a little musical evening. She promised to draw in one or two of her friends, by way of chaperones, and I promised to see that no one went away thirsty.

So at seven, punctually, once more came the gentle tap and once more did Resi stand on the threshold—but this time with a gaudy Tyrolean kerchief about her shapely shoulders—a row of beads about her throat—her hair waved back from her forehead with much care.

She showed me the way—out into the darkness—through the rain and the puddles. It was so black that I had to take her hand for fear of stumbling. At length we stopped at a handsome doorway that had been carved in the days of Charles V—and entered a bright room where her friend Zillie was playing the *zitter*—soon to be joined by another, Gretel by name—and the one who proved to be our mainspring of happy movement—dear old Franzl, the fiddler.

Then we played—and then we sang—and we sang with much feeling—the good old volksliede—such as "*Hoch vom Dachstein an!*" "*Mei Dirndl is' barb' auf mi!*" etc., etc. Resi had a sweet voice—and, moreover, she loved to sing—and she wondered how I too had learned her songs.

Then, of course, we became thirsty and so Resi volunteered to go off to the inn and fetch some wine. I could not let her go alone through the streets—so I went with her, and together we toted back two jugs of the best Voeslauer that could be bought in our little village—and the good inn-keeper looked upon us with benevolence as we trudged away into the blackness again.

Then we sang some more—and then Franzl played a polka and of course we commenced to pat time; and pretty soon we were on our feet with a little impromptu dance—and that made us sort of warm and thirsty, and the wine tasted better than ever.

Our evening was opening pleasantly—but we needed cavaliers for Zillie and Gretel—and no sooner had the desire been expressed than a rapping at the outside gate was heard.

Out sprang Zillie and in came two jolly bombardiers who gave a pathetic account of how they had been left behind in the mountains and had just arrived with billets on this particular house. So Zillie went away to show them their quarters up in the attic—and then I sent word through Gretel for them to come down and join us afterward; and then—didn't we make the rafters shake with the *juckbe!* and the *jodling*, when those two gallant warriors had refreshed themselves with bread, sausage and good red wine.

They were hearty fellows, and soon our dozen heels were flying freely over the sanded floor. The fiddler Franzl must have had a Hungarian ancestor, for Resi did such dancing as makes my blood jump when today I think back on that hot and heavenly summer of 1894.

An Austrian grand duke once made himself popular with the German democracy by marrying a mountain peasant. If his peasant lassy looked and felt anything like Resi I don't wonder at the grand duke. Resi was one of those proud triumphs of nature that defy all genealogical speculations. She was meant for a goddess—and in the days of wood nymphs her altar would have been very fragrant with the incense of her worshipers. There are few such creatures today. Now and then you find them unexpectedly in Maryland or Kentucky—in remote parts of beautiful England—chiefly, however, in Hungary. They are scarce—and are rapidly becoming extinct. I did meet such a one near Arsova, but that was long ago—and, besides, that has nothing to do with this.

The wine was getting low—so of course I escorted Resi again to the inn for another load. On the way she told me that her great ambition was to see the world—would I take her along—she would cook for me—she cooked splendidly—could handle boats—keep house—do everything—she was an orphan—rich according to her village standard—yet not quite satisfied.

The house to which she had taken me was that of a wealthy Viennese Jew who came here occasionally with a lady he called his

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"Well, so I am—what does the gracious Herr command?"

"I thought I would have my hair cut—for want of something better to do in this dull little place!"

So Resi pulled out her scissors, and, throwing a towel around my neck, commenced to make me feel comfortable. She talked as she snipped—told me that her husband had been a barber, and that she had worked into it. She was very proud of her position—but admitted that in secret her chief delight was the zither.

"Mine too!" said I. "Let's have some this evening!"

So she arranged that she would call for me at seven o'clock and have a little musical evening. She promised to draw in one or two of her friends, by way of chaperones, and I promised to see that no one went away thirsty.

So at seven, punctually, once more came the gentle tap and once more did Resi stand on the threshold—but this time with a gaudy Tyrolean kerchief about her shapely shoulders—a row of beads about her throat—her hair waved back from her forehead with much care.

She showed me the way—out into the darkness—through the rain and the puddles. It was so black that I had to take her hand for fear of stumbling. At length we stopped at a handsome doorway that had been carved in the days of Charles V—and entered a bright room where her friend Zillie was playing the *zitter*—soon to be joined by another, Gretel by name—and the one who proved to be our mainspring of happy movement—dear old Franzl, the fiddler.

Then we played—and then we sang—and we sang with much feeling—the good old volksliede—such as "*Hoch vom Dachstein an!*" "*Mei Dirndl is' barb' auf mi!*" etc., etc. Resi had a sweet voice—and, moreover, she loved to sing—and she wondered how I too had learned her songs.

Then, of course, we became thirsty and so Resi volunteered to go off to the inn and fetch some wine. I could not let her go alone through the streets—so I went with her, and together we toted back two jugs of the best Voelzlauer that could be bought in our little village—and the good inn-keeper looked upon us with benevolence as we trudged away into the blackness again.

Then we sang some more—and then Franzl played a polka and of course we commenced to pat time; and pretty soon we were on our feet with a little impromptu dance—and that made us sort of warm and thirsty, and the wine tasted better than ever.

Our evening was opening pleasantly—but we needed cavaliers for Zillie and Gretel—and no sooner had the desire been expressed than a rapping at the outside gate was heard.

Out sprang Zillie and in came two jolly bombardiers who gave a pathetic account of how they had been left behind in the mountains and had just arrived with billets on this particular house. So Zillie went away to show them their quarters up in the attic—and then I sent word through Gretel for them to come down and join us afterward; and then—didn't we make the rafters shake with the *juchhe!* and the *jodling*, when those two gallant warriors had refreshed themselves with bread, sausage and good red wine.

They were hearty fellows, and soon our dozen heels were flying freely over the sanded floor. The fiddler Franzl must have had a Hungarian ancestor, for Resi did such dancing as makes my blood jump when today I think back on that hot and heavenly summer of 1894.

An Austrian grand duke once made himself popular with the German democracy by marrying a mountain peasant. If his peasant lassy looked and felt anything like Resi I don't wonder at the grand duke. Resi was one of those proud triumphs of nature that defy all genealogical speculations. She was meant for a goddess—and in the days of wood nymphs her altar would have been very fragrant with the incense of her worshipers. There are few such creatures today. Now and then you find them unexpectedly in Maryland or Kentucky—in remote parts of beautiful England—chiefly, however, in Hungary. They are scarce—and are rapidly becoming extinct. I did meet such a one near Arsova, but that was long ago—and, besides, that has nothing to do with this.

The wine was getting low—so of course I escorted Resi again to the inn for another load. On the way she told me that her great ambition was to see the world—would I take her along—she would cook for me—she cooked splendidly—could handle boats—keep house—do everything—she was an orphan—rich according to her village standard—yet not quite satisfied.

The house to which she had taken me was that of a wealthy Viennese Jew who came here occasionally with a lady he called his

wife. He always came unexpectedly. Zillie took charge of the house when they were away. I asked if he was likely to drop in tonight. She said it would not matter if he did—we could all drop out—the window was close to the ground.

So we gabbled along and came to the "Swan" and then back again through the cosy darkness with two more jugsfull. Dear old Franzl, the fiddler, had never played better; he seemed to be dancing himself for he swayed in unison with his moods—we had every sort of dance from the waltz of Strauss to the *lander* and *schubplattler* of the Senn-erhutte. Resi was the life of the party—it was song and dance—a pause for refreshments and then another whirl.

Dances are not things that can be dressed in cold type—for they are of the feelings—of the soul. And the dance I am telling you about is none of your well-measured, machine sort of movement which is taught in young ladies' academies. In this village on the Alpine inn men and maidens give themselves up to something that maddens every muscle, and fiber of a very human and emotional organization. Our dance was something of a heart-to-heart talk—and the talk was frank. Heads and heels flew about fast and furious. Resi was a radiant fairy who seemed hardly to touch the earth—and as for my clumsy self—well, a long spell of wind and blistering sunshine with no companion but a canoe, bobbing in mountain rapids—if that is no preparation for a dance with a water witch—then am I lost indeed!

Wild indian yells alone could give expres-

sion to the feelings which the two soldier boys had been bottling up in barracks. Zillie and Gretel joined heartily in the crazy chorus. The fiddle went on like a tantalizing demon, steeling our muscles to any degree of exertion. The hours flew along with nothing to mark the flight of time save ebb and flow in the wine jug.

I was just about suggesting a third tramp to the inn for a further supply of Voeslauer when steps were heard outside.

Resi seized my arm—Gretel put out the lights—Zillie ran to the door—the two bombardiers crawled under the bed and as the front door was unlocked Resi and I dropped gently into some gooseberry bushes that grew beneath the window.

We heard some high talk as we scurried along in the dark towards the inn—this time I had to hold Resi pretty close for fear of accidents.

Next morning Resi sat in the bow of Caribee as I pushed out into the stream and headed for the Danube. It was a glorious day of sunshine and breeze and waving trees and singing birds and laughing waves that sprang up with caressing messages of good cheer.

That was about the shortest canoe cruise I ever made—it seemed to come to an end before it had half commenced. Of course I had to put Resi ashore because forsooth I am, like you, a slave to convention.

"How did you learn to handle a canoe so well?" I asked.

"I never learned," she answered. "You can always do what you love to do!"

## DIE ERSTE LIEBE

By "COLUMBINE"

FROM "HARLEQUIN," NEW ORLEANS

NOW after many years  
 Mine eyes grow dim,  
 Faces about my bed  
 Quiver and swim.  
 Faces that blotted thine—  
 All fading fast.  
 Bright in the darkness grows  
 One face at last.  
 Long years have parted us,  
 Years not unblest,  
 Years of much work and hope,  
 Struggle and rest.

Now, as Death faces me,  
 Formless and vast,  
 My tired spirit turns  
 To thee at last.  
 Voices have haunted me—  
 Whispering or clear  
 Voices of tender love,  
 Voices of fear—  
 One irresistible,  
 Calls from the past.  
 Weeping I strain to hear  
 Thy voice at last.

# The Man on the Barren

By EVA HAMPTON PRATHER

AUTHOR OF "IN THE LONESOME, SILENT SOUTH," "LITTLE BROWN ANN," ETC.

THE rapid transit car sped into town from Inman Park. On it were a young physician and his bride, two society men unencumbered, a youth escorting a girl to the play, a handsome Mrs. Somebody, a Miss So-and-So, a gentleman farmer somewhat sun-browned and slow of speech, and a rotund insurance man. The car drew up somewhat beyond Silverman's, for the network of tracks seemed blocked. The passengers heard a murmuring of voices without. Presently the motorman thrust his head into the light and warmth, surveyed the occupants for a moment and called out to the conductor at the other end of the car:

"Heard the news?"

Conversation ceased.

"No," answered the conductor.

"Phil Troutman has killed himself."

Everyone in the car sprang to their feet. The two unencumbered men ran out, jumped to the ground and joined the crowd; the others hesitated a moment, looked at the ladies, and sat down.

"That is," continued the motorman, "Dollard Lumpkin was there, and Dollard Lumpkin says so."

"The devil! He was?" exclaimed the youth.

"What motive does Dollard Lumpkin assign?" asked the physician with a sneer.

"There's where you git away with your humble servant," rejoined the motorman, withdrawing his head.

The car moved up to the corner.

"Come out to the club, Huger," said the insurance man to the farmer. "We shall get the facts at the fountain head."

"No," answered the farmer, "I must depend on The Constitution for them; they are expecting me at Egypt tonight, and the train would be pulling out about now. Goodnight! Come out to see us when you can." And he turned toward the viaduct, made his way down Decatur, rounded the Kimball House corner and hastened into the Union depot just in time to hear the north-bound train pull out. Chagrined, he bought an afternoon Journal at the door and sat him down to wait until the late train could convey him to his home, an estate in Gwinnett inherited from his father and variously known as Egypt and The Oaks.

The latter sobriquet was preferred by the ladies of the house, and generally employed in their polite correspondence. But the place was Egypt to the farmer and all his farmer friends, and for this famous reason was it so:

In reading White's *Historical Recollections* or Smith's *Story of Georgia*, one



comes upon brief reference to the year of the great famine following the panic in the northern counties of the State. Now it had happened that in that year every crop in Gwinnett had failed, save one. While other fields were sere and brown, the broad and fertile acres of a certain Clarence Huger shone with a golden harvest; his meadows sparkled under the burning sun; his sheep and cattle grew fat and multiplied; his mill wheel splashed all day in the warm October weather, and his miller stored away bags upon bags of fair white flour and fat yellow meal.

Then, when the air took on its frosty snap, the farmer held a barbecue and invited the county, rich and poor alike. The savory odors rose from a hundred steaming pits, fifty ovens baked the bread, and a score of great, black pots bubbled to the famous Georgia stew.

After his guests had eaten their fill, the farmer made them an address.

"My friends," said he, "by the grace of God, my barns are filled to overflowing; my cattle, sheep and hogs number so many thousands; I have so many bushels of potatoes, so many of turnips, so many of carrots, so many of beets in covered hills; I have of fowl so many; of fish, a full pond; I have so many hogs-heads of molasses; I have cider and blackberry cordial; I have a little wine. I am ready to feed the county until the next harvest comes in. Send to me for what you need; as long as I have food you shall eat it with me, share and share alike. Let us give thanks to God for His manifold mercies and the wonderful ways of His grace."

And that was the reason they called it Egypt, and Egypt it is to this day.

So the farmer read his Journal in the depot in the dusty, noisy town, and out at Egypt when the chores were done, the early supper eaten, and the servants dismissed, the farmer's family sat in the cheerful glow of a great wood fire, while the son, a young man of some thirty years, read aloud from a volume of Poe.

The young man read well, in a clear and college-bred tone, and there was about him an air of temperance and clean living pleasant to see; but had a stranger entered the hall, he must have looked beyond him at the girl who sat in a low chair in the corner of the hearth.

She presented in her coloring the contrasts of ebony and of alabaster; her head was poised like a lotus flower; she was a Psyche modelled in ivory; but there was besides a radiance in her beauty, a luminosity in her shining glance which was no part of her delicate perfection of form. It is a commonplace of our speech to say that women and children look like angels, but the term is of rarer applicability than we suppose. Yet this irradiation of the body, this light shining from within, the gleam of the pearl, the suggestion of the incorruptible, distinguished Octavia Huger.

The hall clock had just chimed the half hour past nine, when a knock was heard on the outer door. The young man arose and opened it. There stood a tenant farmer, white under his slouched hat.

"My little boy is dying," cried he; "for the love of God, come and help us!"

"It is too cold for you, Octavia," answered the farmer's wife, as the young girl arose from her seat. "But Greg, you must go at once and take this cordial with you. If you need your sister, halloo, and she may follow you. But do not call if you find you can do without her."

The Hugers, preferring to rid themselves of the negroes, who could no longer be controlled, had farmed out their plantations to a number of white tenants, who paid their rental in tithes of corn or of wheat. Of this white tenant

class was poor Bill Camp. His little place was only a few hundred yards from Oak Hill, but the path that led to it was almost all the way through the tall pines of the barren that extends some distance along the summit of the ridge that cuts the bottoms of the Chattahoochee from the uplands beyond.

After the departure of the young farmer and the tenant, the family sat, still expectant, and in a short time the well-known plantation call was heard. The farmer's wife, in swift and noiseless fashion, helped the girl into a heavy coat, wound a scarf about her neck, handed her a cup of hot tea from the pot on the hearth, put half a dozen vials into her pockets, kissed her, and tied a heavy veil over her ears.

"Walk fast," she said. And the girl stepped without, moving in the broad red path marked by the firelight, as her mother held open the great hall door.

The northwest wind was blowing a gale; the moon was shining clear and cold in the eastern half of the sky, and under its silvery light the meadows in front of the house lay peaceful and gray. Octavia looked at them through the thick meshes of her veil, and a momentary dread filled her heart as she thought of the great pines of the barren; the deep, innumerable shadows shifting with the wind, and the low-voiced moaning that sobbed continually in the trees through which she now must pass.

So feeling, she set a doubtful foot in the pathway that entered the black wall of the woods. At first the moonlight, penetrating between the scattered columns of the tall conifers, gave a quaint charm to the place, but soon it became so dark that she must remove her veil the better to see her way. The ground here was hardened from the freeze, and as she quickened her pace her feet beat like castanets upon its ringing surface. Above her the frozen limbs cracked and snapped and scraped together, as they were tossed by the chilling blast. Cones dropped from the trees and slipped like ghostly footfalls on the floor of smooth pine needles. A trunk fell off from the path with a thud, like a dead thing cold and terrible. Trembling with her self-wrought terror, Octavia paused, covering her eyes with her little, nerveless hands, and, through moments that seemed like ages, so stood, not daring to proceed.

After a while there was a lull, the weird noises ceased, the spirits of the forest sighed softly, and all was still. Then the girl, wondering at herself and at her uncanny fancies, thrust her hands anew into the great pockets of her coat and started forward.

But she had scarcely taken three steps when the moonlight, pouring through a sudden break in the trees, fell on the tall figure of a man standing in the path in front of her. This man was so tall, so straight, so still, so completely wrapped in a long top-coat closely buttoned from throat to heels, that, had he stood in shadow, he might have been mistaken for the trunk of a pine. Standing there in the path, however, it was evident that he intended to block her way.

Octavia was full of imaginings brought from a childhood of fairies and gnomes, of angels and goblins and ghosts, but the harp of her thoughts rang to golden strings. Had a burly black burst upon her from the woods, she would have fought to a finish with her hands. Here was a creature in a top-coat and a silk hat; her weapons should be words.

"Sir," she said in dulcet tones, "you are standing in my path. I must beg you to let me pass."

The man lifted his hat. For only answer he held out to her an envelope

seeming to enclose a letter. She took it. Without a word, and with the utmost dispatch, he then turned about and disappeared among the shadows of the pines. Octavia observed his brisk footsteps crushing the crisp needles in her rear and becoming less and less distinct in the distance until they were no longer heard.

Then she moved on bewildered, soon reached the border of the barren, and came through the browned and bare stems of his cotton patch to the door of Bill Camp's little cot. She heard weeping within, and, without knocking, opened the low door and entered. Mrs. Camp was sitting by a smouldering fire with her baby on her knee; two children were crouching before it; they were crying aloud. Bill Camp, standing by a bed at the end of the room, seemed to rearrange the blankets, and Greg Huger was doing nothing. The girl moved swiftly to the mother's side, lifted the little fellow in her arms, and looked at him.

"Greg," she said, "pine knots. Mr. Camp, get the milk. Mrs. Camp, hand me some water in a cup."

A thrill passed through the persons addressed; they moved as to a positive force. With sudden magic the fireplace filled to its capacity; tongues of orange flame sped up the flue; the air was redolent of the rich odors of resin and tar. In the meanwhile, the girl pressed down the tongue of the child and let fall a few drops of raw brandy into his throat. He gasped and raised his head. Receiving the cup from the mother, she mixed ipecac in the water and poured a spoonful into the little mouth; next, stirring a space in the hot coals with the bottom of the tin cup handed her by the father, she set it deep in the ashes. In a moment the milk smoked. She took it up at once, and, holding it to the child's lips, said in the incisive tone she had used to his elders:

"Drink!"

The boy sat up on her knee and drank, first with gasps for breath, and then with less and less effort, until finally he held the warm cup on either side with his own hands and drained the last drop.

"Pepper," said the girl, "pepper, hot water, and a muggin'."

Greg Huger cut a red pod from the string at the right of the chimney, tore it open with his fingers, and dropped it into the small wooden tub which the mother now put down before the fire. Bill Camp brought a kettle and hung it on the pot-hook over the blaze. The doses of ipecac and the hot milk were repeated, and when the water grew warm the mother poured it into the muggin. Octavia sat the child in it, and taking a piece-blanket from the bed, pinned it closely around both boy and tub. That done, she leaned back in her chair and smiled up at poor Bill Camp.

Shortly her patient warmed under these energetic measures. The emetic took effect; the fever left the skin; and the breathing became normal. Octavia lifted him out of the water, dried his body with a hot towel, rubbed him all over with mutton suet, rolled him in a blanket, and tucked him in his cradle. As soon as he closed his eyes in sleep, she retied her own scarf and veil, gave a little sympathetic counsel to the mother, and set out with her brother for the Hill.

## II

### A MIDNIGHT MARAUDER

**W**HEN the son and daughter reached the house, the farmer himself, who had returned from the city, admitted them, and although the small hours had

come and gone, their mother also was sitting up.

"Only a croup, mother," whispered the daughter, as she removed her veil. "The child is doing well."

"Greg," said the farmer to his son, "I have had an unaccountable loss. In leaving Atlanta, I was so unfortunate as to miss the eight o'clock train. I came up, therefore, on the eleven o'clock express. On reaching Suwanee, I got the mare you left for me, riding straight out to Egypt. As I rode up to the house, the air was so biting that I hitched her outside and came in to warm before putting her up. Your mother and I sat here chatting for about ten minutes. Then I went out again to stable the mare. She could not be found."

"Strange time of night for a horse thief!" answered the son. "The rascal must have been hanging about."

Until her brother had spoken, Octavia had forgotten the man on the barren. Now his image returned to her: the tall, thin form, wrapped in its top-coat, standing still under the cold light of the moon in the deep piney woods on the ridge. She recalled the straight, English lift of his hat as he handed her the letter. Was there a real envelope? She felt in the pocket of her coat and drew it forth.

"Father," she said, "a stranger met me on the barren tonight and gave me this letter."

"Met you in the wood?" said the farmer, a sudden pallor touching his sun-browned cheek. "Were you alone on the barren at night?"

"Her brother had gone just before," answered his wife. "I could not fancy a stranger there."

The farmer held out his hand for the letter, looked at it closely, and broke the seal. It was dated in Atlanta on the evening before and began, "My dear Miss Huger." He turned it over and started as the signature met his eye. The letter was signed, "Philip Gerardeau Troutman." His movement caused a slip of blue bond, folded in the middle, to fall to the floor. He stooped for it and opened it. It was a cheque on the Troutman bank made payable to Miss Octavia Huger. The amount was six hundred dollars. It was signed, as the letter, with Philip Troutman's name.

The farmer regarded his daughter curiously as he handed her the cheque. "Shall I read this letter aloud?" asked he.

"Why not?" she replied, beaming on him from her frank and smiling eyes. "The money is to pay for the mare, perhaps. Rather a generous compensation, father, you must admit."

The farmer checked an impulse to sigh and read:

"My dear Miss Huger,

*I have but just returned from a summer's hunt in the Rockies, and hasten to put into execution a plan which has been haunting me throughout the long, delightful days.*

*"You will recall, perhaps, the Summer spent in Nacoochee Valley, by myself and Dollard Lumpkin. The remembrance of it is ever present to my mind.*

*"Your description of the needs of the tenants on your father's plantation, and of your inability to alleviate their condition, particularly impressed me. And it has seemed to me not unreasonable that you might accept me as a silent partner, to be known to yourself alone, in that scheme of the tenant school to be established on your place.*

*"I think you mentioned a two-roomed cabin which could be put in shape at a cost of three hundred dollars. I enclose a cheque for six hundred, thinking your estimate probably too small.*

*"In conclusion, I beg that you will accept my assistance without personal reference, and try to appreciate the gratitude of a man who, having few opportunities to do good to those who are in need, welcomes the chance that has come to him from an unexpected source.*

*"Believe me, my dear Miss Huger,*

*Your friend,*  
PHILIP GERARDEAU TROUTMAN"

The farmer folded the sheet, restored it to its envelope and turned to his daughter.

"The dear man!" she exclaimed. "And to think they call him close with his money!" Then, her dark eyes shining softly, she gazed into the red coals on the hearth and smiled to an image she seemed to see there.

Mrs. Huger glanced at her husband. "It is easy to see from what quarter the wind sets," was the import of the glance, but she did not break the silence that seemed to wrap them in its folds.

Presently Octavia, still smiling to herself, said, as if thinking aloud:

"But perhaps Dollard Lumpkin—" She lingered on the name, and a cloud of deep rose falling from beneath the black fringes of her lashes swept downward over her cheeks and chin,—"Dollard Lumpkin put the generous notion into his head."

She looked up again, a shy confession in her dewy eyes. The farmer rose abruptly, shot through with sudden pain. Then the eyes of his wife met his. Mrs. Huger possessed that trick of expression caused by the lifting of the right brow unaccompanied by the left. If this movement be followed by a side glance toward the right, with head thrown back and lowered lids, it says in language more potent than speech, "You have presumed," and is productive of immediate depression on the part of the helpless human so observed. But now Mrs. Huger looked up from under her irregularly erected and expressive brows. Her husband read in her cool, gray regard, "Your usual misapprehension surpasses all previous exhibitions." After which telepathic communication, she turned toward her daughter, bent forward, and drew to herself the lovely, blushing face, pressed a kiss on either rosy lid, unbuttoned her cloak, and said in her soothing, seaboard voice:

"My child, go get your rest; your father and I will think upon this letter."

Without awaiting further dismissal, Octavia arose and ran swiftly up the stairs. The listening ears of her parents followed her light footsteps, until a door on the gallery above was heard to open and close behind her. Then the wife looked toward her husband again.

"Clarence," laughed she, "let me remind you that 'untroubled night gives counsel best.'" And rising, she lifted her hand to take a candle from the sconce at the corner of the old-fashioned mantel near which she sat.

"There is something more serious, Floride, than you think, in this matter; something more than Octavia's passing fancy for a handsome young gentleman industriously engaged in sowing wild oats," retorted the anxious father. "This Philip Troutman had just killed himself when I left the town."

Mrs. Huger restored the candle and resumed her seat.



"And," continued Mr. Huger, "many persons suspect that he was shot by another man." He could not bring himself to say what man, remembering his daughter's recent utterance of the name. "You will observe that this envelope bears a stamp which has not been cancelled, and that it was delivered by a mysterious, midnight marauder but two hours after the writer's death."

Mrs. Huger's analysis of this speech was instantaneous.

"Clarence," she commented, "is the mysterious midnight marauder the person suspected of the crime?" There was the faintest suggestion of amusement in her method of quoting his phrase.

"No," answered her husband, nettled in spite of himself, "no; Dollard Lumpkin was alone with Troutman and is said to have given the alarm only after Troutman was cold in death. It is a dreadful thing, Floride, to have a good young woman like our Octavia fall in love with a person accused of a terrible crime."

"My poor old man!" answered his wife. "Have you borne me company for thirty years and remained so abecedary in your estimate of the sex? Why, Octavia—" She laughed.

"Didn't I," exclaimed her husband, "see Octavia blush like a peony and burst into tears when she stumbled on the fellow's name just now?"

"What a command of the vernacular you possess," said Mrs. Huger, and again her right brow went up. "What I saw was of a less dramatic nature. You sat here and read a love letter aloud without suspecting its import. And no more did Octavia, strange to say. But after you allowed her to sit still a moment, permitted her to take her mind off of this horrid man on the barren, she did suspect; and she behaved as any other pure-minded woman would have behaved when she found herself beloved. As to the name of——. It happened to be the word on her lips when her thoughts took definite shape."

"Well, let it be even so, my dear," answered the farmer, perplexed and unconvinced. "But does it simplify existence to have Octavia receive six hundred dollars from the hand of a strange man in the woods at night; and then to discover that the sender of the same has been murdered on the day of the sending? And, look at it as you will, Floride, who but a man connected with crime would steal my saddle mare to escape?"

"We have no proof of these connections and applications," answered his wife. "They are your own inferences."

"Inferences!" exclaimed the husband. "Well, my dear, my chief inference is that our child may be made to appear in a murder trial."

"Oh, as to that," said Mrs. Huger, "it need never happen if you'll be a sensible, self-seeking man. Just put that cheque and the letter into the fire now. Then stay at home for nine days and plant the corn; tomorrow is the first of March."

"But should we not," expostulated the farmer in a tone of honest indignation, "inform the poor parents of the murdered man?"

Mrs. Huger's right eyebrow went up.

"What so strong but wanting rest will also want of might," she responded, suppressing a yawn; and she again took a candle from the scone behind her, and bade her husband and her son good night.

Greg Huger soon followed his mother, but the farmer continued to punch the logs of his smouldering fire until the sun stole over the barren and peeped through the eastern panes.

## III

## THE FACTS AT THE FOUNTAIN HEAD

WHEN Mr. Huger bade his friends good night at the steps of the in-coming car, the insurance man looked after him a moment until he was lost in the crowd; then himself turned to the ladies, assisted them to descend, and accompanied them to Silverman's, there to await the Brookwood trolley.

The thermometer, in the past hour, had made one of those downward rushes to which the inhabitants of the Gate City are accustomed, and a number of persons had entered the cigar store to escape the biting wind. Groups were standing about discussing the suicide.

"Just gotten back from Arizona," said one. "Went out there for his health, poor fellow!"

"What a pity!" exclaimed the chronic sympathizers.

"Never drank; never gambled; preferred clean happiness; money all solid; real estate all gilt edged," continued the first speaker.

"Sad, sad," sang the chorus.

"Sunday school superintendent? Special lecturer to the Bible-class?" laughed a stranger.

"None o' that sort o' rot!" answered a man in uniform. "We're speakin' of a gentleman!"

"Any streak of insanity in the blood?" asked the stranger, dropping his laugh.

A gray-haired man standing back amid the clouds of odoriferous smoke arising from the cigars at the farther end of the room turned about from the counter at the question and fixed him with luminous eyes.

"Yes," said he, "there is. An uncle of his left here some years ago and wandered about the country for months mistaking himself for a traveling salesman. He is now in the State Sanitarium."

There was a pause of some length. The stranger quietly opened the door and went out with the air of a man who has stumbled on sacred ground.

In the midst of the silence that followed his departure, the Brookwood car came up; the insurance man put the ladies aboard and wished them good night, then himself walked rapidly up the street. Arriving presently opposite the Piedmont, he glanced across at its many tiers of glittering windows and stood still; but, after a moment's reflection, continued on his way, passed the Grand and the Aragon, crossed the street and entered the club house looking warmly out from beyond its bit of velvet lawn.

Several men in the dining room lifted their eyes and greeted him as he came in. A physician popular with the smart set motioned to him from a table where he had seated himself, and the insurance man joined him.

"You are late," said he.

"Yes," answered the insurance man, "out at Inman Park with an old friend until seven. Just in. Must be eight or half after."

"Half after," said the physician. "I also was retarded by my visit to the scene of the unfortunate catastrophe at the Piedmont. I presume you have not heard of it? I refer to the lamentable self destruction of Gerardeau D. Troutman's eldest son."

"Not explicitly," answered the insurance man.

"I was called up by young Mr. Lumpkin," continued the physician, "and

responded with my usual exact promptitude; but on my arrival I found several of my most estimable colleagues had anticipated my coming. Nothing, however, could have been accomplished by the most skillful, for life was extinct. Indeed a regrettable calamity, entirely unforeseen by his most intimate associates! The act can be reasonably ascribed to but one incentive." The physician sank his voice to a dramatic aspirate. "I have reference to a supposition of a sudden seizure of the inherited melancholia which has manifested itself from time immemorial in the several branches of the highly esteemed family of which his worthy mother is a most cultured scion."

"Did he shoot himself?" asked the insurance man.

"Apparently so," answered the physician. "He had but just returned from the West, and had come down town for the purpose of attending some theatrical performance at the Grand. As he alighted from the car he encountered Mr. Lumpkin, whom he had not seen for a year. They had camped out in Nacoochee Valley several summers ago, both were charmed at the *rencontre*, and Mr. Troutman invited Mr. Lumpkin to dine with him. After the repast they determined to repair to the apartments of Mr. Moses Williamson in the Piedmont, until the hour for the play. Mr. Williamson has a suite: sitting room, bath and *chamber a coucher*. The bath adjoins the sitting room and separates it from the sleeping room in the rear.

"Mr. Williamson was not in his rooms, and the young men proceeded to make themselves comfortable. Mr. Lumpkin discovered a recent romance on the table, soon became absorbed in the narrative, and was thus rendered oblivious to the movements of Mr. Troutman.

"He had been so engaged for an indefinite period when his attention was arrested by a peculiar noise. He looked up, and not perceiving Mr. Troutman, but observing that the door leading into the bath was closed, concluded that he had retired for some matter of the toilet; and so returned to the perusal of the romance. He had digested several pages when an indefinable sense of uneasiness began to pervade his faculties, and, putting down the volume, he moved to the bathing apartment and knocked. Receiving no summons to enter, he opened the door. The bath was empty, and the door leading into the bed chamber was also closed. He opened this. Darkness met his eye. He struck a match, found the button, and turned on the light.

"At the farther end of the room he now perceived Mr. Troutman, sitting in a large armchair and leaning back. He approached and was about to address him, when he was shocked to see blood oozing from his right temple. His eyes were shut.

"Mr. Lumpkin looked about for the pistol, but not immediately finding it, determined to give the alarm and to summon aid as quietly as possible. He, therefore, descended to the office, called up several physicians, the father of the young man, and the chief of police, and communicated to the manager of the hostelry and to Mr. Williamson the news of the dreadful affair.

"The pistol had been discovered under a piece of furniture by the time I reached the hotel; the bereaved father was present as well as several members of the learned profession of which I am an humble exponent, the chief of police, Messrs. Lumpkin, Williamson and others. Our services were no longer in requisition; the perturbed spirit of the unfortunate gentleman had departed from its mortal habitation."

"Humph!" said the insurance man. "Rather awkward for Mr. Dollard Lumpkin, I should say."

The physician stiffened visibly.

"Not at all," said he. "Mr. Lumpkin has the entire confidence of Gerardeau D. Troutman and of the unfortunate young man's family. You do not fail to recall that Mr. Lumpkin's father, Judge Leonidas Lumpkin, commands the respect and admiration of the entire state?"

"Mr. Lumpkin," said the insurance man, "is extremely fortunate in possessing the entire confidence of Gerardeau D. and of so many other estimable men." His speech was devoid of emphasis.

"Mr. Lumpkin's account of the affair is wonderfully straightforward and logical," added the physician. "The occurrence, however, must have been peculiarly disagreeable to Mr. Moses Williamson, whose rooms and whose weapon were put to such employment. Mr. Williamson's pistol was lying on his dressing table and it is probable that the discovery of it there first brought the thought of self annihilation to the clouded intelligence of the sufferer."

"Doubtless," said the insurance man. "We shall not be the first to question it."

A wrinkle of alarm appeared on the physician's smooth visage. "I hope, my dear sir," he cried, "you will not mention me in the matter, nor include me in your *we* of interrogation!"

"No, no," laughed the insurance man. "I recalled all of the entirely reasonable events of the celebrated Black Week while you were recounting the present episode. Let us, by all means, observe the time honored advice of Polonius. You will, I am sure, 'give your thoughts no tongue.'"

"My dear sir, my dear sir!" exclaimed the physician with increasing anxiety, "I shall indeed have no such thoughts as you imply!"

"If you ever hear of them again," laughed the insurance man, "say that you are known never to have expressed an uncharitable opinion about any man of wealth and position, while I—?" He raised his brows and spread his hands expressively. "I warrant you every man who hears you will believe you."

"Thank you," said the physician, "thank you! No compliment could have delighted me so excessively."

#### IV

#### THE POSTAL FROM LAWRENCEVILLE

IT was twelve o'clock on the following day when Mr. Huger rode over to Suwanee to get his morning paper and to report the loss of his saddle mare. He found there, among his family letters, a postal just received from the county site of Lawrenceville by the branch road from that place. The postal read:

*"Dear C.— A young gentleman left your mare Hester at my stables this morning at six o'clock. Told old Tom you'd call for animal today. She's badly winded. Young man set out for Atlanta on early train. Thought there might be mistake. Your aff. cous.*

BRAND HUGER"

The account of the suicide found in his morning paper was of the mildest and most complimentary description, devoting a column and a half to the vir.

tues and accomplishments of the deceased, and mentioning the admirable promptitude of Mr. Lumpkin in summoning aid to the dying gentleman's side. Death had resulted, so said the report, at eight o'clock, in the presence of physicians and friends.

The elaborate funeral notice, with its list of pall-bearers, escort, etc., occupied the head of another column. The first name mentioned on the list was that of Dollard Lumpkin.

Mrs. Huger had prudently refrained from any mention of Philip Troutman's death, and this eminently unsensational account of the affair was the first to reach Octavia. As she read it slowly to herself, her small third finger traveling up and down the bridge of her delicate nose, and indicating by that characteristic gesture the unrest of her soul, her father watched her anxiously. When she lifted her lids the light of a problem to be solved shone in her clear, bright eyes.

"Father," she said, "do you think we might attend this funeral with propriety. I ought to consider myself 'a friend and acquaintance,' and it is hardly probable that all who go will be intimates. I should like to see—" She paused abruptly and blushed tearfully, as she had done on the night before.

"I think," answered her father, making an effort to conceal his own alarm, "I think we may." He took from his pocket the postal he had received from Brand Huger.

"Here," he said as lightly as he could, "is a nut to crack. But whether it be a new nut or the same old hickory, I cannot say."

Octavia received the postal from his hand, and, as she bent her head to read it, the farmer put a question he had formulated between dawn and daylight:

"Should you know this Mr. Lumpkin, if you met him in the woods at night?"

His daughter turned on him a grave and troubled regard.

"I am sure," she answered reluctantly, "that I should not."

"And, by Jove," said Mr. Huger to himself, "I believe you'd deny it now, even if you had."

A moment afterward, his daughter returned the postal without comment, and sat gazing into the fire. Mr. Huger contemplated her averted face in silence.

"Her mother was wrong," said he to himself.

## V

### THE PALE PALL-BEARER

ON the following afternoon, cold as the still afternoons of March can be, the brilliant sunshine glittered on the asphalt, the green lawns and terraces, and the charming cottages of the most fashionable thoroughfare in Georgia's big village; and in front of one of these houses, a little more pretentious than its neighbors, a hearse with black horses could be seen. Lines of carriages blocked the way, scarce leaving room for the crowded trolley that moved to the corner beyond, came to a stand and poured forth some thirty grave gentlemen, who turned back to enter this house. At the foot of the stone steps that rose to the lawn, a tall and very straight young gentleman was standing and facing up the street, observing this company as it moved slowly in his direction.

A short distance down street, a carriage drew up, from which Mr. Huger



and his daughter, descending, made their way toward the house. The two parties thus arrived at the place almost at the same moment. The tall, straight young fellow in his long and closely buttoned top-coat filled the vision of Octavia and her father as he raised his hat to the men in front of him.

It was the straight-up, English gesture, with hat poised awaiting recognition. Octavia uttered a soft, involuntary "Oh!" and touched her father's arm.

The proprietor of the condemnatory movement faced about instantly, his hat still poised, and meeting the wide-open eyes of an astonishingly pretty girl fixed upon him in evident recognition, bowed his appreciation of her loveliness, and stood smilingly before her.

It is impossible to measure the charm of this delightful young man. The sunlight fell on his shining hair and quivered in his golden lashes. His big, blue eyes looked bluer for the rose of youth blossoming in his cheeks, and his rather short nose, the roundness of his face, and his girlish mouth gave him the cheerful aspect of a cherub, an aspect rendered somewhat comic by the length of his neck and the height of his slender figure.

A moment more and Octavia, with downcast eyes, was mounting the steps, her profile turned to her father; and the shower of rose leaves that blew across it bewildered him.

"My dear," said he, "who is it?"

Her laughing eyes looked up at him, her tremulous mouth took on a series of delightful curves, as if the solemnity of the occasion were struggling with the relief of her spirit, as she answered:

"The man on the barren."

Throughout the elaborate ceremonial which followed, the utter incongruity between his gruesome imaginings about the mysterious stranger in the pine woods at Egypt and the sunny young person in front of the house troubled the simple, fanciful, yet wholly straightforward soul of Clarence Huger. And, by the time the pall-bearers entered the room, he had come to the conclusion that the deliverer of the letter had been the dupe of some less innocent person; and this person he was resolved to unmask. Now it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that detective ability is a special talent, that it grows up by gradual accretions inherited particle by particle from ancestors who lived in cities and made a study of the moral blight in men, rather than from those who dwelt in the open and cultivated a specialty of insect blight in wheat. And this being the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that the man on the barren slept secure, in spite of the farmer's strenuous efforts to disturb his peace and force him into the light of garish day.

Now the pall-bearers moved forward to the throbbing tones of an organ in a distant room. The gentleman who led them was tall and very pale. He did not look up as he came into the crowded drawing room, but his large lids had a yellowish tinge and seemed to lie heavily against dark circles and hollows in his cheeks. A similar discoloration marked the clear-cut but ashen lips. It required no great effort of the imagination to perceive that the man was enduring a fearful ordeal against frightful odds. Once or twice it occurred to Clarence Huger that the man might faint as he bent forward to lift the casket, and he was conscious of picturing to himself in what way this catastrophe could be covered and concealed from the crowd. As, however, the man's strong will carried him forward to his place and he grasped the cold metal with a determined grip, the

farmer felt relief, and suspecting that his daughter was absorbed in like reflections, he did not turn his face toward hers.

The time passed without further event than the removal of the floral offerings and the withdrawal of the mourners, followed by the friends and acquaintances of the deceased. On leaving the house, Mr. Huger found at his elbow one of those gentlemen who had come up on the trolley and with whom he had some slight acquaintance.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "the name of the young man who was standing outside when we arrived?"

"That?" answered the person addressed, "that was Mr. Moses Williamson, in whose rooms the suicide occurred."

"What was the cause of it?" asked the farmer.

"Haven't you heard?" was the astounded rejoinder. "No? They say inherited melancholia; but it was deuced inconsiderate in the man."

When Mr. Huger reached the railway station, then put his daughter on the accommodation, and himself, some moments later, took the fast mail for Lawrenceville, there to spend the evening with his cousin Brand Huger.

## VI

### THE FARMER FOLLOWS THE SLOT

THE description of the rider of the mare, as given by Brand Huger's carriage driver Tom, seemed so clearly indicative of Mr. Moses Williamson that Clarence Huger resolved to return to Atlanta on the following day and to institute the inquiries which had occurred to him during the burial services.

With this end in view, he called between nine and ten o'clock on Mr. Gerardeau D. Troutman, at the bank of which he was a director, and was shown into his private room in the rear.

Mr. Huger had never met the banker, although he was known to him by repute as a most estimable man. His large donations to public charities and churches had often received mention in the newspapers of the town; and he was, therefore, prepared to meet a man of the noblest and most far-seeing type.

When the banker came forward to meet him, he had a single impression of a man of middle height, of a regular face to which a high, almost semicircular arch of brows gave an expression of hauteur, of full lips parting over white and regular teeth, and of hands handsome as those of an old portrait.

The farmer had prepared a preliminary speech, but the aspect of the man chilled him, and, forgetting his intended introduction, he merely handed him the letter enclosing the cheque which his daughter had received from the man on the barren.

The banker examined the envelope with care. Though he said no word, the farmer was conscious that he appreciated the condition of the uncanceled stamp and the absence of postmark. Having read the address with evident interest, the banker removed the enclosure daintily with his first finger and thumb, opened it, and seeing the cheque, spread it out, looked it over back and front, and held it up between himself and the light. That done, he read the letter with deliberation, looking from time to time over the upper edge of the sheet at the farmer's honest and sun-browned face. When he had finished reading, he turned to the envelope again.

"Mr. Huger?" he said, his accent on the first syllable.

"Uzhay," corrected the farmer, "Uzhay of Gwinnett."

"Mr. Huger," repeated the banker, smiling slightly, "you would wish to collect the amount of this cheque?"

"No," replied the farmer, "I wished to assist you in another matter upon which the delivery of this letter may have bearing."

Troutman's brows went up and he wheeled back and forth in his chair.

"You have probably noticed," continued Mr. Huger, perplexed at the embarrassing conditions under which he had placed himself, "that the letter is dated on the day of your son's death; that it is stamped but not postmarked; and that it is directed in a manner that plainly indicates that it was intended to pass through the mails."

"What of that?" said the banker abruptly.

"Only this," answered Mr. Huger, recognizing his inability to reach his listener but powerless to withdraw from the interview at this point, "this letter did not reach my daughter in the manner intended. My daughter was called to the house of one of my tenants, to the bedside of a very sick infant, at half past nine o'clock that night; and, as she was passing through a bit of barren adjoining my house, a stranger, a gentleman wearing a top-coat and a silk hat, met her in the wood path and gave her this letter."

The banker's full lips fell apart and his teeth gleamed unpleasantly between them.

"Moreover," continued Mr. Huger, "about two hours later the same man stole my saddle mare and rode her across the country that night, taking the early train for Atlanta the next morning in Lawrenceville."

The banker remained immobile, and the farmer spoke on, but nervously.

"I myself have a son, good, honorable and gentlemanly. If it were reported to me that he had committed suicide without visible reason for the deed, I should wish the matter fully investigated. I should not allow the man who murdered him to escape without trial, nor should I permit my son's dear dust to repose in a dishonored grave."

The banker's bold eyes fell before Mr. Huger's warm regard. In falling they rested on the cheque which had been enclosed in the letter. It lay open on the desk. He took it up and looked at it closely as if making his examination anew. "I understand your position, Mr. Huger," he answered after an interval of silence. He tore the cheque across and then into small fragments, which he let fall into the waste basket at his side. "You would not wish your daughter's name involved and you have, therefore, returned this cheque to me. I thank you. My poor Philip was always visionary; he probably arranged with a friend to deliver his gift in the romantic"—he paused on the word and smiled—"mode which you describe. Let us say no more about it. There is no doubt whatever that he destroyed himself in a state of temporary mental aberration."

During this speech, and more because of the manner than of the substance of it, Mr. Huger had flushed a deep red. He now reached for his hat and rose to depart.

"The letter," he said, extending his hand for it.

The banker hesitated. Then he deliberately took up a pair of scissors and cut off the date, handing the letter so mutilated to the farmer.

"Excuse me, Mr. Huger," said he with suavity, rising from his seat, "but

we should think of the innocent young girl who has been made participator in this matter, and protect her at all costs. Philip and I always differed in our methods of giving. Public charities bless both giver and receiver; but these secret affairs lead to unpleasant complications which mar the harmonies of existence. We should wish to live out our lives in the light of day, and get credit for our good deeds. I am sure you agree with me. Let me thank you again, and most sincerely, for the confidence you have reposed in me."

Mr. Huger returned the banker's bow and went out. On reaching the open air, he set off briskly and walked for half an hour to restore his mental equilibrium. Unfortunately, however, contact with nature renders us appreciative of the effects of art, but does not educate us in its methods. Instead of reverting to the advice of his wife and reflecting that Gerardeau D. Troutman represented all of the persons involved in this much entangled affair, he continued to turn over in his mind the question of the person who delivered the letter, and the motive for the delivery of it after Troutman's death. If, as the banker pretended, it was nothing more than a romantic mode of giving, Mr. Williamson would only too readily acknowledge the escapade, and explain away his anxieties. He, therefore, determined to call on Mr. Moses Williamson, and to inquire into the cause of his visit to Suwanee and his midnight ride to Lawrenceville. So, when he returned from his walk, he entered the Piedmont and sent up his card.

After a very brief delay, he was invited up to Mr. Williamson's suite.

That debonair young gentleman had just put the finishing touches to his morning toilet and looked literally as fresh as a rose. He received the farmer joyously.

"I don't know, Mr. Huger, to what good fortune I owe your call," said he, "but I'm sure I'm glad to see you. You look like my home folk to me." He pushed a chair toward his visitor, and, when Mr. Huger sat down, took a seat opposite to him and regarded him with genuine delight.

"I came down here from the Old North State," he continued, "and I've been all my life living around through the country. It's such a pleasure to meet up with a man who looks used to the open."

"Why are you here?" asked the farmer, a picture of hunters and horses and hounds, of birds winging high in cool November noons, flashing across his mental vision as he returned the young man's open and sunny glance.

"They've such pretty girls down here," answered his host happily, "and as I've a little money left me by my mother, I thought I'd come down and try to win one of them for a wife."

"And how are you progressing?" asked the farmer, entering into the spirit of the thing.

"Oh," answered Mr. Moses Williamson, "you see I've not had time yet. I naturally take to them all, and they all take to me."

"Unfortunately," laughed the farmer, "marriage is exclusive."

"Yes, that's it," responded the young man, "and then, the fact is—" he hesitated—"this is such a confoundedly beastly place. Everybody tells you queer tales about everybody else. I reckon I'll not leap my horse until I've measured the fence."

"Do you," asked the farmer, studying the boyish countenance before him, "indulge in larks?"

"Larks?" laughed the young man. "Why now, Mr. Huger, you've not

come to propose a lark to me on so short an acquaintance?" he exclaimed, looking more than ever like a gay and rosy cherub out of heaven for a holiday.

"No," answered the older man, "not a new one; only to inquire into your methods of conducting an old one."

"I?" exclaimed Mr. Moses Williamson, his eyes round with surprise.

"Yes, you," answered the farmer. "I might believe myself deceived, but for the perfectly correct pronunciation which you have, from the moment of my coming in, given to my name."

Mr. Moses Williamson blushed.

"Additional proof," said the farmer, observing the rosy flood that swept suddenly over the youthful face. "Now I want to know, on your honor as a gentleman, why you stole my saddle mare and rode her over to Lawrenceville, four nights ago?"

"Stole your saddle mare?" exclaimed the young man, gazing curiously at his guest. "Why I never so much as heard of the place!" He paused with some agitation. "And four nights ago," he continued, "a most dreadful thing took place right here in my rooms!"

"Where were you at the time?" asked the farmer of his now serious host.

"Dining with Mrs. Durand and her daughter," answered the young man. "I was called up here about eight o'clock and found a lot of people and a dead man whom I had never before seen, in my own bedroom. Give you my word for it, I've hardly slept a wink since."

"Where were you the rest of that night?" asked the farmer.

"Bless you!" answered the young man, "couldn't tell you to save my life. I was around here, hearing people talk and having things put in order, and then I went over to Lumpkin's rooms for awhile. He's the most terribly knocked up man I ever saw in my life. Don't believe he'll ever get over the shock."

"Of what?" said the farmer.

"Why, hang it all!" exclaimed Mr. Williamson. "I've engaged to hold my tongue. But I meant the shock of what was said about him. He couldn't help hearing what everybody was saying, you know."

"Why should anything be said?" asked the farmer.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man with a look of extreme embarrassment.

"Well, go on," said the farmer.

"Why, the fact is," continued Mr. Moses Williamson, blushing with chagrin, "the man was dead, stone dead, before Mr. Lumpkin gave the alarm; and then the pistol which shot Mr. Troutman through the right temple was found under the dresser on Mr. Troutman's left; and not a single chamber had been emptied."

"What!" exclaimed the farmer, the horror of his face reflecting itself in that of the young man.

"Yes," said Mr. Moses Williamson. "The only pistol in the room was the one I had left there, and it was loaded as I had left it."

"And what did Mr. Lumpkin say about that?" exclaimed the former.

"Nothing," answered Mr. Williamson. "He assured us all that he knew nothing about it."

"And why," said the farmer, "was no one in the hotel arrested?"

"Fact is," answered the young man, "Mr. Troutman, you know, the rich old fellow, Gerardeau D., would not hear of it at all. He said, I think he said



it a thousand times, that he had the greatest confidence in Mr. Lumpkin, and that nothing could shake his belief in his perfect integrity."

"The report in the Constitution—" began the farmer.

"That!" exclaimed Mr. Williamson. "They tell me that a smart man here in Atlanta can always fix up the papers to suit himself. They are only too glad to escape these complications. Troutman is determined to have it that his son killed himself,—The Lord only knows why!—and the whole town is helping him to insist upon it."

"Can you prove," asked the farmer anxiously, "that you were in the Piedmont from eight to eleven that night?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man. "Upon my word, I believe you think I did it."

"No," answered Mr. Huger, "to be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Williamson, my cousin, Brand Huger of Lawrenceville, described to me, as the young man who left my mare at his stables the morning after the suicide, a person very like yourself.

"And my daughter, who met the same man on the barren, declared to me when she saw you raise your hat in front of the Troutman residence that you were the man. I had been thinking that I had been the victim of a practical joke on your part, Mr. Williamson, and that you would be perfectly open with me and tell me all about your coming out to my place and taking a trip on my mare across the county to Lawrenceville, before day."

The young man seemed troubled.

"Your daughter met me?" said he.

"Yes," answered the farmer, "but the meeting was in the wood at night, and she knew you again only by your height and your manner of lifting your hat."

"Oh, is that all?" exclaimed the young man, the smile returning to his face. "But lots of fellows lift their hats like that!"

After an interval, he spoke again in a reflective tone, "I asked your name yesterday—because, Mr. Huger,—your daughter—"

"And that," interrupted the farmer, "is the reason you knew my name so well?"

"Yes," answered the young man, blushing like a girl, "but now I suppose I'll never be allowed to come out to your place, as I had hoped?"

He spoke wistfully and the farmer's color rose also under his steady gaze. What if this youth were deceiving him? Even the banker had warned him to take care of his daughter. Was he doing so now? Conscience stricken, he rose abruptly to his feet.

"Mr. Williamson," said he, "I must thank you for your patient hearing. There may be some mistake. I will tell Octavia what you say about it."

As Mr. Huger reached the pavement, still holding his hat in his hand, he exclaimed:

"Bewitched if I don't believe him as innocent as a dandelion shining in the sun!"

"That's comforting!" replied a jovial voice at his elbow, and he turned about to meet the laughing eyes of his old friend, the insurance man.

"Joe," he answered, "come along and let me tell you what an ass I've been."

"Seems to me," said his friend when the story had been told, "that you should now put the finishing touches on your folly by calling on Lumpkin."

"Yes," answered the farmer, "I had thought of that, but there is no excuse for it, you know. The man who came out to my place had to leave Atlanta at eight o'clock. Besides, Lumpkin is well known to Brand. It was at Brand's house in Nacoochee Valley that Octavia met the young men. Lumpkin may have killed Troutman. From all appearances I should say that he did. But if he did not get Williamson to take the letter out to Suwanee, whom did he get; and why deliver the letter at all?"

"Why, 'tis plain that we must come around to old Gerardeau D., and believe that young Troutman was romantically inclined and sent his mysterious messenger before he met up with Lumpkin," answered his friend. "However, did you ask Williamson to let you see into his sleeping room? I have imagined two exits there."

"Indeed, no," answered Mr. Huger. "I felt like a pickpocket all during my visit. Perfectly innocent young fellow!"

"Well, a good detective would have managed it," said the insurance man.

"I really haven't the smallest excuse to go on with the affair," returned Mr. Huger, "and yet—"

"And yet you are curious to know. Well, at the risk of destroying your faith in your character-reading powers, I'll add a modicum to your knowledge. The elevator man has told several parties that this Williamson went up just five minutes before Lumpkin and Troutman; and came down again about twentyfive minutes after their arrival."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the farmer. "How they ruin reputations in this terrible town! Do you know that boy, Joe?"

"No," answered his friend, "and I don't care to make his acquaintance. I'm told he's from North Carolina, very rich and very idle, has had a European education, and heaven only knows what that means! What's he doing away from his own people? Can you tell me that?"

Mr. Huger reflected a moment and said that he could not.

"And now, Clarence, old fellow," added the insurance man, laying an affectionate hand on the farmer's shoulder, "Atlanta's no place for you. Too deep by far! Made up of everybody from everywhere! Destroy that letter Troutman clipped for you, and never again mention that man on the barren."

And the farmer, having so far failed in his impractical measures, took the advice and returned to Egypt on the midday train.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.]

## RIGHT AND LEFT

By YONE NOGUCHI

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE EASTERN SEA"

THE mountain green at my right;  
The sunlight yellow at my left:  
The laughing winds pass between.

The river white at my left;  
The flowers red at my right:  
The laughing girls go between.

The clouds sail away at my right;  
The birds flap down at my left:  
The laughing moon appears between.

I turned left to the dale of poem;  
I turned right to the forest of Love:  
But I hurry Home by the road between.

# Calico and Her Kittens

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

AUTHOR OF "WILD LIFE NEAR HOME"

ONE Spring day I found myself the sole help of two blind, naked infants—as near a real predicament as a man could well get. What did it matter that they had long tails and were squirrels? They were infants just the same; and any kind of an infant on the hands of a mere man is a real tragedy.

As I looked at the two callow things in the grass, a dismay and weak helplessness quite overcame me. The way they squirmed and shivered and squeaked worked upon me down even to my knees. I felt sick and foolish. Both of their parents were dead. Their loose leaf-nest overhead was riddled with shot. I had climbed up and found them; I had brought them down; I must—feed them! The other way of escape was heathen.

But how could I feed them? Nipples, quills, spoons—none of them would fit these mites of mouths. What a miserable mother I was! How poorly equipped for foundlings! They were dying for lack of food; and as they pawed about and whimpered in my hands I devoutly wished the shot had put them all out of misery together. I was tempted to turn heathen and dispatch them.

Unhappy but resolute, I started homeward, determined to rear those squirrels, if it could be done. On my way I remembered—and it came to me with a shock—that one of my neighbor's cats had a new batch of kittens. They were only a few days old. Might not Calico, their mother, be induced to adopt the squirrels?

Nothing could be more absurd. The kittens were three times larger than the squirrels. Even had they been the same size, did I think the old three-colored cat could be fooled? That she might not know a kitten of hers from some other mother's—squirrel? I was desperate, indeed. Calico was a hunter. She had eaten more gray squirrels, perhaps, than I had ever seen. She would think I had been foraging for her—the mother of seven green kittens!—and would take my charges as tidbits. Still I was hopeful.

My neighbor's kittens were enough and to spare. One of Calico's last year's lot still waited a good home; and here were seven more to be cared for. Might not two of these be spirited away, far away; the two

squirrels substituted, and the old cat be none the wiser?

I went home by way of my neighbor's, and found Calico curled up asleep with her babies in the basement. She roused and purred questioningly as we bent over the basket, and watched with concern, but with no anxiety as two of her seven were lifted out and put inside a hat upon the table. She was perfectly used to having her kittens handled. True, strange things had happened to them. But that was long ago; and there had been so very many kittens that no one mother could remember about them all. She trusted us—with an ear pricked and eyes watchful. But they were safe, and in a prideful, self-conscious, young-mother way she began to wash the five.

Some one stood between her and the hat when the kittens were lifted out and the squirrels were put in their place. Calico did not see. For a time she thought no more about them; she was busy washing and showing the others. By and by it began to look as though she had forgotten that there were more than five. She could not count. But most mothers can *number* their children, even if they cannot count, and soon Calico began to fidget, looking up at the hat which the hungry, motherless squirrels kept rocking. Then she leaped out upon the floor, purring, and bounded upon the table, going straight to the young squirrels.

There certainly was an expression of surprise and mystification on her face as she saw the change that had come over those kittens. They had shrunk and faded from two or three bright colors to a single pale pink. She looked again and sniffed them. Their odor had changed, too. She turned to the watchers about the table, but they said nothing. She hardly knew what to think. She was half inclined to leave them and go back to the basket, when one of the squirrels whimpered—a genuine, universal baby whimper. That settled it. She was a mother, and whatever else these things might be, they were babies. That was enough, especially as she needed just this much baby here in the hat to make good what was lacking in the basket.

With a soft, caressing purr she stepped

gently into the hat, took one of the squirrels by the neck, brought it to the edge of the table and laid it down for a firmer hold; then sprang lightly to the floor. Over to the basket she walked and dropped it tenderly among her other babies. Then, having brought the remaining one and deposited that with the same mother care, she got into the basket herself and curled down contentedly—her heart all whole.

And this is how strange a thing mother-love is! The performance was scarcely believable. Could she be so love-blind as not to see what they were and not eat them? But when she began to lick the little interlopers and cuddle them down to their dinner as if they were her own genuine kittens, there could be no more doubt or fear.

The squirrels do not know to this day that Calico is not their real mother. From the first they took her mother's milk and mother's love as rightfully and thanklessly as the kittens, growing, not like the kittens at all, but into the most normal of squirrels, round and fat and splendid tailed.

Calico clearly recognized some difference between the two kinds of kittens, but *what* difference always puzzled her. She would clean up a kitten and comb it slick, then turn to one of the squirrels and wash it, but rarely, if ever, completing the work because of some disconcerting un-catlike antics? As the squirrels grew older they grew friskier and soon took the washing as the signal for a frolic. As well try to wash a bubble. They were bundles of live springs, twisting out of her paws, dancing over her back, leaping, kicking, tumbling as she had never seen a kitten do in all her richly kittenized experience.

I don't know why, but Calico was certainly fonder of these two freaks than of her own normal children. Long after the latter were weaned she nursed and mothered the squirrels. I have frequently seen them let into the kitchen when the old cat was there, and the moment they got through the door they would rush toward her, dropping chestnuts or cookies by the way. She in turn would hurry to meet them with a little purr of greeting full of joy and affection. They were shamefully big for such doings. The kittens had quit it long ago. Calico herself, after a while, came to feel the impropriety of mothering these strapping young ones, and in a weak, indulgent way tried to stop it. But the squirrels were persistent and would not go about their business at all with an ordinary cuff. She would put them off, run away from them, slap them and make believe

to bite; but not until she did bite, and sharply, too, would they be off.

All this seemed very strange and unnatural; yet a stranger thing happened one day, when Calico brought in to her family a full grown gray squirrel which she had caught in the woods. She laid it down on the floor and called the kittens and squirrels to gather around. They came, and as the squirrels sniffed at the dead one on the floor there was hardly a mark of difference in their appearance. It might have been one of Calico's own nursing that lay there dead, so far as anyone save Calico could see. And with her the difference, I think, was more of smell than sight. But she knew her own; and though she often found her two out among the trees of the yard she never was mistaken, nor for an instant made as if to hurt them.

Yet they could not have been more entirely squirrel had their own squirrel mother nurtured them. Calico's milk and love went all to cat in her own kittens, and all to squirrel in these that she adopted. No single hair of theirs turned from its squirrel-gray to any one of Calico's three colors; no single squirrel trait became the least bit catlike.

Indeed, as soon as the squirrels could run about they forsook the clumsy-footed kittens under the stove and scampered up back of the hot-water tank, where they built a nest. Whenever Calico entered the kitchen purring, out would pop their heads; and down they would come, understanding the mother language as well as the kittens and usually beating the kittens to the mother's side.

So far from teaching them to climb and build nests behind water tanks, their foster mother never got over her astonishment at it. All they needed from her, all they needed and would have received from their own squirrel mother, was nourishment and protection until their teeth and legs grew strong. Wits were born with them; experience was sure to come to them, and with wits and experience there is nothing known among squirrels of their kind that these two would not learn for themselves.

And there was not much known to squirrels that these two did not know, apparently without even learning. As they grew in size they increased exceedingly in naughtiness, and were banished shortly from the kitchen to an ell or back-woodshed. They celebrated this distinction by dropping some hickory nuts into a rubber boot hanging on the wall, and then gnawing a hole through the toe of the boot in order to extract the hidden

nuts. Was it mischief that led them to gnaw through rather than go down the top? Or did something get stuffed into the top of the boots after the nuts were dropped in? And did the squirrels *remember* the nuts were in there, or did they *smell* them through the rubber?

One woodshed is big enough only for two squirrels. The family moved everything out but the wood, and the squirrels took possession for the winter. Their first nest had been built behind the hot-water tank. They knew *how* to build without any teaching. But knowing *how* is not all there is to know about building; knowing *where* is very important, and this they had to learn.

Immediately on coming to the woodshed the squirrels began their winter nest, a big, bulky, newspaper affair which they placed up in the northwest corner of the shed directly under the shingles. Here they slept

till late in the fall. This was the shaded side and most exposed corner of the whole house; but all went well until one night when the weather turned suddenly very cold. A strong wind blew from the northwest hard upon the squirrels' nest.

The next day there was great activity in the woodshed—a scampering of lively feet, that began early in the morning and continued far toward noon. The squirrels were moving. They gathered up their newspaper nest and carried it—diagonally—across the shed from the shaded northwest to the sunny southeast corner, where they rebuilt and slept snug throughout the winter. Calico did not teach them this; neither would their own squirrel mother have taught them. They knew *how*, to begin with. They knew *where* after one night of experience, which in this case had to be a night of shivers.

## THE FREEHOLDER

By HELEN HICKS

AUTHOR OF "THE SONG OF THE BUILDERS"

WARM is my house, and its hearth is wide,  
But there sits no guest at my ingleside.  
Thro' the frosty pane, in the firelight's glow,  
I hear strange feet on the crusted snow;  
They pass with laughter and comrades' cheer,  
Or clamor of sleighbells—I bide here.

Adder-tongue, trillium—here are the days  
When the common roads and the woodland ways  
Grow young with the youth of their myriad springs,  
With the color of flowers, and the fanning of wings.  
Oh, the nestling mother, the budding tree!—  
Were my friend, who could love them, but here to see.

Little green apples tossed on the breeze,  
Tender young of my orchard trees,  
Your parent boughs they are laden low  
With the season's bounty, many a row;  
But, fruitful Summer or Winter rude,  
My orchard's Genius is solitude.

Flame on the sumach, and opening burr,  
The marching frost is my minister;  
My kingdom is served by the whole round year,  
Ah, blest were my lot, were a comrade near!  
Brothers and lovers and friends go by—  
Here in my freehold still bide I.



# June Winston

A NOVEL COMPOSED OF TEN SHORT STORIES

By *CARRIE HUNT LATTA*

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JAMES CARRINGTON, JR."

## THE SECOND STORY

"THIS is mine, that is mine and that, and that," rattled June Winston glibly as she leaned over the breakfast table and deliberately put her first finger on five or six of the finest strawberries in the great glass bowl.

Whereupon her father spoke rather sharply to her and sent her out of doors to stay until the family was through eating.

Was there something in the air that beautiful morning that made June naughty? Very, very naughty. She did not seem to mind her father's punishment at all, but skipped happily to the swing, and swinging high she sang right merrily a song of her own making,

"Oh joy, joy, joy,  
I am so glad I am a-living;  
Oh joy, joy, joy, joy."

To no particular tune and with just as many "joys" as she chose to put in. Then, when she had eaten her breakfast, without any strawberries at all, she was still naughty. She teased Harold until Clementine took her by the arm and stood her behind the door, where she had to stay for full fifteen minutes.

And now, holding her doll, Leila Genevra, in her arms, she was again in the swing. Also teasing John, who was playing in the sand near by, by making up a song about a black-eyed girl who came there to play. Finally winding up the song with,

"Black eye  
Pick-a-pie  
Run around  
And tell a lie.

"She's your girl. So there, John Winston."

And as she opened her mouth to laugh very heartily she received a goodly quantity of sand in both her mouth and eyes. And, crying very hard, she ran in to tell Clementine all about it.

Clementine heard her story; then, being an impartial judge, called John in so that she might hear his side of it.

"You're the oldest, June, and you hadn't ought to 'a' teased. An' you ought to be ashamed, John, to 'a' acted so. Gentlemen don't treat ladies, when they is gentlemen an' ladies, in no sich a manner. I've been thinkin', an' I've made up my mind that both of you has got too much time on your hands since school is out. You know the old sayin' 'bout Satan an' idle hands. Now John, you get the broom an' sweep the walks, front an' back; an' June, you can take this little jar, an' go to Mis Canfield's fer a start of her 'east. You know where she lives, you've drove past there with your father. It's a good long walk, but by the time you've been there an' back you won't feel so much like thinkin' up somethin' naughty. John can't go with you because him an' you fuss. An' you can't go by for nobody because Mis Canfield is the perticularlest woman I ever seen, inless it's her neighbor, 'Liza Hays. An' Mis Canfield don't want her walks an' steps tracked up by nobody's children. So, put on a clean white apron and wear your deep sunbonnet so's you won't get freckled, an' hurry right along."

When Clementine ran on in just that way, and had her jaw set in just that particular manner and worked very hard and fast as she talked, the Winston children knew it was no time for argument.

And, though John hated above all things to sweep, and Clementine knew it well, and June dreaded the long, lonely walk in an unfamiliar part of town, they did as they were bidden and did it quickly.

Mrs. Canfield lived at the very edge of town in a very little house. But before one reached her very little house, one passed the very largest, very finest house in that part of the country.

A square, white house, set on top of a hill, with many steps between the heavy gate and the front door, where the blind was always down.

And in this house lived Squire Hays, commonly known as "the Square." And a very appropriate name it was, too, as far as his personal appearance was concerned: but, in a financial way, possibly not.

A man who wore a tall hat; who called all little boys "Bub," and all little girls "Sis"; who owned many, many acres of fine land and several fine horses. And among other fine things he owned was a fine strawberry patch. And whenever a little boy or girl passed the place, in strawberry time, they were looked upon with suspicion. But June did not know this.

With the "Square" lived his daughter, an unfriendly sort of a person, who prided herself on having little to do with "the villagers." She read "Browning" diligently and without enjoyment. Went to church ostentatiously and to the foreign Missionary Society meetings regularly. And everything else she considered not worth while.

When June reached the "Square's" place she was tired. So, seeing a wide stone near the gate, she sat down to rest

for a moment. The birds sang very sweetly in the trees, for how were they to know but that the people who lived in the fine house felt just as friendly to them as anyone? To be sure, an apron or a towel was sometimes waved frantically from a window at them, and a high, thin voice called:

"Shoo-oo! Beggars! Thieves! Shoo!"

But, nevertheless, they flew about and sang and nested there, and were as happy as possible. And the flowers! Oh, but the "Square" and his daughter did have such beautiful flowers. And shrubs and vines and odd little trees trimmed in queer shapes. What a place to play!

June counted the steps leading up to the house. Then she opened the gate and gaily mounted ten of them, counting as she went. Then she jumped down them, one at a time. The next time she went up a few more.

The spirit of mischief was still in the air.

After a while she reached the top step and, standing, viewed the landscape with satisfaction. Why not roll down the hill? She had rolled down the hill at school and it was such fun. And this was a much finer hill.

Suiting the action to the word, she set the little jar on the top step, laid herself down, pulled her bonnet over her eyes, folded her arms and rolled. Over and over, over and over, thump! What was that? A syringa bush in full bloom. She lay very still and looked up at it. How pretty the flowers, how fragrant.

But she did not stay there long. How wildly exciting that had been. She would try it again. But only once more, only once or Clementine would scold her for not coming home sooner.

She mounted the steps, singing her little song of "joy, joy, joy" very, very softly. Then,—away she went, laughing aloud. A much longer roll this time; would she never stop?

Ah yes. A bump. A crushing of some-

thing tender and cool, a breath of perfume. A soft, yielding feeling as if the earth were opening. She scrambled to her knees.

She was in the very midst of a bed of pansies, the very bed she had admired so much not ten minutes before. It had been watered that morning and the damp soil clung to her white apron, to the edge of her sunbonnet, to her stockings, her hands, even to the tip of her little nose.

She got up and leaned over to try to straighten one particularly beautiful purple blossom. Her lips quivered and the tears filled her eyes. How could she have done such a thing? She stooped to kiss the broken flower and then,—something or somebody shook her very hard and snarled. It must be a dog. It surely was a dog. She could not see, as her bonnet was pulled over her eyes and whatever it was had come up from behind.

But dogs cannot talk; and at that very moment a voice was saying:

"You little vixen! You mischievous, meddlesome girl. I've a mind to break off a switch and give you a sound whipling!"

June finally managed to turn far enough to see that the person was no other than Miss Eliza Hays herself. Oh, the shame of it!

June tried to say that she was sorry, but no sound escaped her lips. Miss Eliza grasped her firmly by one arm and half led, half dragged her up the hill and into the house. And as the front door slammed behind them and they went along the dark hall, June felt that all hope was left behind.

Miss Eliza rapped sharply on a door, and a deep voice bade her enter. June was jerked in and placed before the "Square." He sat before a high desk which was piled still higher with papers. The light from the window fell across his stern face and grizzled hair, and June

felt positive that he intended to put her eyes out with the great pen he held in his hand.

The chair he sat in creaked horribly as he turned and glared at the small, dirty figure before him. A figure without any face, so far as he could see, as the deep sunbonnet was pulled so low and Miss Eliza held one of her hands so tight and the little jar, which Miss Eliza had put into her hand, occupied the other so that she could not push the bonnet back. She could see him, and was glad he could not see her. She was so ashamed, so bitterly mortified.

"Father," Miss Eliza spoke very loud, "I found this dirty child rolling, deliberately rolling, in the pansy bed. And those plants so choice and so expensive. I've a mind to spank her, that I have."

As she spoke she jerked June so hard that the little jar flew out of her hand. Miss Eliza pointed at the jar significantly. The "Square" nodded solemnly and frowned deeply as he spoke.

"No, don't spank her, yet. Not in here; I cannot stand the noise of her crying. What's your name, Sis?"

June gasped.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

Her lips moved but no sound escaped them. She wiped her tears with one of her bonnet strings and looked at the strong hand which completely covered one of her own. A good spanking hand, truly.

Miss Eliza jerked the bonnet string away as she spoke.

"Look up, and listen to what the Squire has to say to you. And you'd better answer him when he asks you a question. Just think of that flower bed!"

Think of it! Poor June. Of course she thought of it: at least, as much as she could think of anything with her fate hanging in the balance.

"Do you know," the "Square" asked

in a rasping voice, "what you are guilty of?"

She shook her head very faintly.

"Trespassing. And many a person has been well punished for it, too. Do you know what trespassing means?"

Again June shook her head.

"Of course she doesn't," snapped Miss Eliza. "If the poor people would teach their children the meaning of such words, there would be fewer crimes committed."

"I was speaking, Eliza," the "Square" said sternly. Then, turning again to June, he resumed:

"So you do not know what trespassing means? I will read the meaning from this book. This is a dictionary. But there! I suppose you do not know what a dictionary is? When my daughter was your age she knew half of the words, and their meaning, in this book. At least, almost half of them. Now, listen. Trespass: To pass unlawfully, unlawfully, mind you, over the boundary line of another's land. To intrude. Trespasser: One who commits a trespass; a transgressor; a sinner."

This last word was spoken so loud that June uttered a little scream and jumped back. And as she jumped her bonnet fell off.

The "Square" glanced at her face.

"Do you know her?" he asked of his daughter.

"No, I don't. I can't keep track of all the children in the village. I know she's impudent and dirty and—"

"That will do, Eliza. Now," he went on, turning to June, "you know the meaning of the word, you may spell it. That will help to fix it in your mind."

June shook her head.

"Can't spell it? Have you ever been to school?"

She nodded until her curls bobbed.

"Then you must spell it. Spell the word I just told you the meaning of: what you were doing when my daughter

found you."

"R-o-l-l-i-n" she sobbed.

The "Square's" fist came down with a heavy thud, scattering papers in every direction.

"There! This child is trifling with me. Either that, Eliza, or she is not bright. Come, stop this nonsense and tell me instantly how you happened to be on my premises? What did you come here for? Hurry now. A Squire,"—he drew himself up and smoothed his coat,— "has little time for small matters."

June looked at him imploringly, then began talking and crying at the same time. And, as they could not understand a single thing she said, Miss Eliza was fully convinced that she had come to steal strawberries. Of course. Didn't she bring a jar? A jar with a lid so that no one could see what she had in it. And didn't the "Square" think so too?

"Of course. Of course, for no other reason," he agreed.

He lifted his first finger and shook it threateningly at June as he went on:

"And now that you failed in the attempt at stealing you are here, crying and begging for mercy. I suppose, if my daughter had not found you, you would have left the flower bed ruined and made your way to my strawberry patch, where you would have filled your jar, and your stomach, and then slipped away. You like strawberries, eh,—you like strawberries, don't you?"

She nodded her head.

"Better than almost anything else?" he asked triumphantly.

She nodded again and as she did it, it came into her mind to wonder if strawberries were not small, harmless things, usually. And if it was not rather uncommon for them to cause so much trouble in one day? For had she not had one strawberry episode that day?

"Um hum! So I thought. Likes strawberries better than almost anything

else. Eliza, leave this entirely to me. Not having been a father you do not know how to act in this matter as I do. However, you may assist me. We will heap coals of fire on this child's head."

June shrieked at the top of her voice and covered her head with her apron.

"Oh, don't burn me, don't. I didn't come to steal. Oh don't! don't!"

Miss Eliza grabbed the apron from her head.

"Silly thing. We're not going to burn you. Don't you know anything at all about the bible? Another instance of the way the poor people raise their children. But see here. Don't you deny it. You did come here to steal strawberries. You've confessed once, you've surely been told where children who lie go to."

The "Square" rose. Catching sight of himself in a mirror opposite, he smoothed his hair, pursed up his lips, threw out his chest and spoke slowly;

"We will, as I have said, heap coals of fire on this child's head. We will return good for evil, thus following the teachings of the bible. Eliza, take this child, this poor, sinful,—er—transgressor—to the dining room. Place her at the table and fill a dish full, very full, of strawberries. Sugar them well and put cream on them, plenty of cream. And, Eliza, see that she eats them, all of them. And, transgressor, look up at me. Remember that Squire Hays and his daughter return good for evil. And when you are again tempted to do wrong, remember this interview. I do not remember of ever having allowed a child to take up so much of my time. Eliza, take her away at once."

Miss Eliza, nothing loth, hurried her away, while the "Square," sighing deeply over the depravity of the young, shook his head mournfully and went back to his work.

Miss Eliza sat the limp and forlorn little June in a chair at the end of a long

table in the large, lonely dining room. Then she rang a bell.

First a nose appeared in the crack of the door leading into the kitchen, then a pair of eyes, very kind eyes; the first kind eyes June had seen since entering the house. Then a wide, smiling mouth. Then a body dressed in the cleanest of dresses nearly covered by an apron.

"Susan," Miss Eliza spoke sharply, "bring a cloth to spread on this end of the table so that this child will not scratch it. Then bring a saucer of strawberries, one of the old saucers, and fill it full. Sugar them well and put cream on them. But thin the cream, as cream is not good for children."

"Yes, Miss 'Liza. But the little thing don't look like she looks forrids to 'em much."

"That will do, Susan. Bring the berries."

"Wy, wy 'Liza, ef it ain't Robert Winston's June. Howdy, June. I don't 'spect you know me but I've known you sence th' day you was bordred."

"Eh, what?" Miss Eliza asked in a startled tone, turning to look at June. "But," she added, lifting her eyebrows, "whoever the child is she needs discipline. If I had a child I'd thank some sensible, educated, well-meaning person to discipline it. Bring the berries, Susan, at once."

At the sound of Susan's kind voice June had covered her face and was crying very hard and trying to talk to her. And when Susan returned with the berries, beautiful ones carefully chosen, well sugared and creamed, and was tucking the cloth in place, she squeezed June's dirty hand soothingly and patted her curly head.

"Miss 'Liza, what's the matter with this child? She's all of a tremble?" Susan asked, with an angry flush on her cheeks.

"Father and I are teaching her some of the lessons in the bible. Returning



good for evil: heaping coals of fire on her head. She has been wicked. She is a thief, er, a transgressor, a—"

"Now 'Liza Ellen Hays, you'd better take care how you call names. That little thing? An' her gran'pa, dead an' gone, a minister of the gospel. An' many an' many a time have I set an' listened to his preachments, an' you have too, 'Liza Hays. An' a sweeter, purtier woman never lived than Rose Winston, this baby's mother. Teachin' her th' bible nothin'!"

"None of these things cut any figure in the case, Susan. This child deliberately came here to steal strawberries. She brought a jar with her to take them away in. The impudence of it! And now that I have learned who she is it makes it all the worse, because her father can afford to buy berries for her. And, thinking that stealing would not make a black enough sin in her heart she maliciously rolled, ro-l-led in my pansy bed. Oh, I wish you—could—see—that—pansy bed. Oh! I found her in the middle of it where she was kicking about, enjoying the ruin she had wrought. Oh!"

Miss Eliza fairly hissed out her words, she was so angry, and put her hand out toward June as if she would like to pinch or shake her; then, thinking the better of it, she pushed a spoon toward her, saying:

"Eat."

Then, folding her hands in her lap as if fearful that she might, after all, scratch June, she went on:

"But father would not have her spanked. He has forgiven her and is showing his forgiveness in this manner. I'll warrant you you'll not forget this spoon, Miss, will you?" she demanded.

June kept her white face turned toward the window. She was dumb and heartily wished that, for the time being at least, she was also deaf. But she was not and she heard Miss Eliza say:

"I declare if this ungrateful child will touch them. Here she is, as dirty as any poor child, sitting at the head of Squire Hays' table, with a saucer full of strawberries, with sugar and cream, and a solid silver spoon to eat them with. And still she won't touch them. Father ought to have let me spanked her and sent her away. I'm going right now and tell him how sullen she is. I think I will suggest to him that he shut her in a dark room until she will apologize or until some one comes for her, when we can tell them of her behavior."

Miss Eliza left the room and as the door slammed, for it did slam very hard, Susan stepped close to June's side and put her arm around her.

"How did it happen, honey?" she whispered.

"I was going to Mrs. Canfield's for yeast. I saw the steps an' wanted to jump down them. I got tired of jumping an' r-r-rolled. An' the pansy bed got in the way, an' I'm aw-wful sorry."

"'Course you be, child. Here, jump down. See that side door? Run. An' run fast."

June heeded no second invitation and with her bonnet flapping on her shoulders she sped around the house and down the steps. She did not count them that time nor did she even glance at the poor pansy bed as she passed it.

The "Square" returned to the dining room with his daughter. It was empty. The screen door stood slightly open. Miss Eliza rang the bell; then she looked under the table, behind the door. Susan was some time in coming.

"Susan, that child has gone."

"She has? Wasn't you in here with her?" Susan asked innocently.

Miss Eliza stamped her foot.

"Father, the next time I myself shall see to the dealing with trespassers and thieves. Susan, clear the table and wipe up those muddy tracks from the floor."

"I will, Miss 'Liza. But I'd make sure, ef I was you, that they was thieves. This child was on her way to Mis Canfield's fer 'east. Thoughtless like, she 'lowed she'd like to jump up an' down th' steps an' arterwards, childlike, she 'lowed she'd like to roll down the hill. An' I r'member when you, 'Liza, rolled down that very hill in your very best dress one Sunday mornin', 'cause I was with you an' rolled too. Mercy, but you did scare that little child this mornin', 'twixt you an' th' Square you nearly scairt her to death. She was awful sorry. I'd make it up to her some way, ef I could. Robert Winston's little girl, too."

Miss Eliza's face flushed red.

"And how did you learn all this, Susan?" she demanded angrily.

"W'y, by askin' her. She's a oncommon nice child."

"Robert Winston's child, did you say?" the "Square" asked of Susan, as he stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Susan, you are always interfering. You know as well as I do that that child needed to be punished."

But nevertheless, the "Square" looked bored and left the room hurriedly. And as Miss Eliza followed him she turned to say:

"Susan, I am going out to see after some Foreign Missionary Society work. Have dinner promptly at twelve; you know how particular father is about having meals on the hour."

As the door closed Susan seated herself at the table and as she complacently ate the berries she had so carefully prepared for June, she talked aloud to herself.

"Ferrin Missionary nothin'! An' still she can treat th' blessed little white heathens right here at home as she does. Well, I'll have dinner jest on th' minnit, so's I can get th' work done an' then I'm going down to Winston's an' talk this over with Clementine an' see how

June's feelin'. Ferrin Missionary meetin's. Huh!"

As the forenoon passed and June did not return, John grew restless and Clementine grew uneasy. John went down the street several times hoping to meet her,—but no June.

By and by it was dinner time and when Mr. Winston came home Clementine told him of her uneasiness concerning June.

"Never mind; nothing could happen to her. I expect Mrs. Canfield invited her to stay to dinner. Still, I expect you had better go down there and walk home with her, John."

Harold, with a nicely browned chicken leg in one hand and a mug of milk in the other, paused in his exertions long enough to remark indifferently:

"June's in bed."

"In bed? June?" Mr. Winston and Clementine asked in surprise.

"Yes, she came home long time ago. She's sick, in her heart, 'cause she told me so. She told me not to tell, but," he added, consoling his conscience with a long drink of milk, "she won't care now if I do when she's 'bout to miss her dinner."

And that, in Harold's mind, would be the greatest calamity which could befall one.

"I wonder what she's done with the 'east?" Clementine said as she rose and hurried from the room. Mr. Winston pushed his chair back from the table and waited anxiously.

Presently Clementine returned and whispered something to Mr. Winston, who left the room. Meanwhile, Clementine proceeded to fill a plate with victuals. Then, bidding John to follow her to carry the pie, they went to June's room.

Harold looked after them for a moment, wondering if a girl with a sick heart would be able to eat so much. Then he turned his attention to his own

plate, eating until he was attacked by a pain, which was, he decided, in his heart. He had probably contracted the disease from June. So deciding, he left the table and went into the yard and fell asleep on a bench under a tree, where he dreamed of whole pies and great pails of milk.

Meanwhile, poor June had told her story. Clementine was so angry that she had been obliged to leave the room several times to give vent to her feelings against "that old blithering idiot of a Square," and "his old maid daughter."

There was a difference of two months in the ages of Clementine and Miss Eliza. But the two months were in Clementine's favor, she being the younger.

But Mr. Winston said little. He looked very grave and called June "daughter." He only did that when he reproved her. He told her how sorry he was and that it was true, that she was really a trespasser.

And that, even though she had been punished and humiliated, he would be obliged to add to the punishment and she must remain in bed for the rest of the day.

With that he left the house, with the grave look still on his face. June ate some dinner, but her throat was so swollen with crying that she could scarcely swallow.

John talked loud about wishing he had been along and if he had he declared the "Square" would not have dared to touch June.

Clementine cleared up the dishes with such a vengeance that she scarcely heard Susan Earl's knock at the kitchen door. When she was at last admitted and Clementine had slammed the last of the pots and pans into their respective

places, the two women sat down to talk it over. And June was entirely vindicated,—in their minds, at least.

June stayed in bed and looked longingly out of the window at the swing. Finally, she hugged her beloved doll close as she sobbed:

"Bub-b-be glad, Lelia Genevra, that you're just a d-doll, d-dear."

John, just outside her window, glanced in now and then. He carried a toy revolver in his hand and a box of caps in his pocket. Up and down he walked, like a sentinel, vowing vengeance.

Assuring June that he, with the help of the boy who grinned, would catch the "Square" and his daughter in the woods at midnight some night and scalp them. Presumably with the toy revolver.

And between threats he muttered:

"Boo-lud! Bl-oo-ud!" in deep tones.

That evening June's father sent for her to come to the sitting room, and as they sat alone Mr. Winston handed June an envelope addressed to Squire Hays. Then he placed some writing material before her.

"Daughter, you may write to Squire Hays and Miss Eliza that you are very sorry for what you have done."

June buried her tear-stained face in her arms.

"And," her father went on, "enclose this bill. It was to have been your birthday present. Tell them that it is in payment for the flowers you destroyed."

With trembling hands and quivering lips June laboriously wrote the letter. Then, enclosing the bill, she sealed the envelope and rising, she threw herself in her father's arms.

He kissed her tenderly and, smoothing her tumbled hair, held her close in his arms until she fell asleep with a smile on her lips.

*The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

# The Genius of Business

## VI.

### THE CHURCH BECOMES THE UNIVERSITY OF THE PEOPLE AND THE STATE BECOMES THE PUBLIC TRUST

By CHARLES FERGUSON

AUTHOR OF "THE AFFIRMATIVE INTELLECT"

THE "unearned increment" is never to be got rid of by any social order that swears men in to support a law that is other than the law of humanity and science. But when it becomes possible for the controlling element of a population to work together without pledges, it becomes possible to put an end to economic privileges and to manage the government as an industrial concern, working for the general good of all the stockholders. The church must become the University of the People before the state can become the Public Trust.

I say this new condition of things must arise out of the church because the history of the church is nothing but the evolution of the University of the People. It is a great misunderstanding of history to suppose that the church stands in any special sense for creeds and rituals—for social conformity in intellect and morals—to suppose that the life of the church depends upon the exaction of pledges. The truth is that the requiring of moral and intellectual conformity is not at all characteristic of the church; rather it is the respect in which the church has, up to this time, yielded to the prejudices of political society. The overmastering authority of the state has compelled the church to abate its claims and postpone the working out of its designs. The state in all its aristocratic and in all of its tentatively democratic forms has always invaded the intellect and conscience of the private citizen and treated him as one pledged to some special way of thinking and feeling. Political society is the original dogmatist and ritualist. The civil law has never contented itself to deal merely with the overt actions of men, but has always inquired into their beliefs and motives—fixing on the soul its definitions of crimes. The church is an obscurantist only in the second degree and under political duress.

The church starts out to supersede the kingdoms of this world" by a new and democratic kind of social order,—an order conceived and wrought out in moral and intellectual liberty—but it is obliged to compromise for nineteen hundred years with the social order that is actually in possession. The church is the church not because of the mental clamps and phylacteries that it has put on to please the ministers of state, but in spite of these things. All its doctrines and ordinances, so grim-looking and constrictive, are found upon examination to contain an evangel of liberty—though clothed in the livery of slaves.

The political states of the old order are built upon one cock-sure theory or another of what is perfectly wise and good, some fixed standard that everybody is bound to conform to on penalty of being known as a fool or a knave.

But the gospel—which is the life of the church—is, from the political point of view, a kind of general bankruptcy act in virtue of which every one may, if he will, accept a condition of moral and intellectual insolvency, so far as the old order is concerned; may cancel his obligation to all its ponderous respectabilities and conventionalities, and resume life like a child with a free conscience and an emancipated mind.

Thenceforth the political refugee is free to get wisdom by experience, unhampered by any theory of what is wise; and to be good, not by conformity to any external standard of goodness, but only by the grace of God working in his own heart. This is the birth of the artistic and scientific man—the man of the modern and democratic spirit—and it is the rise of the university.

The church in its characteristic operation, as distinguished from the mere reactionary and compromising tendencies that cumber and confuse it, undertakes to establish the

conditions of socialization (which is the same thing as civilization) striking off the shackles of sect and party, the bondage of racial and political obligation, and restoring a man to himself. It socializes the world by a process of individualism.

The church idea is that if men will but have the courage to abandon their sham altruisms and will frankly concern themselves only for the things they really care about, the social problem will vanish away, and the highest possible conditions of social cooperation will be established. According to the church idea—which is one and the same thing with the democratic idea—it is not necessary to social order that men should unite upon an institutional standard of authority, because it is possible to bring them into a much better working agreement in quite a different way, to wit: by heartening them so that they shall dare abide by the truth of nature and their own souls, making them artistic and scientific, and so bringing them into relation with the unconventional reality of the world, in a word—God.

Of course it is not to be understood that the essential doctrine of the church is that every one may do as he likes—nothing of the kind. The doctrine is that every man must strive for what he really cares about and take the consequences—lest a worse fate befall him. The alternative is that one should become a "miserable sinner." Now it is the immemorial teaching of the church that sin is not an objective fact; it does not consist in any specific action—the doing of any particular thing or leaving it undone. It is a subjective fact, a break-up of the integrity of the soul. A man confesses himself a sinner when he says he has done the things that, in his own conscience, he knew he ought not to do, and has left undone the things that by the same token he knew he ought to do. But the sinfulness is not to be attributed to the specific things that he did or neglected, but to the confusion of soul that brought him to think on one plane and live on another. Sin is the divorce of the instincts from the intellect.

It follows that a most damnable sin may have nothing of criminality in it, and that an act that sets all the statutes aside may be a healing deed of righteousness. Here is the dynamic of the social revolution that is overturning the old order of the world. And

it is because Christianity brought this doctrine into the world that one may truly say that Christianity brought democracy into the world, and that Christianity and democracy are one and the same. It is true also to say that the church is the mother of the university. For the only external obstacle that the intellect has ever encountered in its struggle forward toward a disengaged and unprejudiced view of the universe—the only real obstacle to the advancement of the arts and sciences—is and always has been the obscurantism of the civil law and the fixed persuasion of the mass of men that a crime must be a sin, and that to question the finality of the existing social order is to be a bad man.

Social wrongs exist, not because any considerable number of people are the conscious partisans of wrong, but because society is intellectually and morally stiff in the joints and paralytic. The lack is of moral and intellectual liberty. Today in the United States, throughout the whole extent of our continental population, society is in danger of being galvanized into fixed and rigid forms. What we need is mobilization. We are being fettered, manacled and strangled by the forms of law. It has always been so wherever there has been a very large population welded into a single political system. The more vast the political aggregate, the greater the temptation to legal formalism. Up to this time there has been no exception to the rule that as states grow big they cease to be free.

But America can make an exception—passing into a new, historic atmosphere and establishing a new rule. We shall be breathing that fresh air when we cease to think of the peace and order of society as depending upon the respect paid to the Constitution of 1788 and come to understand—what no great political society up to this time has ever understood—that it depends rather upon the respect paid to the eternal constitution of the universe.

It is as easy to understand that the spirit of liberty must, under certain conditions, die in America, as it is for a physician to recognize the *rigor mortis* when he sees it. It is not a case for raptured Cassandras.

A political system as it grows fast, multifarious, complex, must depend for the practical unity of its forces either upon an in-



creasing reverence for the forms of law in contempt of its spirit, or else upon an increasing reverence for the spirit in contempt of the forms. There must be a mighty respect for law, of one sort or another, in a society of a hundred million men of every blood and breeding under heaven and living under all kinds of climates, as Americans now do.

Our homeopathic ancestors dreamed the ingenious dream that political forms could be invented of so marvelous a virtue as to cure the disease of legal formalism and forever flush the letter with the spirit of the law. We have found that the thing cannot be done; that the matching of one idolatry against another does not constitute the true faith. Nothing is more evident today than the impracticability of social regeneration through the accustomed forms of politics. We shall never have another political revolution—because we do not believe in politics as our fathers did. What will happen to us if the worst comes, will be simply the rigor of intellectual and moral death and then—mortification. A few whiffs of smoke from the machine guns, curling up over the broad streets—and all be quiet enough with the revolutionaries. The letter of the law will win “hands down” over any possible form of political revolution. In a society so highly organized and delicately adjusted as ours is, lawlessness is more dreadful than tyranny, and there is no power but the Spirit of Law that is strong and subtle enough to conquer the letter.

Union we must have, but the unionism that Lincoln declared to be one with liberty and inseparable from it, is not uniformity but unanimity. And this oneness of soul is the spirit of the church as it unfolds its real meaning in the University of the People; it is the congruity of mind that exists between those whose minds are not fixed upon themselves but are genuinely out-going and forth-putting, genuinely artistic and scientific. The prime need of the hour (we can not be too quick about it) is a social movement that shall stir the whole country as countries are stirred only in great epochs—a movement

frankly religious and spiritual, but having nothing to do with ecclesiastics or the building up of religious sects, and as frankly political and economic, but having nothing to do with what is called politics, the building up of political parties. What we require is an organization of the people in every town and city ward that shall insist on working the whole vast industrial system throughout the world in the spirit of art and science, and in disdain of all traditionary rights that stand in the way of civilization.

It would seem that we have a few years left in which to try out the question whether our genius of business—our earth grip, objective-mindedness, passion for progress—is strong enough to carry us past the crisis of temptation. If not, we are in for a long age of stagnation and stupor. Up to this time every expanding nation in history that has arrived at a like juncture has failed to mobilize, has stiffened up and stopped. Never heretofore has the genius of business been strong enough to conquer the fear of adventures and the love of securities. The people interested only in their own inner processes have always outnumbered and overwhelmed the world wrestlers—those that have had stakes in the great cosmic game. The silly in swarms have been stronger than the sane. Caution and cowardice, drilled in enormous regiments of uniformity, have always trodden the life out of courage and enterprise.

Great social organizations must have order and unity at any cost. We have a year or two, or five or ten, to choose between the most vapid conventionalism, the most sordid mechanicalism that has ever been imagined, and the alternative—the establishment in American communities of a mob-withstanding, law-enforcing institution that shall rally the forces of faith and enterprise in the name of art and science, of essential democracy, of God.

I have no idea that we shall fail.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

*Tennyson*

# The Return

By JACK B. NORMAN

"PAPA," said the little boy who stood watching the approaching steamer with eager intentness, "do you really s'pose mamma will know me right away? You know she never saw me in trousers, an' there's three other little boys here just about my size."

"Yes, my boy, I am sure she will know you the very moment she sees you," his father answered, earnestly.

For a few moments the boy stood quite still, his eyes fixed on the giant hulk that slowly rounded about toward the pier; then he spoke again, in a piercingly clear voice that attracted the attention of the others who waited, like himself, to welcome the returning travelers. "You'd better give me your handkerchief, papa," said he, hurriedly, still keeping his eyes riveted to the thronged deck, lest he should miss her first wave of recognition, "'cause it's bigger'n mine, an' she'll see it sooner."

"Remember that we're not to let her know we think she's sick, Billy," cautioned the man, as he complied with the boy's request, "because that would make her feel sad. So we mustn't even ask—"

"Papa, look! Is that mamma waving at me? The lady in black—right up in front! Oh, papa, *can't* you see her?" the boy cried excitedly.

The father, following the little shaking finger upward toward the deck, shook his head. "No, dear, that is not mamma," he answered. "Remember what I have told you, Billy. Don't ask mamma how she feels; just tell her how very glad we are to see her. She won't ever be strong and well like us, you know, but we'll do our best to make her happy and keep everything sad away from her while we have her with us."

"Why, papa, she's going to stay always!" cried the boy. "You know the doctors said she could go home for good."

A woman who stood quite close to the little boy smiled and spoke to him, and he at once confided to her the secret of his pent-up happiness. His mother, who had been away at a cure for three years, was coming home to stay—not well, but oh, so much better, for the doctors had dismissed her. It was her lungs, papa told him.

"Oh!" said the listener, with a quick pang of sympathy, for she read between the lines a story of incurable illness and the hopeless return of the doomed one.

"I do hope she'll know me right away, an' not mistake some other little boy for me," said Billy, wistfully. "She hasn't seen me for three years, you know, an' I've growed lots. Oh, what makes the ship go so slow? Why doesn't it sail right up to the pier and let the people get off?"

By the time the gang-plank was down every one was listening and most of the waiting ones were watching for the boy's mother. The deck was thronged with eager, smiling, vigorous men and women, but there was no invalid among them. The man's face was very white and his hands clutched the boy's shoulders with nervous intensity while he searched the far end of the deck where she would be likely to linger, away from the strong, eager, bustling crowd. But she was not there.

"She is probably in her stateroom waiting for the crowd to get away," said he, in answer to the boy's anxious questions as to why she did not appear. "You know she isn't strong enough to push about much. When people get off

we'll go in and meet her."

The terrible fear that clutched his heart sickened him. The boy's light body against his breast, as he leaned from his perch on a projecting rail, oppressed him like a dead weight.

"Billy," he began, in a voice that made the child start, "if anything has happened—on the way over, you must be a very brave little soldier and try—"

A woman in a long, white dust-coat, with a white, fluttering veil waving about her young, glowing face, detached herself from the bustling throng, and before either man or boy had seen her she had them both in her arms.

"Jim! Billy! To think neither of you saw me, when I stood right up on the drawbridge waving with might and main! Is this big, big boy really my own baby?" she cried, tremulously. "Oh, Billy, you surely haven't forgotten your mother?"

She kissed them both rapturously. Then she stooped and took the boy's rosy, beaming face between her hands and looked longingly, lovingly, hungrily into his eyes. "My darling," she said, "are you sure you love me just as you did that time when I went away and you cried so hard because I left you?"

"Oh, mamma, I do! I love you more!" answered the boy ardently. "Oh, I'm so dreadful glad you've come back!

Jim's face paled and reddened spasmodically and he seemed unable to trust his voice, for he gazed at her radiant face speechlessly.

"And Jim, dear, I am perfectly well! Completely, lastingly cured. Think of it!" she cried in a voice of exuberant triumph. "I am the happiest, most grateful woman in the whole world. I was afraid to tell you the glorious news at first, afraid to trust to the doctor's judgment, for it seemed so unspeakably, unbelievably joyful after that dreadful verdict that drove me away. Afterward, when I began to feel that it really was true, I only told you part, because I wanted so much to surprise you—to meet you just this way. Oh, Jim, from this hour I'm going to begin to make up for those three dreary years of separation and suspense. I have lived in the anticipation of this hour for the last ten months; but I never, even in my happiest moods, dreamed that it would be quite like this. You are just as happy as I am, Jim, although you can't seem to say so. I know you so well, dear old, patient chap!"

"I am almost too happy," said Jim, huskily. "Almost *too* happy!"

Then the watchers saw them swing off with the hurrying crowd, each holding a hand of the little boy whose face glowed with morning happiness.

## AUTUMN

BY OSCAR JOHNSON

NOW the year is growing mellow,  
And the leaves turn red and yellow,  
And the dreamy sunlight lingers on the hills  
and on the plains;  
And the grapes with purple luster,  
Hang in many a tempting cluster,  
All along the weedy roadsides and in pleasant  
country lanes.

In the woods the crows are calling,  
And the butternuts are falling,  
And the thickets are so quiet one can hear  
the slightest sound;

And the plums, that long have glistened  
'Mong the leaves grow rosy-tinted  
In the sweet autumnal sunshine that is brood-  
ing all around.

Now the corn, as in the olden  
Days we've known, is husked in golden  
Loads, and though we'll miss the song-birds  
and their notes of happy cheer;  
Still, when we behold the treasures  
That are heaped in such vast measures,  
We are glad that Summer's over and that  
Autumn days are here.

# Lonce Boggs, Runner

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

"SPEAKING of running," said the Man from Muscatine, "I knew a fellow once whose name was Boggs—Launcelot Boggs—and he came from Seventysix township. We called him Lonce for short.

"This fellow Lonce could run like a scared dog, and he looked it. He was all legs except what was arms, and he had a head motion like a flabbergasted hen that is trying to find a hole in a picket fence big enough to squeeze through, when none of them *are* big enough. Lonce always looked as if he expected someone to bang him on the head the next minute, and I guess old man Boggs generally fulfilled his expectations. Anyway, he had Lonce frightened to death and when he said 'dance' Lonce would do three or four quadrilles all by himself.

"Lonce would run just for the fun of hearing the wind buzz in his ears. He had big, outstanding ears, and he used to tell me that the sound he heard was like that you hear when you hold a large sea-shell to your ear. He often said he was thankful his ears were not limber, for then they would flap against his head, which would be uncomfortable.

"Probably Muscatine would never have heard of Lonce if his old man hadn't kept getting meaner and meaner, but one day Lonce shook the dust of the farm from his feet and came to town.

"He got a job at Bowman's livery, on trial, and before long it got noised around that he could run some, and we used to go down on Front street and have Lonce run for us. Sometimes we tried to time him, but it wasn't any use. There wasn't a watch in town that would measure small enough fractions of a second to time his hundred yards."

"We tried to time Lonce on a shorter run and couldn't get a watch that would do it, so we decided to try him on a long run. Lonce was just as eager as we were and for a week beforehand he greased his legs with axle grease to make them limber. We decided that he should run from Iowa avenue in Muscatine to the bank corner in Wilton. I forget now just how far that is, but it is about twelve miles. We had one time-keeper at the avenue corner and one at the bank in Wilton."

"There was a big crowd down to see Lonce start. The road runs almost directly north, and it was exactly nine in the morning when Lonce got away. We did not see him start, but as he started we heard a whiz such as you hear when you swing a cane through the air, and we knew that Lonce was making the run of his life. Poor old Lonce! I remember how proud and happy he looked as he stood at the line waiting for the word go. We hadn't any idea how changed it would all be when he came back.

"When Lonce got away, we all went down to the Commercial House bar, where there was a 'phone handy, to wait for word from Wilton; but an hour went by and another hour and another, and no word came. We rang up Wilton and Wilton had seen nothing of Lonce. Lonce never got to Wilton.

"It seemed that Lonce ran like a streak of greased lightning down Second street and up East Hill and he was making the dirt fly as he went through Weed's Lane, when he happened to look at the road on his left side where his shadow should have been, and his shadow wasn't there; then he glanced over his shoulder and saw it streaming

out behind him on the road. He was going so fast that his shadow had all it could do to keep up with him, but it sort of held onto his heels, like a boy at the tailboard of a wagon. Lonce laughed when he saw that old shadow of his bumping it over the road like a calf tied behind a runaway wagon, it was so ridiculous; but he didn't think much about it because he wasn't much of a thinker, anyway, and he put on a little extra steam.

"By the time he had gone another mile he was getting warmed up to business, and he looked around again to see how his shadow was getting along. At first he didn't see it at all, but presently he noticed it down the road a hundred yards or so, coming along as fast as it could, but it had let go its hold on Lonce's heels and it was having a hard time of it. It seemed to be doing its best to catch up again but it was laboring hard, and as it made big leaps up the road after Lonce, it acted for all the world like a fat pup following a bicycle—winded and out-classed, but pure grit all through and bound not to give up. Lonce said he would have sworn it looked at him reproachfully as it bumped itself along after him, if shadows could look reproachfully, so he smiled back at it encouragingly, and it seemed to take new life and gained on him a little, and he turned his eyes to the front and let out a few more inches of his legs and forgot all about it.

"He didn't think of it again until he came to the corner where you turn up to the camp-meeting grounds, if you are going that way—which Lonce wasn't—and right there he glanced around again. He couldn't see his shadow anywhere on the road! He had distanced it! Well, sir, Lonce stopped right short, and he had been going so fast that the shock threw him head over heels; when he got through rolling he got upon his feet and looked down the road for a long

minute, hoping his shadow would come into sight; but it didn't. So he sat down on the edge of the road and waited, and the longer he sat there the worse he felt about his shadow. What call had he, just to get a little praise for himself, to set out and run to death a faithful old shadow that had always been kind and affectionate and faithful and that had followed him like a dog ever since he was a little, helpless baby? The more he thought of it the meaner he felt, and when he looked at the ground beside him where his shadow should have been and saw nothing but sunshine, he just couldn't help crying.

"Lonce sat there wiping his eyes and blowing his nose and sniffing for quite a while, and still his shadow didn't come, and he began to get frightened. So he started back toward Muscatine, but the life was all taken out of him, and every little while he would sit down and cry a little more.

"In this way he slowly worked his way back, keeping close watch on both sides of the road for his shadow. He told me afterward that no man could know the pangs of anguish he felt. He said he felt unnatural and ghostly with the sun shining down on him and shining right through him without making a dark spot on the road, as if he had been air or glass, and that he had never felt so lonely in his life. What made it worse was that no matter how closely he looked for his shadow he might pass it unintentionally, for wherever there was a big spot of shade, his shadow might be a part of it, and there was no way of knowing which was shadow and which was shade. He said that he never knew before how careless people were not to give their shadows names, so that they could call them when they got lost or went astray.

"Lonce kept on down the road, thinking all these things and swearing he would never run another step in all his



life; when he was just about to give up hope, he saw his shadow and he let out a yell of joy that sounded like a solo on a steam-siren whistle.

"There was his shadow lying on the grass at the side of the road where it had crept to die. He could see by the motion of its sides that it was still breathing, but that was about all. Its long legs and arms were hanging listlessly and its head was drooped over on one shoulder, and every second or two it would tremble all over, as if it was about to peter out.

"Lonce fell down on his knees beside it and spoke to it lovingly; but it didn't take any notice of him, and he began to rub its arms and legs, talking all the time and trying to encourage it to make an effort to regain its spirits; and presently it raised its head a little.

"Then Lonce backed up to it so it could catch hold of his heels, and took a step or two, but his shadow didn't follow him. It seemed plumb discouraged and played out, and nothing he could do put any life into it. It looked as if it had decided to lie right there until it faded out and was lost forever.

"Say! but Lonce was frightened. He knew it would be terrible to go around all his life without his shadow, but he didn't see what he could do to chirk it up and get it to follow him, and he was sitting there with one hand on its forehead, when some farmers who had been working out their road tax, came along. They had a wagon and spades and Lonce saw in an instant what to do. So he and the farmers cut around the sod and lifted sod, shadow and all into the wagon and started for town. Lonce sat on the wagon bed and kept hold of the sod all the way to town to keep it from breaking in two, for he didn't want his shadow mutilated if he could help it.

"The farmers drove into town by a back way and hepled Lonce to carry the sod up to his room and lay it on the bed.

"We were all sitting in the Commercial House office wondering what had become of Lonce, when a boy came in and told Doctor Stephens he was wanted at Lonce's room, and he went immediately. He found Lonce working over the shadow and when Lonce had explained his trouble, the Doctor set to work too. The shadow had been getting paler and paler and was nearly gone when the Doctor arrived. He had Lonce get together all the lamps and candles in the house and set them all on a table at the side of the bed and lighted them. Then he made Lonce lie down on the bed so that he was in the right position to come between the lights and his shadow.

"You see, the Doctor knew that if a shadow once gets separated from its substance, it soon fades away, and the only remedy is to put the substance where it should logically be.

"Lonce laid there all the rest of that day, and all that night and the next day and night, and his shadow gradually recovered its natural color; and when, the next day, the Doctor told Lonce to get off the bed very slowly, Lonce nearly had a fit to see the shadow follow him. The Doctor said he never saw anyone so happy.

"But Lonce never ran again. He wouldn't take the risk. His shadow looked all right, but it never was quite itself again. It dragged along like a man with the malaria, and whenever Lonce walked very rapidly it would hang back; after it dropped behind once or twice, Lonce gave up walking any more than necessary. He was like a man with the heart disease who knows any shock will kill him, and he soon got into the habit of sitting all day in the sun on the bench in front of the weigh-master's office, where he could keep his eye on his shadow.

"That is why you never heard of Lonce in the East."

# Thaddeus Stevens

THE GREAT COMMONER OF PENNSYLVANIA; THE CROMWELL OF RECONSTRUCTION; THE GREAT LEADER OF CONGRESS.

By COLONEL JAMES MATLACK SCOVEL

AUTHOR OF "PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN," ETC.

NEXT the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln stands the grim, Cromwellian face of Thaddeus Stevens, the Great Commoner of Pennsylvania. He was born in Vermont, and, after teaching school until he attained his majority, fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the village minister. Conscientious of a personal deformity, he left home without declaring his love and migrated to Pennsylvania. Here he studied law and became famous as a county practitioner rather than a pleader before the supreme court. Horace Greeley used to say of him that he would willingly leave his place in congress to attend the Lancaster circuit, where he loved to try his list of causes, from a \$100 ejectment case down to a trial for assault and battery with a \$20 retainer.

With him politics soon became a consuming desire. He regarded statecraft as did Seward, who said:

"Politics is the sum of all the sciences."

The school system of Pennsylvania today was fashioned by the master mind of the Great Commoner.

In appearance Thaddeus Stevens was of medium height, and, being a little lame, he walked with a cane. His eyes were sunk deep in his head and flashed fire when he was provoked in forensic or congressional debate. He was one of the few men in any parliament of men who could think best on his legs. He was in congress many years before



THADDEUS STEVENS

the days of reconstruction, but his great fame rests upon the fight he made in the lower house while carrying out Mr. Lincoln's ideas in regard to the conduct

of the war. Of Lincoln he said:

"He was the bright, consummate flower of the civilization of the nineteenth century."

When Lincoln was killed he made a bitter and relentless fight against the administration of Andy Johnson. It was Stevens who, when asked by a friend of President Johnson if he "did not think the tailor of Tennessee was a self-made man," said:

"I never thought of that, but it does relieve God Almighty of a heavy responsibility."

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Soon after Lincoln was killed Johnson came to congress with a senate bill which restored the states lately in rebellion to their original ante-bellum condition. Morton of Indiana had been induced for a time to espouse Johnson's cause and champion the new president's chosen measure. Even Sherman—then, as later, charged with presidential aspirations—acceded to and advocated the measure in which President Johnson was so deeply interested. John W. Forney, who then printed "my two newspapers, both daily," as he expressed it, came out in double-leaded editorials in the Washington Chronicle, saying:

"We now see light ahead."

The bill was about to pass the senate, the negro left out in the cold. During the first year of the reign of Andy Johnson, and after a long and acrimonious all-night session of the senate the courtly senator from Massachusetts, Charles Sumner, wrapping his cloak about him, left the senate chamber in disgust at four o'clock in the morning, and, a few minutes later, knocked at the door of the little brick house—owned and occupied by Thad Stevens until he died—back of the Capitol.

He was ushered in by Lydia Smith, a mulatto woman who had possessed great beauty in her youth and who took tender care of the Great Commoner

until his death. Sumner, with his usual solemnity of manner, informed her that she must arouse Mr. Stevens. The latter arose in no amiable state of mind and came down stairs, where he warmly welcomed Mr. Sumner in his parlor, which was elegantly furnished with California lion and bear skins and antique horn chairs, the gifts of "Old Thad's" admiring friends from the Pacific slope.

Sumner made haste to inform Stevens of his profound disgust over what he declared to be "the infamous surrender, at the dictation of the majority in the senate, of the rights of the negro,"—and the session was well-nigh ended. The senate bill would reach the house the next morning, and enough weak-kneed republicans had already given a pledge to the senate majority of their unhesitating acquiescence in the measure, which both Sumner and Stevens declared was a monumental and cowardly surrender of all that the republicans had won by the war. Stevens solemnly promised that he would defeat the so-called "Sherman bill" in the house of its friends. He was carried to the house, sitting in a chair, by two faithful Irish attendants.

Stevens had often said that while there were many men of magnificent ability in the lower house of congress during the days of reconstruction, there were but five men who possessed absolute courage. One of these was Conkling; another John Hickman of Pennsylvania; another, Owen Lovejoy of Illinois; a fourth, Sawyer of Wisconsin, and the fifth, presumably, the Great Commoner himself. He sent for Sawyer, who was then an obscure lumber prince from the wild and woolly West, and told him the dilemma in which Sumner and himself had been unexpectedly placed by the majority in the senate. Sawyer—(afterward United States senator from Wisconsin) a man of undoubted courage—undertook the task of defeating the Sherman bill, under Stevens' guidance.

He began at once to filibuster with the democrats against the republican majority. He went to the democrats and boldly proclaimed the Sherman bill as an infamous surrender of republican principles, and that, rather than to see it pass, Sawyer and Stevens would combine with the democrats and "give the minority something better after the fourth of March."

They took the bait. After many weary days of filibustering, the Sherman bill was defeated, and at the next session Stevens, aided by the stalwart senator from Massachusetts and by Conkling and Banks in the house, introduced and passed the amendment to the constitution giving the negro the right to vote. This increased and intensified the hostility between Thad Stevens and "the man at the other end of the avenue," as he always designated President Johnson.



Mr. Stevens never tired of telling how the constitutional amendment against slavery, the thirteenth amendment, was passed by congress. The southern states were not represented. There was a strong conservative minority in the house. The old Camden & Amboy railroad was in desperate straits, with a strong lobby, headed by such men as Judge Bradley of the supreme court and Albert W. Markley of New Jersey, who was expending abundant cash and desperate energy to defeat a measure of Jay Gould's and Cornelius Vanderbilt's, with a stalwart lobby, to build an air-line railroad from Washington to New York. Lincoln's whole soul was interested in the passage of the great amendment against slavery. He was induced to bring his presidential pressure to bear against the passage by congress of the bill to legalize an air-line road from Washington to New York. The consideration to be given was that the

democrats from New Jersey should vacate their seats when the amendment came up for its final passage in the lower house.

The agreement was carried out to the letter. George Ashman, an ex-member of congress, now dead, held a very large sum of money, said to amount to \$100,000, the payment of which sum was made dependent upon the defeat of the air-line railway bill and the absence of the New Jersey delegation at the critical moment when the anti-slavery amendment came up. Jack Rogers, at that time from Sussex County, and who later figured in the Tweed regime in New York, was managed by Judge Bradley. When the vote came to be cast, only two votes out of the seven from New Jersey were recorded on the thirteenth amendment. One was that of John F. Starr, a republican from the first district, and the other, a single democrat from New Jersey, William G. Steele, of the tenth district, voting against the amendment, which passed triumphantly through both houses January 31, 1865—119 yeas, 56 nays, 8 absentees.

George Ashman distributed the funds equitably later on, and Thad Stevens, over a milk punch in his little brick house, (which was later purchased by William Walter Phelps, the ten-times millionaire ex-congressman from New Jersey,) on a December evening, shortly before the impeachment trial, was wont to say, with a sardonic smile:

"The great charter of American freedom given by congress to the black man passed the lower house of congress by a bargain between the president of the United States and a New Jersey lobbyist with a big corruption fund in the hands of one of the purest men in Massachusetts."



Abraham Lincoln struck a blow at a struggling railway, but he smote to

death, on the floors of congress, the giant crime of human bondage.

But the defeat of the air-line road was only temporary, as Thad Stevens never relaxed his hold on a measure which commanded his enthusiasm or his conscience. Four times that bill afterward passed the lower house, only to be defeated by the superior cunning and the plethoric purse of a conscienceless lobby in the senate. James A. Garfield was a strong advocate of the air-line bill and received as a present three thousand shares of stock from the New York syndicate. No man ever lived who more bitterly opposed the money power in politics than Thaddeus Stevens, and his most bitter foe never expressed a suspicion as to his personal and political integrity. Even Jeremiah Black said to the writer of this:

"Thad Stevens may be careless as to whether his *friends* loot the treasury, but *he* is too honest to take a dollar of the public money."

During the great debate on the air-line bill, which dragged its slow length along before congress until the war ended, at a critical period of the fight the committee consisted of seven members, Mr. Stevens being the chairman. Brandagee of Connecticut was one of the four men of whom old Thad felt perfectly sure. When a majority of the committee had agreed to a report favorable to the bill, Stevens found that the committee stood four against and three for his bill. He adjourned the meeting of the committee. During the morning he arose in his place in the house and said, in his sepulchral voice:

"Mr. Speaker, while we have slept over night, the gigantic monopoly, which stalks abroad like a lion seeking whom it may devour, has carried from our midst one of the strongest advocates of the air-line bill, which I have the honor to represent. So to speak, the wicked enemy has sown tares during the night

among our wheat. I fear the member from Connecticut has been influenced by the power of argument alone."

There was a roar of laughter at the expense of the member from Connecticut. The committee, at Mr. Stevens' request, was increased from seven to ten. Brandagee came across from his seat to remonstrate with the member from Lancaster for turning him into ridicule. Old Thad smiled sardonically and exclaimed:

"I simply said you were influenced by the power of argument alone; but if you do not leave me, d—n you, or if you refer to this subject again in my presence, I will explain the matter in detail to the entire satisfaction of this house."

Brandagee left Stevens' desk with precipitation.

In one of the long night debates during reconstruction days, Mr. Stevens rose to his feet and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I will now allude to that infamous Dred Scott decision of Chief Justice Taney, which damned him to eternal fame, and I think also to eternal fire."



There were no clubs in those days as now in the city of Washington, and the southern men and many of the western congressmen were inveterate gamblers. Their favorite game was faro, there being no less than half a dozen stylish gambling houses on Pennsylvania avenue. At 704 Pennsylvania avenue was a magnificent establishment called the Virginia House. The proprietors were the courtly McCullough of Virginia and Bob Teall. Here the elder Bayard, senator from Delaware; Green, senator from Missouri; Albert Pike, of Arkansas; Congressman Herbert, of California; Pierce, senator from Maryland; Prentiss of Mississippi, the most brilliant stump orator who ever lived, and Thad Stevens of Pennsylvania enjoyed their pleasures.



A magnificent supper, with canvasbacks in season and a gold and silver dinner service, was spread every evening at eleven o'clock. Here many sportive congressmen and not a few senators always found a hearty welcome.

During the memorable fight on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, 1858-9, when Potter of Arkansas challenged Pryor of Virginia to fight a duel in Canada with rifles, the Virginia House was in full blast. In the midst of that great debate, as the story is told by Colonel John Filler, the brilliant journalist, after an early dinner the Great Commoner, as was his wont, repaired to the Virginia House to take his pleasure in the "faro woods." Not another man from the North, after a long and successful game, at which Mr. Stevens had raked in \$1,200 on a \$20 stake, save only Colonel Filler and friend and Stevens, sat at the long table. The champagne flowed freely, when old Thad; who was in a royal humor, spoke up in his deep, guttural voice, and said to Senator Green of Missouri:

"Have you heard the resolution which I offered in the lower house of congress this afternoon?"

Green replied: "No; I would be glad to hear, Mr. Stevens, the nature of your resolution."

"My resolution," said the member from Lancaster, "which passed to its second reading, was to change the name of Pryor, of Virginia, to Posterior."

"Nobody dared laugh," said Colonel Filler, "until I retired with another journalist to a room adjoining, where we could laugh without the danger of a personal encounter with some of the southerners present."

While spending an afternoon at Pendleton's game the year before the war, by one of those wonderful streaks of luck which touch a gamester not twice in

a lifetime, Stevens won a thousand dollars on a \$50 stake. At midnight, as he left the faro palace, after a terrapin supper and a bottle of Roederer, he was accosted by a plethoric negro preacher, who had come all the way from Lancaster to solicit a subscription to put a roof on the "Zion Macedonia church," near old Thad's home. The negro preacher approached him timidly, saying:

"Boss Stevens, kain't yer gib something to de Lawd and our church?"

"Yes," said old Thad; "I like the security and will down with the cash."

He handed him a hundred-dollar bill and slowly walked toward the carriage which was to convey him to Capitol Hill. The colored dominie hastily glanced at the bill under the gas lamp and saw it was a hundred-dollar green-back.

"'Fore de Lawd, boss," he said, as he plucked him by the coat, "you hab made a mistake and gib me a hundred-dollar bill for a ten."

"Take it, my friend," said Stevens, sentimentously; "I have heard it said that 'God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.'"

The negro went back to Lancaster on an early morning train, the happiest preacher in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Stevens' bitterness toward Johnson never abated. Their dislike was mutual, and he told the writer that he would not have been surprised on any day in the summer of '66 if Johnson had dispersed what he was pleased to call "the Rump Congress" by the bayonet in the hands of federal soldiers. Stevens charged Johnson with treachery, in his abject betrayal of the republican party, which had elevated him to power, under the democratic promise that he should be nominated by the democrats for president when Seymour and Blair were nominated in '68.

Stevens always declined invitations to dine. He took no part in society, being sensitive, as Byron was, about his club foot. But the greatest of the earth were wont to make pilgrimages to the modest two-story brick house in which he resided near the Capitol at Washington. Here he sometimes read to me letters from Gladstone, Bright, Cobden and Lord Palmerston. Both Cobden and Bright took a deep interest in the triumph of democratic principles in what they called "the second revolution." In one letter Palmerston asked how he, Stevens, could keep up his intellectual vigor in so remarkable a degree when seventy-two years of age. Old Thad answered, in concluding his reply to the English statesman's letter:

"My dear Premier, *I don't think too much.*"

When urged by the writer, at the request of Horace Greeley, to make a speech against Johnson's administration and his ancient enemy, William H. Seward, in New York, his answer to the telegram, dated July 10, 1866, was:

"Tell Horace Greeley, with my undiminished affection, I cannot leave Washington. I must stay and fight the beasts at Ephesus here."

Old Thad was a statesman whose creed, as he expressed it, was that of Azeglio, the Italian statesman:

"Good sense and good faith are equipments sufficient for the success of any statesman."

He had little love for General Grant. His first candidate for president in place of Grant in 1868 was Salmon P. Chase, in whose radical views he heartily concurred; and he shared Stanton's distrust of Grant, who originally sympathized with Andy Johnson and joined the latter when he first began to "swing around the circle" in his remarkable attempt to command the confidence of the country

and to capture the presidential nomination in 1868. But the "Silent Soldier," who in the meantime had been promised by George H. Boker, Adolph Borie, Henry C. Carey and Morton McMichael, of Philadelphia, and the leading republicans of New York and Marcus L. Ward, then governor of New Jersey, the presidential nomination in 1868, won Thaddeus Stevens to his side in the following manner. Mr. Stevens told the story in these words:

"During the fight of 1867 against Johnson, when things in congress were at white heat and a collision between congress and the executive was imminent, Grant, one night in September, came to my house unattended. He was ushered in by Mrs. Smith, my housekeeper. He locked the door. Direct in his habit of speech, as he always was, Grant barely waited for my welcome, when he said: 'Mr. Stevens, you are the leader of the republicans in congress. I, as general of the army, have come to assure you that I, like yourself, distrust "the man at the other end of the avenue," Andrew Johnson, and it is due from me to you that I should say that in the event of a collision between congress and the president, I will stand by congress and against Andrew Johnson.'"

Mr. Stevens paused, saying: "This gave me the assurance that I had long wished and waited for—that Grant had become a republican in sentiment—and after that I, although I did it reluctantly, bowed to the inevitable and unhesitatingly supported Mr. Grant for the presidential nomination."

Even when most bitterly opposing Secretary Seward, Andy Johnson's secretary of state, their personal relations were always friendly, and that genial optimist, Mr. Seward, was a frequent visitor at Capitol Hill, where the old Commoner lived. Stevens at first op-

posed the seven-million-dollar purchase of Alaska by the United States government. Many were the visits that the secretary made to his modest home, in order to mollify and modify Stevens' opposition to the measure. Seward finally won him over. One of the stories that the wily secretary told Mr. Stevens was that the salmon were so abundant off the coast of Alaska and in the Columbia river as to prevent the landing of the United States steamships at their wharves.

Stevens was terrible in invective. But his heart, like that of the Douglas, "was tender and true." It was worth living for, and as good as a liberal education during the storm and stress period of the rebellion, to see Thaddeus Stevens' grand greeting to that kingly loyalist, Robert J. Breckinridge of Kentucky, at the Baltimore convention, when Lincoln was renominated. I was a member of that convention.

Thaddeus Stevens was the sturdiest

and most unique character who made or marred our national legislation in the days of reconstruction. The negro owes his vote to this man and to Charles Sumner of Massachusetts. You could break him, but you could not bend him.

You might annihilate, but it was impossible to corrupt him. Like Cromwell, he was courage incarnate. No nobler soldier ever did battle royal for the liberation of humanity. Abraham Lincoln's and Thaddeus Stevens' names will live forever because they stood between a nation and perdition. When he died the poor lost a benefactor, the oppressed a changeless advocate and friend, the nation a hero and a statesman. He illustrates in the spot where he lies buried the principles he loved while he lived. His latest utterance was an aspiration that the new republic might be perpetual, when he said, with John Milton:

"It is fit that every Republic should be the great stature of an honest man."

## The Conquest of Genevieve

*By H. ARTHUR POWELL*

THE tall elms that lined the village road, the fences to right and left of them, the gabled houses standing in their grounds beyond, all stood boldly forth in the white light of a splendid moon. Looking at the tree-boles, every detail of the graining could be marked; the very veins of the low-hanging leaves could be seen.

Genevieve saw all this, and so did Baring, but the village, sketched in black and white, and the faint music of a band in the park a mile away, merely added subconscious pleasures through eye and ear without interfering with the joy each

felt in the presence of the other. All things beside were subordinate to that. The world was fair, because it could be no less, being the temple of a certain deity. We appreciate the beauty of the cathedral, but we go there to worship the Unseen. Baring and Genevieve, in love with the world, loved still more that for which, so it seemed to them, the world was made.

What a creation she was! thought Baring. What a compound of pride and humility, of grace and gaiety, of carelessness and tenderness, of beauty that inflamed, of spirituality that soothed

again, of childish merriment, of womanly modesty. Every changeful fold of her gown seemed endowed with something of her own individuality. Every shimmer of the few jewels she wore seemed the reflection of some glance of hers. The arm that rested upon his, the hand he held in his own, were warm with the very life of her.

He had pleaded his cause before, in a whimsical way. The tragic truth, the vital earnestness of his passion, he had disguised in the flowers of simile and the gauzy fabric of a certain wit. That was his way. She had met his advances with unfathomable eyes, with delicious sighs that might have meant pity had they not so soon been put to flight by smiles and tinkling laughter. The rains of April, the suns of May, blue sky and cloud, light and shadow—all these played over her face as she listened. And still they were good friends, perfect comrades, and nothing more.

Chess? An insipid pastime, the game of grave fools. Cards? Exciting, perhaps, but lacking in high meaning. Horses? Fascinating indeed, but being with them too much one acquires their flavor, which is not wholly fascinating. What are all these things to the game of Love?

They were at her gate now. Now they faced each other with the gate between them.

"I am tired of being old," she had declared, this woman of twentytwo. "I long to be a child again, to play without a thought of appearances, to run, to leap, to wade in the sea, to bury my arms in the sand, to romp unchided."

Her tone was serious, her mouth demure, but there was a gleam of mischief in her downcast eyes.

"What need to roll back the years of time?" he pleaded. "I look at you; I catch your spirit, and I, too, would romp. Why not?—shall we?"

Audaciously he caught the fleecy shawl

by the corner nearest him, and waited her answer. Was it resentment that shadowed her features? No, for the lips parted, and there was a gleam as of pearls.

"Do I then appear to you such a tom-boy?" she asked.

"Say rather that I picture you as a fleeing nymph in a glade, and I as the pursuing faun with a thong of roses to bind you to me forever and ever."

"Ugh!" she said, with a little shudder: "horrid, prickly things, roses are. I don't think I should like it at all."

Then, bewildered, he found himself standing with the shawl in his hand, while Genevieve was speeding like the wind toward the house.

"Catch me, and you may have me," she cried, over her shoulder.

She had gained a good start, the path was short, and she was very swift. He vaulted the fence, not waiting to open the gate, and was close at her twinkling heels. She was wondering if the door could by any accident be locked. No time to use her key.

But it was not. She threw it open just as one leap brought him from bottom to top of the steps. She closed it as his hand touched the knob. She locked it even as he turned the handle. Her mocking laugh, low and vibrant, maddened him.

"You did not give me a fair chance," he grumbled, through the door. "If it had been in my woodland glade, think where you would have been now."

The door opened slightly, and the laugh floated out clearly. He had promptly put his weight against it as it opened, only to find that he was matching his strength against that of the chain inside.

"You will please hand me my shawl," she was saying. "It is late, and I must say good night."

Instead of doing her bidding, he seized the white hand that incautiously

came within his reach, and drew it toward him until the rounded arm to the elbow was his. Drew it toward him and kissed it with a reverence not wholly spoiled by passion.

"Mr. Baring, I am exceedingly displeased with you."

"There you are unjust, returning evil for good, for I am more than pleased with you."

"Release my hand, sir, and keep the shawl if you will."

"The ransom you offer is not sufficient, madame. Come outside. I must carry on the negotiations face to face."

Without a word she slipped the chain from its catch with her free hand, opened the door, and stepped out to him, pale, proud, cold as the moonlight.

"You see, sir, I am not afraid to come out and rebuke you for your insolence."

"I have noticed, madame, that a woman always dares to do that which she *must* do."

A pause ensued, during which his eyes never left her.

"How dare you stare at me so shamelessly?" she demanded.

"Why, Genevieve, there is a saying to the effect that a cat may look at a king; surely, then, a king may look at a—"

"Sir!"

"—At a queen."

Her face softened.

"You are arrogant and flattering in the same breath," she said.

"Must I again ask you to release my hand?"

"But I *want* it, Genevieve. God alone knows how much I want it. I can't leave you tonight before I know my fate. Have you never thought what a life we could make of it, you and I? Ah, it's not that I magnify my virtues. All I have of worth I owe to you. I can only say that I am a man inspired, and a man inspired can accomplish anything, dare anything. I am altogether at your command, both in common affairs and

in matters of life and death. The moon, the trees, the water—you are the soul of them all. Without you they have no reason, no excuse for existence. Neither have I. What should I be, deprived of you—deprived of the hope I have dared to cherish so long? A miserable object, indeed. With you, every good in me blossoms; no evil can remain; your influence excludes it. I—but why dwell on the eternal 'I'? Your happiness is more to me than my own; if it is necessary to your happiness that mine shall be wrecked, so be it. But tonight must see,"—he went on, somewhat grimly,— "the wreck or the rescue. Do not spare me, or attempt to ease the blow by giving me false hopes."

The love of freedom and the impulse toward a happy slavery fought a swift battle within her; yet the issue was never in doubt. If he would but cease pouring his mesmeric words into her ear, freedom might win. In his presence, drinking in the music of his tones, she could but long for the clasp of the shackles on her wrists. Of a sudden some stream of emotion, long held back, swept over her, threw its strength into the battle upon the side of Love, and drove the forces of freedom from the field.

"I,—I am nothing," he was saying. "You are the World, the All."

"No,—*you!*" she murmured, her face aflame, scarce knowing what she was saying.

On the instant the shackles, cool and strong as steel, were at her wrists. He drew her closer and closer. As the surrender, so was the happiness—complete.

Laugh, cynics. What have we to do with thee? Yet we wish thee no harm. Remember, then, and ponder on the words that Wiertz inscribed beneath his picture of a woman in the arms of her lover— "*Plus philosophique qu'on ne pense.*" Which, being interpreted, reads, "*More philosophic than it seems.*"



# The Same Old Flag

By HENRY OYEN

THE boy remembered with awful distinctness the first time that he had heard the familiar strain of *The Red, White and Blue*. It was back in the district school house one cold twenty-second of February. There was an austere steel engraving of Washington, appropriately draped in the familiar tri-color, hanging over the teacher's desk, and the older girls of the school were standing near the blackboard singing *Columbia*. The boy knew that he had never heard anything so marvelous before in his life. Then old Judge Price had arisen and told the good old story of the Tea Party, the Minute Men, the Boston Massacre and Bunker Hill, and the boy had found himself sitting with his fingernails clinched deep in his palms as he listened to the story of his country's conception. He had never quite outgrown the emotions that he experienced on that day.

Oh, how long, long ago that was.

The boy ran his hand weakly down his side. His shirt near the belt was wet and sticky and he drew his hand back sharply.

"Holy, jumping —!" muttered the boy, "I wish somebody'd gimme a drink." But he was lying very low in the long grass and his company was far ahead, toward the jungle.

"I wonder what the band quit so sudden for?" mused the boy.

Oh, how that beloved band had played just a short while ago! The boy remembered it in conjunction with the twenty-second of February in the district school house. His company had been lying in a particularly dirty and offensive trench awaiting the order to advance. It was terribly hot. The boy had traded a week's supply of chewing tobacco for

a drink of dirty water. He wished he had saved that water, now.

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The company was well in advance. The cavalry was on the left, but well to the rear. On the right the battery had unlimbered. A mile to the rear the rest of the boy's regiment was held in reserve. Three miles further back the brigade and the headquarters lay sprawled over a tangle of dikes and rice fields. The brigade was going to Batangas and the boy's regiment, the troopers and the battery were serving as the van.

Nine hundred yards away, in the inscrutable jungle, the enemy squatted behind his trenches and took occasional pot-shots at the blue shirts. The captain stood out in front and regarded the jungle curiously.

"I wonder what they've got over there—a four-flush, or the real thing?" he said to his lieutenant.

"I don't know, sir," said the lieutenant. "Hadn't we better touch 'em up a little?"

"It would save time; but we've got to report."

So the captain's orderly went galloping back to the general. The general sent orders to attack—and the band. Out to the waiting men came the blare of the music as the band swung briskly down the road.

"Hooray for de orchestra!" shouted an irreverent private from the city. The band wheeled out toward the battery, playing *Dixie*. Back of the guns it reversed and came marching over to the boy's company. In the rear of the trench it stopped and began to play *Hello, My Baby*. The men forgot their thirst and began to whistle. A pause, then the opening strains of *Columbia*

floated out into the hot afternoon air.

"That's the ticket!" said the boy, and he began to sing.

"Cut it out, Perkins," shouted his nearest neighbor, "you've got a voice like a piece of limburger cheese."

"Jealous, eh?" sneered the boy, and continued in his singing.

The band rose into the full swing of the air. Half of the company was singing now, the other half commenting daintily on the vocal abilities of the singers.

The color bearer rose out of the trench and flung his flag triumphantly above him. The captain waved his hand to the bugler. "Ta, ta-ta-a ta-a," sang the bugle. "Prepare to charge!"

"Whee-ay! Hooray!" cried the company wildly.

"*Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,—*"

They were all singing now, shoving cartridge clips into the magazines, wiping their mouths furtively with the back of the hand, jerking the gray hats viciously down over their eyes and hitching their belts nervously.

"Ta ta." "Company, charge!"

"*Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!*"

The men sprang out of the trench in a rush, open-mouthed and shouting, with their eyes fixed on the distant jungle.

The boy heard the band playing even while he rushed out with the company.

By his side, almost directly above him, floated the flag. "Good ol' Red, White and Blue! Whee-ay! Come on, fellows!"

"Hold on, Perkins," shouted the lieutenant; "not so far ahead, there. Slack up a little; that's the stuff. Come on, you can-rushing booze-fighters! Good boys—good boys! Come on!"

"*With her flag proudly floating before her,*" sang the lieutenant and the boy in unison.

Bang!

"*Three cheers (bang) for the Red, White and Blue!*"

The boy stopped with an expression of surprise on his face.

"Holy Christ, Lieutenant, but I'm sick," he said, vehemently. "My stomach's gone back on me." He put his hand to a spot over his belt and fell clumsily into the grass. "Go on, Lieutenant," he added carelessly. "See you later."

When the boy regained consciousness he wondered where the company was. Also why the band was not playing. How long had he been lying here? Would the company ever find him? He was weak and sore all over. What made his legs so sore? Cold, too. And yet it was warm in the air—it was July. July;—back on the farm—the hay was all cut and the oats were getting ready for the binder.

"Hope the folks are all well," mused the boy. He started suddenly. Ugh! how weak he was. He began to search half-heartedly for his wound.

"Naw," he said, lazily, "never mind."

A young man with a bright, clean bandage around his head came rushing through the grass with eager eyes.

The boy propped himself painfully up on one elbow.

"Hey, hey, Loot," he said weakly. "Got time to carry a trunk?"

"Perkins, Perkins! By —! I'm glad I found you," said the lieutenant, eagerly. "Didn't get back quite as quick as I thought I would. How're you coming on?"

He tore the boy's shirt down to the belt and as he did he saw the red-soaked ground under the boy and knew that it was too late.

"I'll prop you up and—"

"That's all right, Lieutenant. What did you do to 'em over there—explode 'em?"

"Didn't catch 'em, quite," answered the officer, seriously. "But don't think

about that. You just lay still. The surgeon'll be along in a minute with a stretcher. Lay still."

The boy nodded complacently. A moment later he spoke. "Loot," he said dreamily, "did you hear how the band pounded out that ol' *Red, White and Blue* jest before we charged? Say,—didn't that knock the spots off all the bum ragtime you ever heard? I—" he sagged heavily in the lieutenant's arms. "Stay with me, will you, Loot?"

When the surgeon finally arrived he looked surprised. "What're you holding the man for?" he asked, brusquely. "Can't you see he's gone out?"

"Oh yes," said the officer. "I was merely staying with him."

\* \* \* \* \*

A boy on a bicycle rode up to the old farm house, with the low verandah and the double row of tall poplars, with a message. The old man was sitting sleepily on the verandah. It was afternoon—just after the noon hour. The entire farm was basking in a flood of heat and sunshine. The old dog lay stretched out, panting, in the shade, and the chickens winnowed careful little beds in the dust to lie in. The windmill clanked softly in the slight breeze and the self-binder hummed and droned on the further side of the oat field. The boy stopped at the pump to get a drink before going to the house with his message. The old dog merely moved his eyes menacingly as he saw him; it was too warm to bark.

"I got a message fer yuh, Cap'n Perkins," said the boy.

"Huh?" said the old man, startled.

"Telygram," said the boy, digging into his waist pocket, "Here."

"That's fer me, sure 'nough, bub," said the old man as he read the address. "Must be from the wife's folks, I reckon," he said as he deliberately placed his glasses on his nose and tore the envelope.

An old neighbor who half an hour later came up the old path between the poplars found the old man and his wife sitting together on the verandah. The woman was crying, the man silent, looking straight before him with unseeing eyes.

"Howdy, Cal," called the neighbor, cheerily. "Hot 'nough fer you now, I reckon. Thought I'd drop over an' see if you was goin' to use yer spring-tooth cultivator this afternoon. I'm goin'—Hullo, what's the matter; what's the matter, Cal?"

"Jim—they—he's killed."

"No! Shoo-o," the neighbor took off his hat. "So Jim's killed? shoo—too bad—too bad." The binder hummed away in the field, the heat-haze danced in the road. The neighbor sat down and shook his head.

The old man wearily handed him the message.

"Huh," said the neighbor, "killed 'way over there, t'other side o' the world."

"Yes, Jed, killed 'way over there—fighting," said Perkins.

There was silence. The dog came up and whined plaintively at his master's feet.

"Jim's killed—lay down, Shep—the telegram don't leave no room fer any doubt; Jim won't see the ol' farm again; he won't come up that ol' path 'tween those populs no more."

He was speaking more to the old dog than to anyone else. He gazed out at the great, green poplars.

"Jed," he said, slowly, "d'yeh remember when those populs wuz little more'n saplings? That was our time. We went away then, Jed, d'yeh remember, all of us. We went down an' done our duty by the ol' flag; an' there wuz a Jim in our family then, an' he went away with us, jest as my Jim went away now. An' after Stone River, Jed, they sent a telegram home, jest like this one, an' the

ol' folks, waitin' here on the farm, alone, got the same word as I've got now: 'Jim's killed.' That wuz a turrubly long time ago, Jed, a turrubly long time. Us that went through that are almost through with things here on earth. I'd always hoped that when it come my time to go, I'd have Jim left here on the ol' farm. But Providence willed different. It's hard lines on me an' the wife here—hard lines." His chin was on his breast as he finished and his voice died away gradually.

The three sat silent. They were seeing the visions of forty years ago, when they were young—young and strong and full of life, like Jim had been, when the men had both gone away and messages such as this one were more common among the folk at home. Once more had there been fighting, once more

had a boy left the old farm to follow the flag and nevermore return.

"Yes, Cal, it's hard lines for you an' the wife," said the neighbor. "But don't let it be too hard on you, Cal; Jim wuz a soldier."

The old man looked up.

"Yes, Jed, yes; he was a soldier." His head went back stiff and straight and his arm went around his wife in a protecting manner. But he was silent. He was thinking of the difference there had been in his going away and his boy's.

His gaze roamed in through the open door to where an old sword hung on the wall, draped in a tattered piece of bunting. The wind came in through the door and the flag fluttered slightly.

"The same ol' flag, Jed," said the old man, suddenly, "the same ol' flag,"

## Best of All, a Mother

THE FOURTH PRIZE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "HOW MANY TRADES MUST A HOUSEWIFE LEARN?"

By *ABBIE LIBBEY HELMS*

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

JOHN liked a good dinner and it was necessary that he be gratified, especially when bringing home an old friend for the evening meal. Kitty Bright, heaving a sigh for the absent Biddy, away on a visit, slowly went over her resources in her mind. "A house-keeper must be a diplomat," she said to herself; "Sarah Ellen must first be enlisted in the cause." Yes, Sarah Ellen, the fourteen-year-old girl who came to take Master Jack out for his daily airing, was glad and willing to do extra work for extra wages. So, with careful directions in regard to dusting the furniture, "because a good house-keeper is a good chamber-maid, you know," she set off to do her marketing, taking Master Jack with her.

Green peas and red raspberries, with

tomatoes and lettuce for salad, were soon ordered, but Kitty lingered long over some spring chickens which looked very tempting. "No," she said finally, with a wise little shake of her head, "they are too expensive; a house-keeper should be quite a financier." So an older fowl was ordered sent home with extra cream from the dairy, while Kitty, with the idea that a house-keeper should be a bit of a chemist, was pondering over her menu all the way home, that the food elements should be properly balanced.

While shelling the peas and preparing the chicken, she directed Sarah Ellen to heat an iron on the gas stove and to press out Mr. Bright's linen suit, which he wished to have for the evening. "A house-keeper must be a good laundress, you know, Sarah Ellen,"

she said brightly; "and carefully watch me as I put together this salad dressing, for a house-keeper must also be a very good cook."

Sarah, while working, by an awkward movement burned her arm with the hot iron, and Kitty hastened to apply the nearest remedy at hand,—saleratus spread on a moistened cloth and bound on the arm. It was kept wet with cold water until the pain subsided and then covered with a healing salve and a soft bandage. Sarah Ellen watched her with grateful eyes, and whispered shyly, "A housekeeper must be a doctor sometimes, too, mustn't she, Mrs. Bright?" "Yes, and a nurse, also," said Kitty, briskly. "Don't you remember the poultices I made for Master Jack when he was threatened with the croup? And a house-keeper may find time to be an artist, too, occasionally, for I want my dining room to be a cool-shaded picture. Pick me long sprays of white sweet peas and mignonette to put in the cut-glass vase for the table, and I will use the doilies embroidered with fern sprays and the green-shaded lamp. I could almost be a poet."

*The pale sweet blossoms, all green and white  
Standing a-tiptoe for a flight,—*

how is that, Sarah Ellen, for a poem. And I will wear my white gown that is just finished, which will fit nicely into the picture. And if we go to the musical this evening, as we have planned, the lace hat I trimmed to match the dress will be just the thing. Oh, it's a good thing, Sarah Ellen, for a house-keeper to know how to do a little of dress-making, and millinery, too."

The preparations were soon completed. The new potatoes and peas were cooked and waiting to be reheated in their sauces, in the gas oven; and the chicken, simmered till tender, was ready to be surrounded by squares of biscuit dough and browned in the oven under the care of Sarah Ellen. The salad was on the ice, and the dessert of crushed raspberries whipped stiff with cream was there also, to be served in glass sherbet cups, with sponge cake and maca-

roons. Then, while Master Jack had his afternoon nap, Sarah Ellen was sent out on the porch to read and Mrs. Kitty composed herself on the couch for a complete rest. "A house-keeper must be a philosopher, you know," she said to Sarah Ellen. "First and foremost a philosopher,—to take things coolly and calmly, without fuss and flurry. When we get over-tired we forget to be philosophers."

So Sarah Ellen pondered long over the philosopher, who was not to get cross and cranky, until the afternoon waned and she was summoned to don white cap and apron and receive instructions in regard to bringing in the courses of the meal and removing the plates and silver. "A good house-keeper must know how to serve a meal quietly and in order," said Mrs. Bright to Ellen, in conclusion, "as well as how to care for the china, silver and fine linen afterward. And some other time, when I have opportunity, I will show you the best way of clearing up a table and washing the dishes."

When John and his guest came up the garden path at the close of the day, it was a fresh and smiling hostess who greeted them and presided at the modest little dinner, in the cool, shaded dining room. Afterward there was music in the little parlor, where a bunch of clove pinks perfumed the breezes that softly stirred the curtains, and Kitty showed plainly enough as she sang the simple ballads and played the dreamy waltzes in the twilight, that a house-keeper may still be a musician.

Later, Master Jack must be put to bed; and they made a picture fully as pretty as any of the Madonnas, when they stood on the landing. The beautiful, sleepy boy, kissing his hand for good night, and the sweet, gentle-faced mother cuddling him up in a tender embrace as only a loving woman can. After they had gone, there was eloquent silence for a moment between the two men; then John said softly to his guest: "My friends call my wife a good house-keeper; but best of all, she is a good and lovely mother."

## REGRET

BY MRS. ROBERT N. POLLARD

SOME day when you miss me, perhaps,  
You will think of the horrid old days,  
When I fussed, and fretted and frowned,  
In the wickedest kind of ways.

And you'll sigh a dear little sigh—  
I'd rather think it was grief;  
But I shouldn't blame you one bit  
For a sly little sigh of relief.



# TIMELY TOPICS OF THE S T A G E

By GEORGE T. RICHARDSON

THERE is a new cause of worry for New York theatrical managers. They are beginning to be afraid that they have provided more theaters for the coming season than are needed. There has been a perfect craze of late for building new play-houses in Gotham, and some of the doubting Thomases of the profession are very much worried over the outlook. It is not a question of audiences. They will come all right if they are given what they want to see, and it is a well attested fact that when an especially good list of attractions is offered during a given period in any city the business at all the theaters is unusually flourishing.

The trouble, say the Cassandras of evil, is that there will not be plays enough to go around. Even William A. Brady, most optimistic of theatrical hustlers, is very solicitous as to New York's theatrical future. He notes, he claims, indications that the receipts of theatrical enterprises tapered off sharply toward the close of the past season and believes that we are on the edge of a period of commercial depression which will find its reflex in the theater box offices.

Although the discussion of monetary topics may not properly belong to a dramatic article, I am impelled to submit that Mr. Brady may be mistaken. The contortions of the stock market have nipped many people, it is true, but the majority of the sufferers have been people able to stand their

losses. They may economize on steam yachts and such trifles, but their self-denial will scarcely extend to the theater. The diminution in theatrical receipts noticed by Mr. Brady toward the close of last season came, I think, from a very different cause, namely, the weariness of theater-goers. They were tired of the quality of the plays offered them. It was a notoriously bad season, and people who like to see some-

thing worth while at the theater had very little to console them. Despite the apparent belief to the contrary in some quarters, there are still men and women left who care for something else at the theater than inane and plotless musical comedy. These patronized what they were obliged to for a time, but they tired of insipidity at last.

Mr. David Pclasco is another doubtful one who sees breakers ahead. Yet his "The Darling of the Gods" played all last season in New York to record business, while Mrs. Leslie Carter's tour in the sumptuous but decidedly over-rated "Du Barry" must have nettled him a fortune. Here certainly are two strong arguments that the theater-going pub-

lic relish stronger food than musical comedy pap. Nevertheless, if these prophets of evil are successful in scaring managers into the belief that none but the best will succeed, they will have done a public service.

Let us see what the chances are. The great bulk of the first class theater attract-



ERMETE NOVELLI,

An Italian star who is said to be the greatest actor in the world and who will soon be seen in America.

ions of the present day are presented by the theatrical syndicate for whom the name of Charles Frohman is the hall mark; by the Liebler company, which is to all intents and purposes George C. Tyler, and by the so-called "independents." What have these experts to offer? A casual glance through the advance list of projected attractions makes it very clear that the American author will not be any more prominent than is usual of late years. Mr. Frohman is said to have returned from Europe with one hundred plays. How many of these will see the footlights time alone can tell, for Mr. Frohman has a habit of buying plays that never emerge from his manuscript repository. Examination of the published lists of his intended productions proves that those of foreign birth exceed those by American playwrights by a ratio so large as almost to reduce the product of the latter to the infinitesimal. He admits, however, that William Gillette, Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas are working on comedies for him; that Richard Harding Davis' "Ransom's Folly" is to be produced by him and that he has a play by Paul M. Potter. The list of his imported plays, with any description of their authorship and future disposition, would fill a half page of the National. It is only necessary to say, however, that the list makes it obvious that America's foremost theatrical manager finds it necessary to base about nineteen-twentieths of his hopes for the coming season upon the product of foreign pens, and that ninety per cent. of the attractions that he will offer will be plays that have passed the experimental stage abroad in other hands than his.

Why is this so? One reply might come in the reminder of the fact that it was not many years ago that Mr. Frohman was in the habit of producing almost exclusively American plays, and that it is since those days that he began to win golden success. Perhaps the public prefers the foreign article; perhaps it is better than the domestic; perhaps the American brand comes in too small quantities. You are welcome to your choice. It is surely quite certain that if Mr. Frohman saw the possibilities in the American author that he sees in the foreigners the situation would be different.

Level-headed George C. Tyler apparently agrees with him, for he brought over a trunk full of play mss. on his return from Europe, as well as contracts with enough foreign stars to keep several New York theaters going all the season. The "independents" are reaching out across the world,



MAUDE ADAMS

She will appear this winter, after a year's absence from the stage, in a new play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett



FORBES ROBERTSON

The English actor will appear in America this Winter in a dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's "The Light That Failed."

too, and if the present rage for importations continues it will be necessary to put a high tariff on European drama or the American dramatist will become as extinct as the ichthyosaurus.

**MISS MAUDE ADAMS**, Mr. Frohman's favorite star, has a play foreign at least

in color. "The Pretty Sister of Jose" is by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and the scenes are all laid in old Spain. It is said that Miss Adams' role possesses just the qualities that blend with her art and personality. If this be true she will be more fortunate than she was in the acquisition of "L'Aiglon," which was a most unhappy selection, at least artistically. Miss Adams' chief power of value lies in her femininity and it was almost a sacrilege to make her don the breeches of the Eaglet. But despite this and the fact that Mr. Frohman paid \$60,000 cash for the American rights to "L' Aiglon," the profits were over \$135,000. But receipts of "The Little Minister" were over a million dollars, while its cost was comparatively slight.

The fact that William Gillette, who usually writes his own plays, is to be starred in Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," proves one of two things, either Mr. Gillette is unwilling or unable again to fit his own measure as he did in "Secret Service" and "Sherlock Holmes," or the character in the Barrie play is a ready-made masterpiece. Mr. Frohman has also invaded France, and several Parisian successes as well as an entire French company are on his slate for production. Mr. Tyler is vying with him as a theatrical importer, both of plays and players. For Miss Eleanor Robson he has three plays, all by foreigners. "Merely Mary Ann," by Israel Zangwill, will begin her season. Then she will present either Bataille's "La Valliere" or an English society drama by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Louis N. Parker. Then this marvelous season will be brought to a close by a joint starring tour with Tommaso Salvini, in which Miss Robson will play Desdemona to his Othello, Cordelia to his Lear and Parthenia to his Ingomar. What a tremendous succession of opportunities for this young actress! Will she so improve them as to warrant the efforts made in her behalf, and which, if continued and warranted by achievement, must place her in the foremost ranks of feminine stars?

The play by Henri Bataille has for its central figure Louise de La Valliere, a favorite of Louis XIV, and immortalized by the elder Dumas. It is curious how the bad women of history will creep upon the stage sooner or later. This particular specimen bids fair to be one of the most insidious of her class in the moral effect upon the theater morale, for she is exploited in the play, we are told, as a sort of soiled saint. As a matter of fact she ate her forbidden fruit and

digested it in her old age by repentance in a nunnery. Bataille believes her a most sympathetic character. It is to be noted that the average playwright seldom finds a good woman in history whom he thinks would be "a sympathetic character."

Mr. Tyler brings back Vesta Tilley, who once shone upon us as a vaudeville artist. Now she will appear in musical comedy. Here the foreign playwright failed, for Hall Caine's "The Isle of Boy" needed an American reviser in Edgar Smith, who writes skits and burlesques for Weber & Fields. I am somewhat surprised that Mr. Caine permitted such a sacrilegious tampering with his work, for he usually is very averse to even suggestions being made as to his plays. Perhaps he is not so particular when the play is not from one of his own books.

Ermete Novelli, who is another of Mr. Tyler's foreign artists, will need a deal of publicity, for the American public has hardly heard of him before his contract to come here. He is claimed by some to be the greatest actor in the world, and Louis XI is said to be his greatest role. If he can erase the recollection of Irving's performance of the senilely wicked king, he must be all that he is claimed to be. We shall see.

Duse, the other Italian genius, will not return. She can well be spared until she has shaken off the D'Annunzio incubus which afflicted her and spoilt business on her last American tour. It is to be hoped that the Liebler expectations of the Sir Conan Doyle play, based upon his stories of the Napoleonic hero, Brigadier Gerard, will not be disappointed, for the drama is intended for James O'Neill, one of the best and most deserving actors on the American stage.

**A**PROPOS of this foreign invasion of the American stage, it should be said that there is a little of that turning about which is fair play. Mr. Frohman is interested in several English theaters and productions, and will be in more. Then Mr. Brady is to take his dainty wife over to Wyndham's theatre in London in April, and his "Way Down East" is scheduled for simultaneous production in England and Australia. Mr. Brady is also conspicuous in England from his pursuit of the play pirates who have designs on "The Pit," in which Wilton Lackaye is to be seen in London, if fate proves propitious. Then, too, this enterprising manager, who was once a train boy, has options on three French plays for probable use by Aubrey Bouccicault.



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

This beautiful American actress, the wife of Forbes Robertson, will play the part of Maisie in "The Light That Failed."

**O**NE imported attraction soon to see American light will be in a sense an international event. I mean the appearance of English Forbes Robertson and the American Gertrude Elliott, the pretty sister of Mrs. Nat Goodwin. "The Light that Failed" is, of course, Kipling staged, and as Dick Heldar and Maisie these players are credited



THE SIX PRETTY "WIDOWS" IN "THE RUNAWAYS," AT THE CASINO, NEW YORK

with great hits. Curiosity to see the players will doubtless be intensified by the interest of the Kiplingites, and the combination should spell prosperity. Perhaps the success of this play may induce the poet-story teller to turn dramatist. If he does, his product might be expected to be at least unique. The craze for dramatizations could scarcely be expected to have passed Kipling by, when it is known that Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia" are to be converted into stage material. Up to date, however, no one has announced a theatrical version of "Plutarch's Lives" or the "Koran." There is yet time.

"WHAT'S in a name?" would never have been written if Shakespeare had lived today. The naming of plays and books has come to be a difficult task since the modern output has used up so much of the available material. Apropos of this, a good story is told of Lawrence D'Orsay, the "Earl of Pawtucket." Kirke La Shelle read his dramatization of Owen Wister's "The Virginians" to his star, who listened attentively. After it was all over D'Orsay ventured this: "A thundering good play, a deuced good

play, bah Jove! But how did Thackery ever get all that good stuff into 'The Virginians' without my finding it out?" Mr. Wister here certainly paid the penalty for his temerity in name choosing.

THE refusal of Alice Nielsen, the erstwhile star of "The Singing Girl" and "The Fortune Teller," to accept a handsome offer from Weber & Fields for their New York company, suggests that her lines have fallen in pleasant places abroad. In fact, a personal letter to a Boston friend says that Miss Nielsen does not have to do any more hard work and doesn't propose to try; as to the source of her affluence she is, however, silent. Perhaps she has found a few plums like that which fell into the lap of Cecilia Loftus in Chicago in the shape of \$3,000 for a week's engagement at the Auditorium roof garden. As it was very cold that week, she received the \$3,000, but the manager didn't.

DANIEL FROHMAN has made his appearance as a joker. E. H. Sothorn and his wife Virginia Harned were talking "house" instead of "shop" recently and asked Mr. Frohman his ideas of a perfect



audience. "I'll sketch my idea of the best sort of house for you," he said. On a leaf from his note book he pencilled a few lines and then passed it over. The sketch represented the front of a theater whose bill boards announced Sothern's appearance and were flanked by "standing room only" signs. Underneath the jester had written: "An immense house with fine Sothern exposure."

THE promoters of "star casts" in this country must feel their eyes bulge when they read the names of the company that recently gave at the Drury Lane theater a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" for the Actors' Association. Think of Henry Irving, George Alexander, Martin Harvey, Seymour Hicks, Cyril Maude, Charles Warner, Oscar Asche, Holbrook Blinn, Henry B. Stanford, Herbert Waring, Ben Webster, Lionel Brough, H. B. Irving, Norman Forbes, Dion Boucicault, Ellen Terry, Evelyn Millard and Lily Brayton all in one cast!

FRANCES BELMONT, the chorus girl who leaped at a single bound into leading roles with Charles Hawtrey, is to play under Charles Frohman's management in the Spring. Meanwhile, it is announced, she will devote herself to the study of elocution, a determination which will be commended by those who heard the young woman in "A Message from Mars."

IT is almost incredible but it is asserted to be a fact, that Edith Wynne Matthieson, the English actress who played the title role in "Everyman," refused a most flattering offer from David Belasco because she had bound herself in honor by her verbal promise to another manager. The "morality" play seems to have had its effect.

NOW that the famous Bostonians have been incorporated, perhaps they will have better luck than of late has attended their choice of new operas.

## COMPANIONS

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

"A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions,—men, women and books."—*Sir John Darys*.

WE have companions, comrade mine;  
Jolly good fellows, tried and true,  
Are filling their cups with Rhenish wine,  
And pledging each other, as I do you.  
Never a man in all the land  
But has in his hour of need, a friend,  
Who stretches to him a helping hand,  
And stands by him to the bitter end.  
If not before, there is comfort then,  
In the strong companionship of men.

But better than that, old friend of mine,  
Is the love of woman, the life of life,  
Whether in maiden's eyes it shine,  
Or melts in the tender kiss of wife;  
A heart contented to feel, and know,  
That finds in the other its sole delight;  
White hands that are loth to let us go,  
The tenderness that is more than might!  
On earth below, in heaven above,  
Is there anything better than woman's love?

I do not say so, companion mine,  
For what without it, would I be here?

It lightens my troubles, like this good  
wine,  
And if I must weep, sheds tear for tear!  
But books, old friends that are always new,  
Of all good things that we know are  
best;  
They never forsake us as others do,  
And never disturb our inward rest.  
Here is truth in a world of lies,  
And all that in man is great and wise!

Better than men and women, friend,  
That are dust, though dear in our joy and  
pain,  
Are the books their cunning hands have  
penned,  
For they depart, but their books remain;  
Through these they speak to us what was  
best  
In the loving heart and the noble mind;  
All their royal souls possessed  
Belongs forever to mankind!  
When others fail him, the wise man looks  
To the sure companionship of books.

# American Auguries

or

PEEPS THROUGH THE KEYHOLES OF OUR NATIONAL FUTURE

By *FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.*

AUTHOR OF "NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS," "THE BIBLE OF NATURE," ETC.

## II. INDUSTRIAL PROSPECTS

THE ocean-currents, that carry drift-wood from world to world, are modified by the influence of the winds and tides, and prevented from exerting their power in a banefully one-sided manner.

It is the same with moral currents of tendency. They meet with counter currents; they are diverted and divided before they can develop monomanias. Egotism itself is thus forced out of its drift. The baseness of human greed has no intrinsic limits; our twentieth century may evolve billionaires howling psalms through the nose to divert attention from their skinflint transactions, and it might seem a most discouraging fact that industrial competition always tends to limit wages to the bare necessities of life,—if it were not for the circumstance that the estimates of those necessities are determined by constantly rising standards of comfort.

Five hundred years ago, when Bishop Hatto undertook to enlarge his famous granary, he had to hire stone-masons at living wages, which at that time were rarely paid in coin, since able-bodied men consented to toil from morning till night for bread enough to toil another day, and perhaps have crumbs enough left to give their children a chance for a pot of bread-soup. At those rates of compensation there was no lack of applicants. Today it so happens that for a married mechanic the necessities of life have come to imply a three-room tenement, a ton of household goods, four yearly tons of fuel, and from thirty

to forty different kinds of groceries; or, to be exact, an average of thirtythree for the United States and British North America.

The list of indispensables is also apt to include an occasional lump of ice, sundry drygoods, a daily newspaper and two or three other periodicals, a bunch of rapid transit tickets and a membership ticket of some association for the promotion of progress in other forms. The inventory of creature comforts has, indeed, considerably expanded within the last fifty years and will undoubtedly continue to grow.

Industrial statistics also reveal an indisputable tendency to cooperation, as a means of increasing efficiency and reducing expense. There is no doubt that countless shop-keepers, bar-keepers and bee-keepers will be swallowed by syndicates; yet it is equally certain that the prospect of saving a few plug-nickels a year will not bribe any comfort-loving family to undergo the hell of "cooperative house-keeping."

Nor is it probable that labor-saving machinery will ever supersede sporting contrivances and pets. The converts of Maurice Thompson will decline to exchange the archery implements for a Krag-Jorgensen "self-recocking rifle." No naphtha launch will tempt a trained sculler. Automata will try in vain to outbid the charm of exercise.

But, with those limitations, the industrial currents of tendency will continue to assert their influence. Heinrich

Heine shuddered at the advent of an age when "machines will act like human beings, and human beings like machines;" yet the pioneers of that era are forcing their way against all obstacles. The progress of "mechanicalism" will wrest the axe from the hands of the wood-cutter and the bugle from the lips of the trumpeter; the mariners of the future will be engineers; milk will be peddled by locomobiles.

Freight trolleys have already made their appearance on the streets of Buda Pesth and Antwerp. Three tons of furniture? Business-center to hill-suburb? Very well; fifteen cents a ton, with two free transfers, night rates ten cents; going to beat Jehu literally out of sight.

The time is coming and not far, when the appearance of a sail will excite coast dwellers with rumors of a boat race. Yachts, like hobby horses, will hold their own, but Mercury Marinus will exchange his canvas wings for a steamer license. In problems of commercial navigation time will become money to an extent that will leave sailors no chance for competition. Skippers might as well try to revive the triremes of the old Mediterranean merchant-fleet. Autos will get adapted to all sorts of roads, and repair shops will sprout up in the wilderness. Mule farms will yield to loco-liveries, with an odor of benzoline; yet a few pet horses will escape the retired list, for a while, just as gerfalcons survived the dawn of the gunpowder era. Lovers of the gentle craft finally compromised on sparrow-hawks; cart-

horses will dwindle to Shetlands, and at last to specimens of those pretty North-Japanese dwarf-ponies, that can be boarded in a billy goat stable.

A week ago sixty farmers held up a train of the Santa Fe road, to search it for harvest laborers, even for amateurs, to whom they vainly offered ten dollars a week and three good meals a day. In that same land of labor-famines grangers will yet stop trains to bundle off super-

numeraries, whose basis of support has been forfeited to labor-saving machinery. Wheat will be planted by square miles and harvested by ship-loads; syndicate plantations will crowd out hand-to-mouth farmers, with the exception of a few independents who will secure subsistence by an appeal to the privilege of primitive self-help. Monster machines will excavate whole mountain sides and scrape coal from its layers into traction cars; the risk of min-



MARINERS OF THE FUTURE

ing strike troubles will be eliminated by the elimination of the miners. Excavating machines will also build roads and canals, other machines will take away the bread of the very rain wizard, and drench whole hill ranges with artificial showers. The telephone address of the weather maker will be changed from St. Blasius to the manager of the sprinkling machine. Snow plows will force their way through Manitoba drift-hills, and civilization will push farther and farther up north. Northland pioneers will not be long in adopting the scheme of that Klondike miner who built a cabin with triple board walls, and

stuffed the inter-spaces with moss.

"Almost any fire—a mere brush blaze," he says, "will warm a shanty of that kind, and the heat will hang on for hours. Nobody who has ever tried it will waste time fooling with an old-style house; he would just as soon expect to get warm in an overcoat of stone slabs and sheet iron."

And, of course, the patent office will be crowded with models of snow-automobiles. The visitors of the last Vienna Exposition were diverted by the fairly successful maneuvers of an inventor who crossed the Danube on an aquatic tricycle, a sort of water velocipede, that swayed badly from side to side, but never lost its balance altogether, and enabled its rider to keep dry from the waist up. That river-walker would think it a mere trifle to adopt a locomobile to snow-paddles. Rimyr, the old Scandinavian frost giant, will be bullied in his strongholds; steam will conquer the vast wilderness reservations of upper Canada and double the habitable area of our continent.

Game will get scarce, by that time. The last wild deer of the temperate zone will probably succumb to the merits of that Krag-Jorgensen self-cocker, but the demand for venison will continue and evolve deer farms and rabbit farms, quail cots and partridge aviaries. The gradual exhaustion of fishing grounds will lead to the establishment of enormous fish ponds.

Chinese river fisheries have been sifted by the activities of junk-boats with an apparatus resembling a huge dip-net, or a dip-net and dredger combination, and raising a ton of water at every haul. With a substitution of steam power for man power, contrivances of that kind may refute the belief in the immortality of herring shoals; the pilgrims of the sea will vanish or retreat to more inaccessible Summer resorts; but the experience of the Far East will also suggest

remedies capable of machine improvement. Fish-ponds, dwarfing their Shanghai prototypes, will dot our coast plain from Portland to Galveston and the valleys of many inland rivers, up to the Great Divide, where the carp industry will compete with the perhaps inexhaustible products of the North Pacific. Industrial enterprise will gradually reduce the waste-piles of our present civilization. Sawdust will find its way to the laboratories of the wood-pulp factories, and coal-dust to the power press of the fuel-brick maker. Between East Pittsburgh and Castle Shannon whole hillocks of "culm," as the miners call it, have accumulated in the course of the last fifty years; the railways used it for embankments and then dumped it alongside of their trestles, till it threatened to obstruct the valleys of good-sized brooks. Fuel factories will soon obviate that risk of inundations. In Belgium coal-dust bricks find a ready sale at a dollar a hundred, and competition will gradually supersede the employment of the bare-foot youngster who picks coal waste from the rubbish of railway tracks.

Legions of hand laborers will be ousted in every city, but legions also will find employment in new industries. The invention of vulcanized rubber alone gave work and bread to a million men, women and children.

Substances undreamt of, even in conception, a few hundred years ago, have been revealed by mere accident in the workshop of the experimental chemist, and pushed their way to popularity and a rapidly increasing demand. A proposition to spin sunlight from cucumbers could not have scandalized the common sense of Cornelius Agrippa more than the plan to distil rainbow hues from the dregs of coal tar; yet accident betrayed the possibility of that miracle. Professor B. W. Unverdorben, in 1826, caught the first glimpse of the secret, by trying his luck with the "deoxidation of nitro-

benzole in a manner represented by the formula of  $C_6H_5NO_2 \div 2H_2CO_2$ ," and a plurality of his fellow men will have to take his word for it that any modification of that process would have baffled his hopes; yet manufactories of aniline dyes now employ more workmen than indigo plantations.

And for one old-time delver in the mines of experimental science, a thousand are now digging and sifting. What marvels may they not unearth before the end of the present century? Flexible glass, perhaps, or a chemical substitute for the priceless oxide of radium that shines in the dark like a West Indian fire-fly and can be made to illuminate midnight watch dials and thermometers. Ice factories will undoubtedly spring up in every city of our continent; dwelling houses will be cooled in Summer as effectually as we now warm them in Winter. The rage of the dog star will lose its terrors.

"Family of five on the way," the agent of a Summer hotel will telephone from the depot; "turn on ice-air for one parlor and two bed rooms."

"Gentlemen of the jury," the plaintiff's attorney will conclude, "the fact is thus established that this citizen of a civilized republic was compelled to work three hours in an uncooled soap factory, even after he had called the manager's attention to the obstruction of the air flues."

Damage and costs.

Refrigeration mixtures will be peddled from house to house; travelers in the tropics will carry the wherewithals of a good night frost. Fifteen years ago a Spanish physician of Santiago de Cuba demonstrated the possibility of curing yellow fever in ice-cooled hospitals, and a time may come when

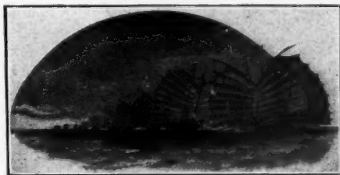
the refrigeration industry will employ as many men as the fuel trade.

The steady progress of advertising enterprises also will find work for hundreds of thousands.

Fifty years ago business experts ridiculed the prediction that competition would push the price of sixteen-page metropolitan dailies to the penny limit; yet time has verified that prophecy and will witness a plunge over the brink of the zero mark. Not newspapers only, but excellently illustrated weekly and monthly magazines will be distributed gratis in the interest of restlessly competing advertisement agencies. Books with ad-marginals (already tested in Vienna) will be issued on the same plan, and turn many pop-gun shops of the press into vast armories. Misers will find leisure for literary pursuits; the cackle of Slander Alley will intermit.

On the whole, the lockouts of labor-saving machinery will be balanced by the openings of new industrial enterprises. In Europe that equilibrium may be maintained by the invention-stimulating spur of distress and enforced leisure; but the abnormally increasing population of our own continent will fill every workshop vacancy and then overflow toward the long-neglected homesteads of our highland regions.

Both in the Rockies and the Southern Alleghanies, there are summit glens as fertile as any valleys of the upper Lebanon. Experience has proved that one Summer's labor generally suffices to obviate the risk of famine, where the soil has been enriched by the natural fertilizers of the wooded region. There will always be "plenty of room higher up," and thousands of fugitives from the cities will thus find refuge in the primitive homes of our Mother Earth.



VANISHED RIVALS OF STEAM POWER



## NOTE AND COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

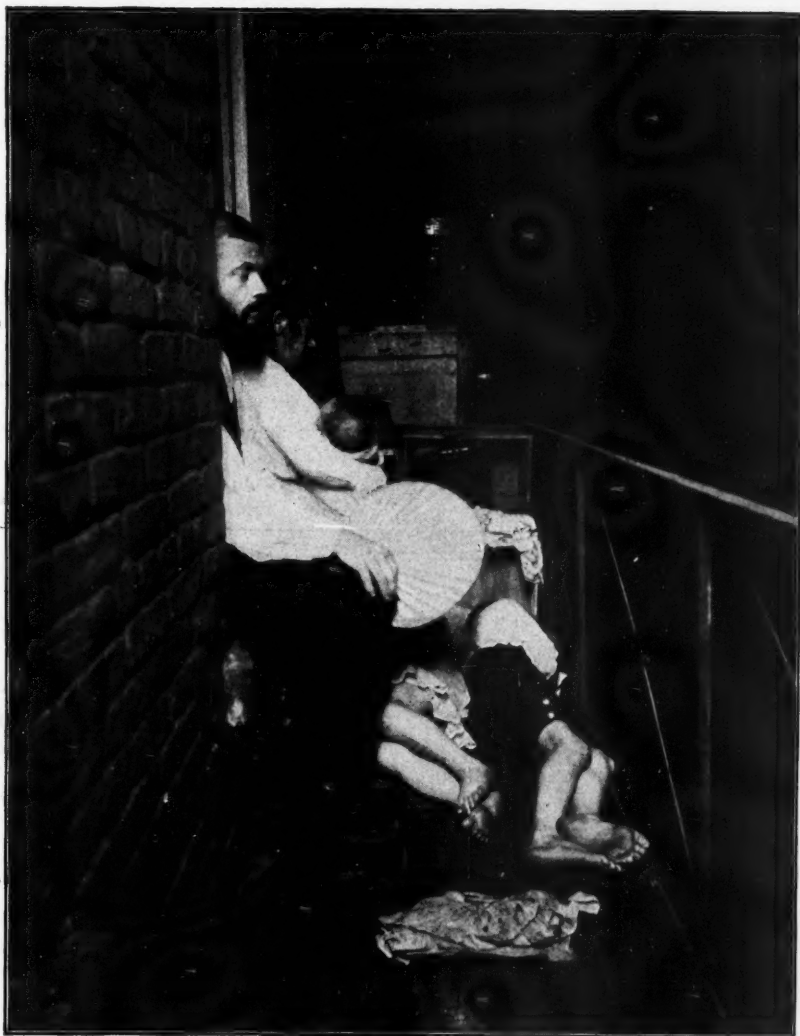
**W**E won't talk about labor unions, or the negro problem, or the two-minute trotter, or the yacht race, or any other news theme, in this little corner of the National this month. You are aware that the unions have been publicly warned by some of their ablest advisors to curb the demands of imprudent leaders; that public sentiment generally, North and South, has accepted the fact that the negro must begin at the bottom and work up, instead of coming unprepared into citizenship; that Lou Dillon, California's wonderful five-year-old

chestnut mare—hardly more than a pony in size—reached the long-coveted mile-in-two-minutes record for trotters in late August on the Readville, Massachusetts, track, and that Sir Thomas Lipton's third try for the America's cup failed, like his first and his second.

Let us examine for a moment Mr. Dunn's pictures of tenement dwellers in New York City. They are good examples of flashlight photography, and they are more than that. The purpose of the photographer was to depict the life of the tenement folk during the terri-



A HEAT-WORRIED MOTHER AND HER SEVEN CHILDREN DOZING RESTLESSLY ON A ROOF  
Photograph copyrighted, 1903, by R. L. Dunn



PASSING A SLEEPLESS NIGHT UPON A FIRE-ESCAPE  
Photograph Copyrighted, 1903, by R. L. Dunn

ble hot periods that drive all well-to-do city people to the sea and the country.

In the first picture, the mother has made a bed for her children on the roof, where they sleep, while she watches, under the canopy of night. Always the

mother watching and planning and sacrificing her own rest for her boys and girls.

In the second picture see how a family—father, mother and three children—pass the slow, stifling hours of a Summer night on a fire-escape. The father ques-

tions the darkness with heavy eyes, silent, somber,—his thoughts, likely enough, wandering into far green fields; the little son and daughter at his feet sleep soundly—blessed privilege of childhood!—and on the mother's breast the baby cuddles down, with face uplifted to her own. However much she lacks, she has the gift best worth having of all the gifts of this world. And the fondly adoring glance she turns upon her sleeping babe proves that she knows it, too.

The third picture shows a group of tenement children patronizing a penny soda fountain at midnight. Notice those fine, long glasses, full of cool sweetness! What wouldn't a gouty old chap give to buy for himself the heavenly sensation in those thirsty young throats?

Plainly, it isn't all misery with these brothers and sisters of ours in the tenements—even amid the torrid heat and fetid odors of the city's mid-Summer. On a recent Sunday I walked up and down several streets in the New York tenement districts. I saw hundreds of children at play in the streets—and not one of them unhappy. The day was cool—and they raced and shouted and laughed in the gayest manner imaginable. It contrasted oddly—and favorably—with the New England village I had just left, where all the boys and girls, in Sunday best, chafing inactive behind drawn curtains all the long Sunday afternoon, put first among their Sabbath prayers a heart-felt petition for the swift coming of Monday—and freedom to play.



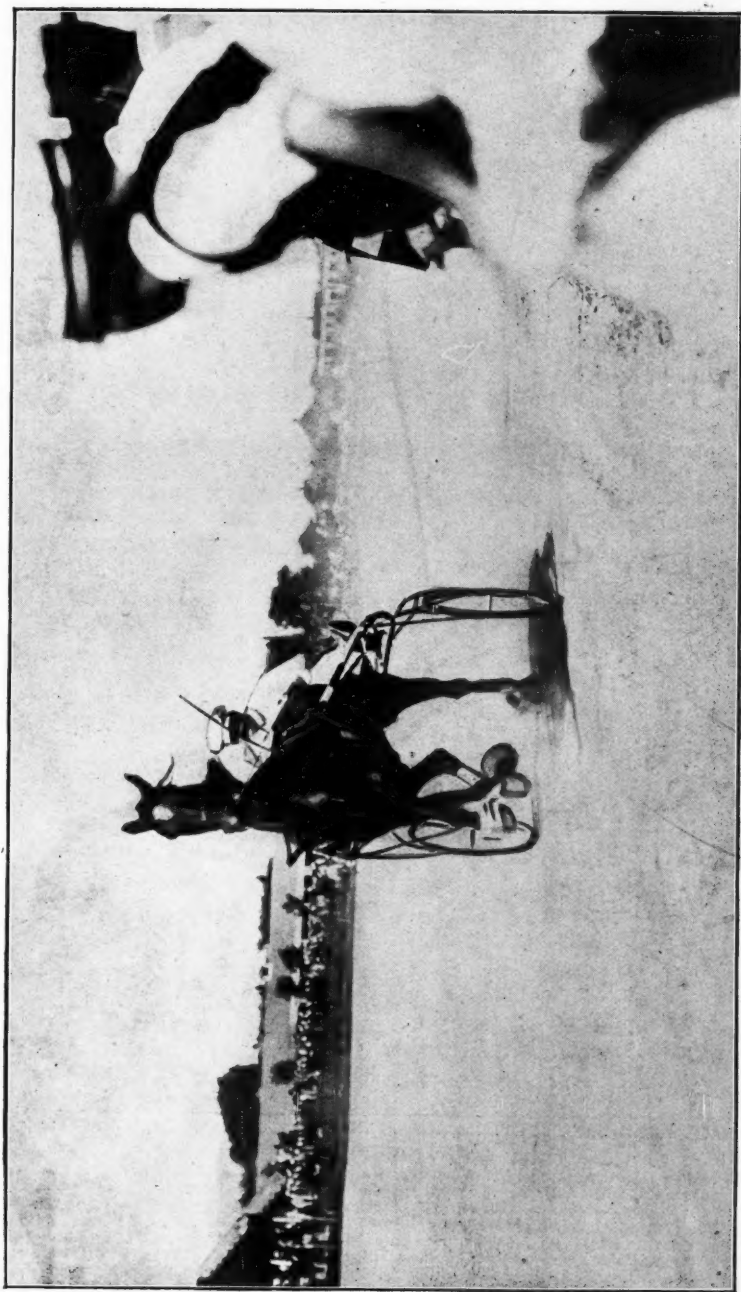
A TYPICAL MIDNIGHT SCENE AROUND A SIDEWALK PENNY SODA FOUNTAIN DURING THE HOT SEASON IN NEW YORK CITY

Photograph Copyrighted, 1903, by R. L. Dunn

Love is come with a song and a smile,  
Welcome Love with a smile and a song;  
Love can stay but a little while.

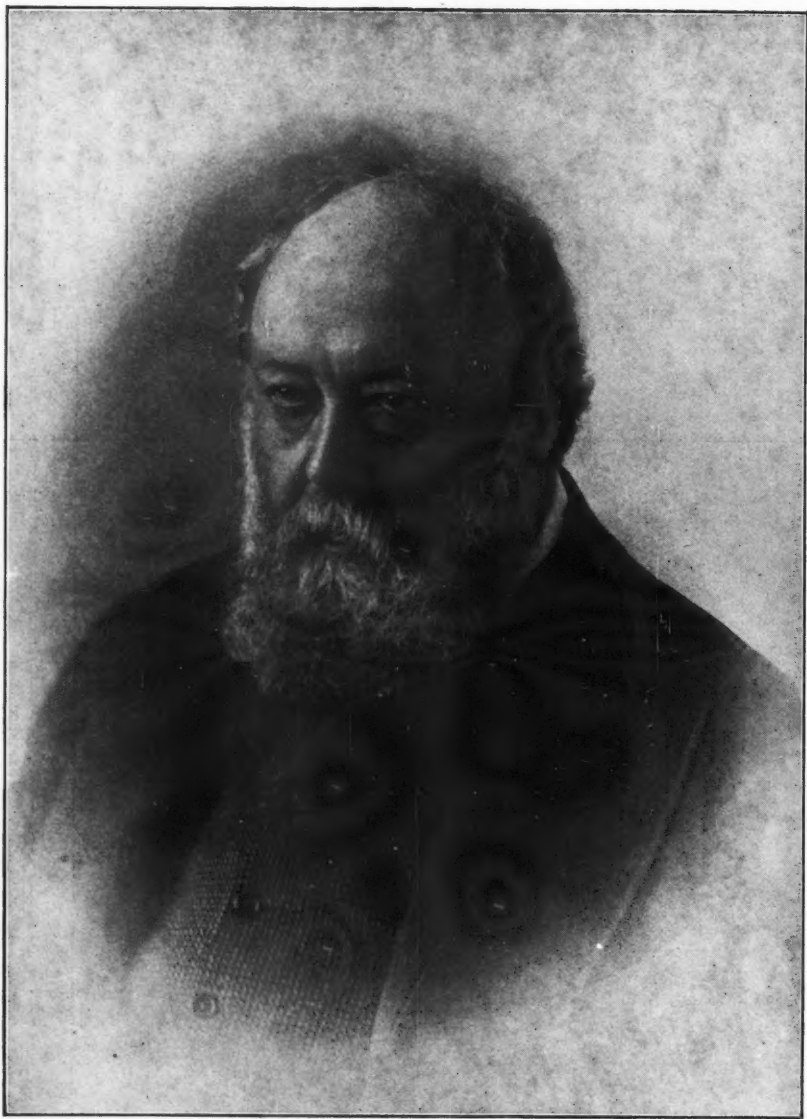
Why cannot he stay? They call him away:  
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;  
Love will stay for a whole life long.

*Tennyson's "Harold," Act I, Sc. 2*



LOU DILLON, THE FIRST TROTTING HORSE TO STEP A MILE IN TWO MINUTES

This picture, engraved from a snap-shot photograph taken for the Boston Globe, shows the famous mare starting on the first two-minute mile, at the Readville, Massachusetts, mile track, on Monday, August 1, 1903. Lou Dillon was bred in California, is five years old, and weighed a bit over 800 pounds the day her great mile was trotted. She is owned by C. K. G. Billings, the Chicago gas magnate. Of the seventeen trotting champions since 1845, ten have been mares. Most of the champions' paces have been geldings and stallions. The pacing record long since reached the two-minute mark, and a day or two after Lou Dillon made her record, Dan Patch paced a mile at Readville in one minute, fifty-nine seconds.



THE LATE LORD SALISBURY, THRICE PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN

Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne and Baron Cecil, who died on August 22, in his seventythird year, was the foremost British statesman of his time, the opponent and peer of Gladstone, whom he defeated before the nation on the principal issues that separated the Tories, led by Salisbury, and the Liberals, led by Gladstone. At thirty, having married against his father's wishes, Salisbury found himself obliged to work for his bread. He wrote political articles. At thirtyeight, his elder brother dying, he became his father's heir. Beaconsfield took him up and his great career was begun. He succeeded Beaconsfield as leader of the Tories, fought liberalism all his life, and in 1902 retired from office, his nephew, Arthur Balfour, succeeding him as premier. He was a scholar and an aristocrat.





MISS ALMA PETERSON, ONE OF WISCONSIN'S FAIREST GIRLS

Miss Peterson, a recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin, is a social favorite and the daughter of Mr. Atley Peterson, one of the most prominent men of the northwest and formerly railroad commissioner of the Badger State. The photograph from which this engraving was made is copyrighted by Stein of Milwaukee.

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A WESTERN girl, Miss Leila Usher, who is a native of Wisconsin, born near La Crosse, has been attracting attention lately, through the exhibition of a bust of Booker T. Washington. Miss Usher did the first work that brought her into notice, here in Boston. Her bas relief of the late Professor Francis James Child, of Harvard, was purchased for the Child Memorial by a subscription headed by President Eliot, and replicas in plaster have since been purchased for Radcliffe College and Johns Hopkins University. Miss Usher has recently returned from Italy, where she spent the winter, and expects this fall to open a studio in New York, which has been her home for several years.

MISS LEILA USHER AND HER MEDALLION OF PROFESSOR FRANCIS JAMES CHILD



M-1011



ONOTO WATANNA  
author of  
"The Heart of Hyacinth"



BOOTH TARKINGTON  
author of  
"Cherry"



ALICE BROWN  
author of  
"Judgment"

## Books as I Find Them

By KATE SANBORN

AUTHOR OF "ADOPTING AN ABANDONED FARM," ETC.

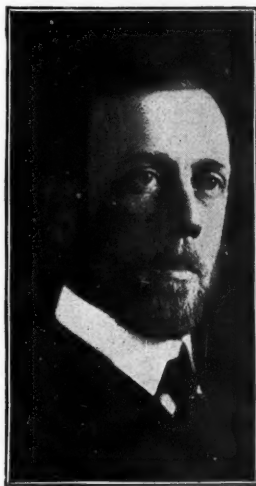
HOW pathetic is the hungry craving of every civilized human being for Fun—something to laugh over and forget life's peculiar sorrows and burdens; for does not each person consider his own trials really most peculiar? How easily we can be amused nowadays; is then the need greater than ever?

Hence, when a man or woman, blessed with the gift of seeing and depicting the ludicrous side of daily annoyances, looms above the dull, leaden-hued horizon, there is a warm welcome and constant calls for his or her special style of entertainment.

(His or her! I sometimes want to use the word "hizer," suggested by some desperate grammarian to suit that case.)

Mr. Simeon Ford is now the rising star, and a much

sought for man. He is constantly implored and commanded to appear and "be funny" and make otherwise dull dinners a roaring success. He is as amiable as he is droll, so he accepts one-third, perhaps, of these slightly selfish summons, and his personal presence is just the right type for a successful humorist. He describes himself at length as of a "Gothic" style of architecture; long, lank, solemn, till he smiles; and his head seems to have an extra store-room at top, probably to hold all those good stories and whimsical phrases with which he charms his audiences. He is neither conceited nor spoiled, nor can he be moved by glittering lucre to become a humorous artist on any stage, doing short, characteristic stunts for an eager public who



SIMEON FORD  
Author of "A Few Remarks"



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS  
Author of "Maids of Paradise."

can't get in at those jolly after-dinner times.

The title of his book in which some of his speeches are gathered is most modest and checks criticism, just "*A Few Remarks by Simeon Ford.*"

And doubtless Simeon, in the privacy of his happy home, or in most confidential chat with his running mate, Mr. Job Hedges, would confess to being at times weary of dragging out the same old themes again, for delighted post-prandial comrades, who never find him *too long*, whatever he may say of his own altitude.

There are only thirteen original jokes in this old world for humorists to play upon with time-worn variations and permutations; and such themes as hotel experiences, Turkish baths, George Washington, and of course impressions of Boston, have been enlarged upon by a hundred or more others gifted with the power of comical expression.

Our early newspaper wits did excellently well. Let us not forget Seba Smith, as "Major Jack Downing;" Orpheus C. Kerr; Petroleum V. Nasby; Artemus Ward; John Phoenix, — he, by the way, said of the immortal father of our country: "George Washington was one of the most distinguished movers in the American Revolution. He was born of poor but honest parents at Genoa, in the year 1492. His mother was called the mother of Washington. He married, early in life, a widow lady, Mrs. Martha Custis, whom Prescott describes as the cussidest pretty woman south of Mason and Dixon's line. He was passionately fond of green peas and string beans and

his favorite motto was: 'In time of peace prepare for war.'" And we must not forget Mortimer Thompson as "Doe-sticks;" nor Shillaber, who gave us "Mrs. Partington," a reincarnation of Smollett's Tabitha Bramble, Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop and Theodore Hook's Mrs. Ramsbottom. Then came Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Bailey of the Danbury News and the irresistible Burdette, now so sobered that he has become a clergyman. All these lightened the path for us and we remember them with grateful affection. Each of these wits had some peculiar forms of phrasing which heightened the effect of his comments. For instance, Bailey would say the way "*that* horse" dashed 'round the corner,—making the word *that* do a lot toward coloring the picture.

Mr. Ford indulges in genial exaggeration, artificial forms and ingenious similes, as, speaking of a healthful village: "If a man died in that village under eighty years of age they hung white crape on the doorbell and carved a little lamb on his tombstone." Taking a Turkish bath: "I have contracted a deep, sonorous cold, which will, in all probability, fondly nestle in my bosom till my ulster blooms again." In "The Discomforts of Travel," which gives truth as freely as fun, the Ethiopian of the sleeping car "reluctantly emerges from his place of concealment." When at last in his made-up berth: "You wonder why you didn't sit up and doze, instead of going to bed to lie wide awake. The blankets leave much to be desired. A very tall man is kept all night in suspense as to whether he had best pull up the blanket and freeze his feet, or pull it down and die of pneumonia."

Yes, Mr. Ford is bound to be famous not only as a man who knows just the best way to run a popular hotel, but also as a past grand master in the serious and depressing art of making every one merry who comes under the magnetic influence

of his inimitable remarks as spoken or written.

(Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

**I** FIND more actual satisfaction in amusing pictures than in any humorous writings or printed jokes. No such hackneyed situations, for each touch of the brush or pencil is individual; there is no room for tedious detail, no explanation to be made. English cartoonists and comic artists have sadly lost their former prestige. We used to think of Punch as a brilliant power, a reformer; something to be anticipated and impatiently waited for. It is now hopeless and in its doddering dotage, or anecdotage.

The Germans, as a race, are classified by those who don't know them as rather lacking in wit and humor; stolid, beer-absorbing, rationalistic and philosophic; liking their women to be not only domestic, but, as some persons persist in saying "domesticated." But to me, their comic artists are superior to those of any other country but our own. Real humor, men's humor at least, must be a little broad at times; just hanging over the border-land to vulgarity, in order to rouse and cheer. The French comic papers of today are too frank in text and illustration, showing no restraint. But the Germans are still all right. Have you ever giggled or shouted over Brugseh's series of story-telling pictures, each one carrying along the absurd situation to a more convulsing climax? Neither Tom Hood nor Cruikshank ever excelled those. And the German comic papers are certainly capital.

Ours keep up pretty well, and our caricaturists are deservedly famous. Nast, the great, was often cruel; Gibson, the society-observer, is a bit monotonous. His one girl, and the stout dowager and the good-looking admirers and one old, much to be pitied papa, we are almost too intimately acquainted

with. But McCutcheon is always kindly, while hitting off the weak points, and accomplishes wonders without the least apparent effort; one feels that he has to put on paper what he sees because it is so funny that he cannot keep it to himself. He is genuine and fascinating and if any one can carefully examine his series entitled *Entertaining Prince Henry* and not forget earthly cares, I should not care to know that person. A friend is looking the book over and exclaims: "Why, these are the brightest things I ever saw; one could study them for hours." I wonder that doctors and dentists do not get a book of real mirth like this to place on the table in their waiting room instead of last Summer's magazines or novels that have outlived their brief, fictitious fame.

The Chicago Record-Herald had the honor of originally bringing out these delicious cartoons. How I dote on his *Boy in Springtime* and in all the seasons, and wish there were more than four. With all his keen insight, he is never malicious or bitter. I am sure one could



JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON  
Author of "Cartoons"



enjoy his own caricature as taken by this sweet-spirited artist.

(A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

THERE are many new novels to speak of. Thomas Dixon, Jr., gives us in his second novel, *The One Woman*, a painful but powerful and extraordinary exhibit of a clerical favorite of unusual eloquence and strength both mental and physical, with the regulator or rudder omitted in his make-up, who finds sexual susceptibility and a smattering of socialistic theories a little too much for his sanity, and the happiness of those nearest him. Therefore his ideas of love, law and a justified squabble for the best wherever found suited him only until they were applied to himself and his dearest treasures.

I wish the pictures of this repulsive creature could have been omitted, for they make him contemptibly indifferent and a colossal egotist. In the first, his wife, crushed by anguish, is prostrate at his feet, he absolutely unmoved; again, the woman he adored has rushed to his arms and by his unmoved expression you fancy he is enjoying the fragrance of her perfumed hair and deciding whether it is more like violet or crab-apple!

On pages four and five, there is an evident pen-picture of Beecher; the closing chapters are as full of sensation and wild excitement as a dime novel. If asked to describe this story in two words I should say "strong but repulsive."

(Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

CHEERFUL AMERICANS, by Charles Battell Loomis, is a collection of short stories now gathered together from various magazines and papers; breezy, up-to-date, told with facile skill and sure to please. A book for an idle hour at home or abroad. Dr. Hale, after reading *While the Automobile Ran Down*, wrote to Mr. Loomis: "Permit an old dabster in the art of

short stories to felicitate you on the inimitable conception of your story."

(Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

F. BERKELEY SMITH, the talented son of a most versatile and gifted father, told us last year all about *The Real Latin Quarter* with racy sketches, not too highly colored (but still not water-colors) of the famous Bohemia of Paris with its grisettes, students, balls and beautiful models: what many readers would like to know of the most picturesque corner of that gay city. Now he takes a larger theme but in the same line, *How Paris Amuses Itself*. Rather *risque*? Oh yes, but the son of his father knows how to skim lightly over some dangerous places. Some reviewer suggested that Mr. Smith was too young fully to realize the depth of wickedness and degradation in the gilded halls he attempts to describe. I think he knows, but also knows when to draw the asbestos curtain over a too lurid scene. So we see the foam on the cup, but not the dregs. And the illustrations are unusually fit for the text. Not one coarse line nor a dull one.

(Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

PROFESSOR W. E. Du BOIS in his interesting volume, *Souls of Black Folks*, with his emotional prodigality, his deeply religious nature that values good deeds above all creeds, his passionate love of fine music of a weird, minor strain, his hyper-sensitiveness and illogical demands, is a very different character from the other leader of his people, the practical, tolerant, conservative, wise Booker T. Washington. One works in the way he finds absolutely needed to train his pupils to help themselves and so to rise as fast and as high as their capacity will allow. The other criticises these most sensible preparatory steps and sighs sentimentally, quotes German poetry, moans and mourns over the inevitable distance between the white and

black man, writes of slights and snubs, and deprecates "the Veil" which hangs like a pall over ambitious hopes.

His influence has doubtless caused much of the growing antipathy to Washington's methods, which is a great responsibility. He says: "So far as Mr. Washington preaches Thrift, Patience, and Industrial Training for the masses, we must hold up his hand, rejoicing in his honor and glorying in the strength of this Joshua called of God and man to lead the headless host."

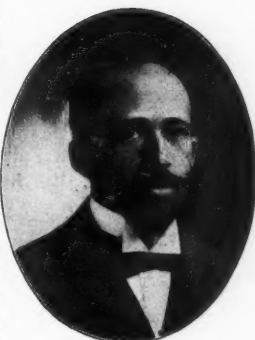
Well, is not that enough business for one man? Let Du Bois himself undertake the grander role of abolishing caste distinctions and proving to the world that all men are created equal. Let him secure the well-equipped colleges and universities, and refrain from what may result in a retrograde movement rather than progress. That all men are created equal, as Du Bois means it, is a somewhat transparent fallacy.

Does hard work, until he can rise to easier employment, make a pauper laborer of any man, black or white, who is free? The story of the boyhood of many of our greatest men proves that to be an untenable position.

Fact is, this is an awkward problem, that will only be settled after generations have worked over it. It is wickedly sentimental to wail over "weak wings beating against their barriers" when we realize the frequency of certain unspeakable crimes; the temper as well as the passions still ungoverned; the ignorance, deceit and hopeless ingratitude of those we have tried our best to lift up and help. Far better to cultivate a conscience than to make these undisciplined souls fancy they can be erudite philosophers, scientists and linguists.

Mr. Du Bois is severe upon Bishop Onderdonk for not being willing to give equal rights and representation to the negro priest and the negro church. An

Evangelical Alliance in New York lately ignored the presence of two distinguished delegates from the Unitarian and Universalist churches of that city. But these big-brained men



W. E. Du Bois  
Author of "Souls of Black Folk."

accepted the slight courteously and went out to their own grand work. Dr. Hale angered and horrified many narrow souls by partaking of communion at Bishop Brooks' church last winter. But the grand old man (Christ-like) said in a simple way that was sublime: "I received my invitation nineteen hundred years ago!"

Our author is too sensitive, too much of an imaginative dreamer, too poetic, too sore about the color line. When his precious little boy died he cried out: "He knew no color-line, and the Veil, though it shadowed him, had not yet darkened half his sun. And I, blind by the web of mine own weaving, sit alone winding words and muttering, 'If still he be, and he be There, and there be a There, let him be happy, O Fate.'"

In the "After-Thought," he arraigns the whole American nation, although if I remember rightly a good deal of time, money and earnest endeavor has already been given to the advancement of his race.

To him, the problem of the twentieth century is the color-line. Others, more unbiassed, see several other questions certainly of equal importance. Can it be that even this highly educated negro is a little color blind?

(A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

# ON THE EDITOR'S DESK



KATE SANBORN

## OUR LITERARY CRITIC

A MAN would have planted trout; Kate Sanborn is filling the brook with forget-me-nots. And when you scan the row of books that bear her name as author, editor or compiler, dip into each of them and read two or three of the dozen outright, you understand why she planted forget-me-nots in a perfect gem of a trout brook. For Kate



A VINE-BOWERED DOORWAY

Sanborn's books are like herself—markedly individual.

The place is Breezy Meadows, Miss Sanborn's farm and summer home, near Metcalf, Massachusetts—the "Gooseville, Connecticut," of her *Adopting an Abandoned Farm*. The spot in particular is where a rustic bridge spans the brook. The forget-me-nots *did* look mighty pretty, even to a near-sighted man who saw them as a blur of blue on a rippling mass of greenery floating. She said they would spread and spread, covering the whole surface of the pool by the bridge. (And it was just the place of all places that a two-pound trout would have selected to lazy around and grow fat in.)

Everything is on a liberal scale at Breezy Meadows—from the two St. Bernards just a shade smaller than polar bears to the army of clucking hens in the chicken-annex; from the books that overflow the shelves set in every available bit of wall space throughout the fine old mansion to the glorious vines that reach up from every side to clothe it in living green; from the great, calm elms to the swing—wide enough to seat three persons—that drops fifty feet from an arm of one of those same splendid trees.

Just as in going through one of Kate Sanborn's "Calendar" books—compilations of apt quotations—you feel the buoyant, happy personality of the compiler speaking to you through the lines of her selection, so, in going over her farm, you see everywhere evidences of the whimsical yet forceful mind that planned it. Breezy Meadows has more *personality* than any other place I ever visited.

Needless here to discuss Kate Sanborn's published books. From Maine to California the thousands who have enjoyed her lectures during the last two decades; and the many who have drawn inspiration from her teaching at Smith and other colleges for girls—all these and countless others have read and appreciated them. This year she will send out an *Indian Summer Calendar*, encouraging, as she says, "all over fifty to brace up and keep going." A third farm book—succeeding *Adopting an Abandoned Farm* and *Abandoning an Adopted Farm*, and a book on *Old Time Wall Papers* will appear soon.

Miss Sanborn makes her win-

## ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

ter home in New York City, where for several years she has lectured to large audiences of ladies on art and letters.

### OUR PRIZE OFFER

WE wish to offer our readers, in our December number, some timely suggestions for Christmas presents that can be made by the givers. For the best suggestion we will give a prize of \$10, for the next best, \$5, and for the third and fourth best, respectively, three years paid-up subscription to the National. Answers must not exceed 300 words in length and must be received on or before November 1, 1903. The full name and address of each contestant must appear at the top of the first page of the ms. Address, *Prize Department, National Magazine, Boston, Mass.*

### THE NOVEMBER NATIONAL.

WE have just enough space here merely to mention some of the best features of a very fine number:

*The Squirrels in Harvard Yard* is a bit of a sketch illustrated with five of the jolliest snap-shot photographs ever taken. A Harvard Law man has "snapped" the pets of the college yard while they were eating from the hands of his chum, and in other attitudes showing their happy fearlessness.

*The Longest Way 'Round* is Dallas Lore Sharp's best 'possum story—and Mr Sharp writes the best possible 'possum stories.

*A Pilgrimage to St. Agnes* is Lewis E. MacBrayne's charming account of a visit to a romantic spot seldom seen by European tourists. Pen sketches by Gertrude Stanley enliven the sparkling narrative.

*Prospective Incentions*, third in Dr. Oswald's *American Anguries* series, forecasts the wonders of human ingenuity for a hundred years to come.

*The Man on the Barren*, Miss Prather's mystery story, will be concluded—in a manner that few will suspect from reading the opening chapters.

*June Winston*, in the third story of Mrs. Latta's serial, is



A RUSTIC BRIDGE AT "BREEZY MEADOWS"

the guest of honor at a highly amusing and exciting circus given by her friend Willy Grant Anderson.

*The Bars Across the Window*, by Thomas W. Steep, is a remarkable story of a boy in a reformatory—a victim of society's cruelty to little waifs.

*How Gerda Served Herr Kant*, by Georgia Ransom Fay, is a brilliant conception, put in the form of a really absorbing story, of the relations between the great philosopher and a little girl who taught him the meaning of love.

*Sister Susie's Strategy* won the young pastor's heart—but we must not tell the story in advance of its publication.

*Affairs at Washington, Timely Topics of the*



"A GLORY OF LIVING GREEN"

## ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

*Stage*, and *Books as I Find Them* will be excellent good reading, well illustrated.

### OUR PRIZE WINNERS

WINNERS of prizes in the National's September competition are:

First prize, \$10—Jennie Ross, Park Hill, Indian Territory.

Second prize, \$5—Christine Sargent, 9 Lincoln Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Third prize, \$3—Laura M. Bounds, Greene, Maine.

The terms of this competition were that boys and girls under fifteen years of age should each get one annual subscriber to the Magazine, and tell, in 300 words or less, how they did it. *The girls not only won all the prizes, but they got nearly all the subscribers.* And this is not the only odd and interesting feature of of this competition. The first prize was won by a little indian girl, the second by a little white girl and the third by a little colored girl. The following are the prize letters:

BY JENNIE ROSS

WHILE holding the horse for my sister, who was buying some things in a store at Tahlequah, a town near our home, also the capital of the Cherokee Nation, I was looking at the August National Magazine. An old indian man came to my buggy and asked to see the book. He liked the pictures and wanted to know where to get it.

I told him of Boston, a big city away toward where the sun came up, and it was in a big house in this city where hundreds of people worked to make this book called The National Magazine, and if he would give me a dollar he could get it every month. The people who made it would write his name on it and send it through the mail. I also told him that it would have new pictures in it each time. This seemed to please him very much, but he said that he had no money, and after thinking awhile said that he could shoot a deer with his bow and arrow, and sell it.

I told him to bring me the money when he could. We then drove home and I forgot about the man until four days had passed; then he brought the money which I'm sending to you.

BY CHRISTINE SARGENT

MY subscriber is a school teacher, so I thought that she would like the "Affairs at Washington" in the National, especially as the children in the grade she teaches take up several things about Washington; and there might be something in the Magazine that would be helpful.

When she was away this summer, I asked her mother if she thought Miss Scribner would like it. She did not know at first whether she would or not. But the next day she said that Miss Scribner's birthday came

in October, and that she would like to give it to her for a birthday present, having the year commence in October. So this is "the way in which I got my subscriber."

BY LAURA M. BOUNDS

I HAVE got a new subscriber for the National Magazine and send you sixty cents. I will tell you how I got my subscriber and hope I will get one of the prizes. I am a little colored girl fourteen years old, and the young lady who took me from the orphan asylum sometimes buys a National Magazine and I have heard her say it had the brightest editorial column and is the best of all the magazines. So when I saw the prize offer for September, I asked her if she would be my subscriber and she said: "Why yes, honey, 'cause I lubs you, 'deed I do." I did not have to try very hard, you see, so my story is short.



JAMES BALL NAYLOR

Mr. Naylor, whose "Under Mad Anthony's Banner," is one of the popular new novels, has written two very amusing character sketches for the National—"Sim Spiker's Misadventures" and "The Youthful Indiscretions of Jim Whiss."





# PROGRESSIVE AMERICAN CITIES



## DAYTON, OHIO

*By C. W. Chamberlain*

Secretary of the Dayton Board of Trade

With Illustrations from Photographs by A. L. Bowersox

Population, U. S. Census, 1900.....	85,333
Population now.....	100,000
Area.....	10 3-4 square miles

**D**AYTON is situated in the southwestern part of the state of Ohio, sixty miles north of the Ohio river. The Miami river is here united with Mad river and flows southward to the Ohio.

The valley of the Miami has been justly termed one of the garden spots of the country. The early settlers of Dayton pushed their pirogues up the Miami river from the Ohio in 1796, and landed at a spot now called Van Cleve Park, in

honor of a public-spirited citizen of that name of seventy years ago. The log cabin, the first house built in Dayton, stands in this park on the spot where the first settlers landed. The city has reserved this strip of three hundred yards in length, bordering on the river, for park purposes and has given it into the custody of the Historical Society, which has laid out walks and beautified it with shrubbery and flowering plants. The



MAIN STREET, DAYTON



FIRST HOME IN DAYTON, ERECTED IN 1796;  
NOW OWNED BY THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

log cabin is of two stories, and has been well preserved. It contains many antique articles contributed by the older citizens.

Across the avenue, (Monument) bordering the park, so named since the erection of the Soldiers' monument which stands at the head of the park, is the capacious and beautiful high school building, capable of accommodating fifteen hundred students.

The successors of the early settlers of Dayton were men of liberal ideas. The broad avenues and streets of Dayton are a testimony of their comprehension of what the future dwellers would enjoy and be proud of. Dayton is known far and wide as a beautiful city for residence. Unlike many cities that are situated on a dead level or those having precipitous surroundings, Dayton has, in addition to its partially level section, a contiguous and extensive part that is of a gently rising character, from one to four hundred feet, thus affording the greatest variety of location of dwellings from which landscape views are most charming. Its streets are as well and extensively paved as in any city of its size. Its dwellings have an air of comfort about them, from the most pretentious and costly to the humblest cottage, and there is a commendable rivalry among all classes to excel in beautifying their grounds. Dayton has no rookeries or dilapidated sections.

Undoubtedly more homes are owned by their occupants than in any other city of its size in the country. The most important question which confronts every city is an adequate supply of pure water, for upon it depends the health and satisfaction of its people. In this respect Dayton is most fortunate. Its water supply is obtained from subterranean sources through the medium of ninety-four eight-inch wells, driven to depths varying from thirty to eighty feet below the river bed, and is immediately delivered to mains under a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch and thus distributed throughout the city. There is no possibility of contamination from the surface. The temperature of the water as it is drawn from these wells is remarkably low. There has been no diminution of supply even in the driest seasons. Expert testimony in the analysis of the water declares it to be in the highest state of purity. An extensive and excellent system of sewerage has been installed by means of sanitary and storm sewers which find ready outlet by reason of the fall of the river. These conditions, together with the purity of the water supply, unite to promote the healthfulness of the city, which at present has a death rate among the lowest in the country.

The citizenship of Dayton is intelligent and progressive, with that mixture of conservatism essential to permanent prosperity. The steady increase and substantial character of its achievements is a tribute to the sagacity and sound judgment of those who have been most prominent in its affairs. There has never been any undue inflation but rather a steady progress of development.

Dayton's public schools will rank with others in respect to the efficiency of instructors and character of work done by them. Many of the school buildings are new and are models in construction and adaptability. In addition to the public schools there are parochial schools of high order with academic instruction. A prosperous theological seminary of the United Brethren church is located within the city limits.

The public library of the city is centrally located, embracing one block for its own use, finely shaded with trees of many years' growth and beautiful with blossoming plants of every variety. The

library consists of 55,000 volumes and 2,500 pamphlets. It has three branch stations with advanced libraries for the public schools.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Dayton is regarded as one of the best in the country in cities of this class. The 2,684 members represent all the professions and trades. A large proportion are mechanics. The Evening School employs twentyfour teachers who give instruction in technical, commercial and scientific subjects to 670 young men, nearly all of whom are employed. The gymnasium is used by 1,100 members, among whom are the police force of the city. Dormitories accommodate fifty men and are filled the year through. The restaurant serves about 350 meals a day, largely to members, and at a very little above cost. Employment is secured for members who are competent and desire to advance themselves. The present building was erected in 1887 at a cost of \$65,000. It is completely outgrown, and 8,000 square feet of space rented in addition is overcrowded. A new building has been projected, to cost \$350,000. The necessary lot was given by bequest of Miss Belle Eaker, who left her homestead, valued at \$75,000, for this purpose. The new building will provide for 5,000 members, a night school of 1,000 students, an auditorium to seat 2,000 and a boys' department for 800 boys. The work now costs \$30,000 a year. Members pay some \$18,000, rents afford \$4,500, and business men contribute the balance of about \$8,000 a year. Members' fees range from \$2 to \$12.

The Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Women's League each own valuable property in the heart of the city, with well-appointed buildings and large memberships of intelligent, active supporters, who are doing a grand work on educational, benevolent and moral lines. A commodious and well-appointed building as a home for widows and the aged is sustained by private munificence. Provision for the education of orphans and neglected children is amply provided for in a home.

Two large modern hospitals, sustained in part by city taxation, rank with the best in the country.

Churches of all denominations have commodious houses of worship, many of which are new. The clergy rank with

those of any community. Benevolent work beside that carried on by the churches and the Woman's Association and League finds expression through guilds whose constant activities reach the remotest cases of need.

Organized charity has taken the place of indiscriminate giving by sustaining a Friendly Inn for the relief of the worthy poor. Literary and musical tastes receive culture and profit through the numerous club organizations that abound and are well patronized. The votaries of the drama have two large and well-appointed houses.

In no direction is there a lack of avenues to meet the requirements of the people in the gratification of reasonable desires for physical and mental improvement, or social gratification.

The markets of Dayton are most ample and satisfactory. The products of farms and extensive gardens for forced production are transferred and quickly exposed for sale in open and public markets. The products of the South, by reason of direct and rapid transportation, are brought to our doors in a few hours.

Having outlined what Dayton is to the permanent resident and why it is in all respects an ideal city for residence, it is a pleasure to state that for the comfort of transient residents ample high-class service awaits their coming. Four com-



DAYTON'S PUBLIC LIBRARY

commodious and well-appointed hotels, with others of but little less importance, receive the commendation of patrons.

Dayton has paid promptly its maturing obligations and interest on its bonds. It has no floating debt and its credit is good. Dayton has seven sound national banks, with capital of \$2400,000 and surplus of nearly \$1,200,000. It has two trust companies with capital and surplus of \$625,000. There are nineteen building and loan associations with authorized capital of \$49,400,000 and actual assets of \$10,500,000. These associations have been important factors in enabling thousands of wage-earners to secure homes of their own.

Dayton has an efficient fire department which in a series of twentythree years has been effective in keeping the fire loss, per capita, at the low figure of \$1.28 per year.

The electric street railways' equipment is first-class and the system of transfers from one company to another exist as in other places. There is no city in the nation where more traction lines center than in Dayton. These lines extend in every direction through populous territory. The commercial interests of Dayton receive a great impetus from these hourly incoming cars from the thickly settled sections which surround the city.

Dayton is the center where the great systems of the Big Four, the New York Central, the Pennsylvania lines, the Erie, the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and Dayton & Michigan railroads unite in the distribution of freight and passenger traffic. In this respect Dayton is not excelled by any other place.

The business houses of Dayton for wholesale and retail business are large and solidly established. The jobbing houses have an extensive trade, and the reputation and character of our merchants is of a high order. No less is it the case with reference to those engaged in the retail trade. Our merchants are alive and active to meet the needs and tastes of a community that requires and can pay for the best. Three-quarters of a million dollars are paid out monthly to wage-earners.

Dayton is preeminently a manufacturing city. A distinguishing feature of its industries is the diversity and utility of its productions; so that only a serious interruption of all industries the country over could seriously affect her prosperity. The census of 1900 shows that Dayton ranks fifth among Ohio cities in the value of manufactured products. And great gains have been made since that time.

An object of interest is the Soldiers' Home, the parent institution established by the government. This home occupies 600 acres of land three miles from the city center. The Home is a city of itself, having an average population of 6,000 discharged soldiers. Its buildings, extent of ground, and variety and beauty of adornment, supplemented by amusement rooms, and an opera house with music daily by a band of professional musicians, make it an attractive place for visitors. During the year, hundreds of thousands visit it from near and far. Electric cars of three routes from different parts of the city reach the Home every five minutes.



HOSPITAL BUILDINGS AT THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON.

## HAMILTON, OHIO

*By a Staff Correspondent*



SOLDIER'S MONUMENT, ON THE SITE OF  
OLD FORT HAMILTON

**H**AMILTON, Ohio, is attractive not only to the student of history but also to the man interested in the growth and development of the industrial life of our country. The two subjects are so closely interwoven in the story of this city that it is impossible to get an adequate conception of present conditions without knowing something of the past.

The first settlement in Ohio was made in 1788 at Marietta, and in the same year Columbia, now a part of Cincinnati, was settled. From this latter settlement, the other places in Hamilton and Butler counties are offshoots. Shortly after this, Cincinnati and North Bend were settled. All of these settlements were on what was known as Symmes' Purchase, which embraced all of the territory between the Miami river to a point several miles north of the present site of Middletown. Fort Washington was built at Cincinnati for the protection of the people against the Indians, and block-houses were erected at each of the minor settlements. To guard against the frequent attacks of the savages it was found that it would be necessary to have posts in advance, and out of this necessity sprang the first settlement in Butler county.

In 1790 General Arthur St. Clair was appointed governor of the Northwest Territory, and arrived at Fort Washington, where he made his first headquarters. President Washington, finding that the hostile Indians could not in any way be treated with, sent orders to General St. Clair to attack and drive the savages from their up-country fastnesses.

On September 19, 1791, St. Clair led his army, which consisted of scarcely more than 2,000 volunteers, out of Fort Washington and that night selected the site of the first outpost, which was named Fort Hamilton, in honor of Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury.

The fort, which was designed to cover the passage of the river, to serve as a base of supplies and to form the first link in the chain of communications between Fort Washington and the object of the campaign, was speedily completed. The site selected was on the east bank of the greater Miami. The fort was of stockade work, being built entirely of rough logs cut from the thick timber which covered the ground.

After the fort was completed, St. Clair sallied forth on his disastrous campaign. The next two years were troublous times for the few daring pioneers who had settled in the vicinity. St. Clair's defeat had emboldened the Indians, and massacres and murders were frequent in all of the territory north of Fort Washington. It was not until General Anthony Wayne moved on the hostile tribes and routed the savages that there was any degree of peace or safety for the settlers. This occurred in 1793 and 1794 and, beginning with that time, the county became rapidly settled.

In 1803, Ohio was admitted into the Union, and at the meeting of the first legislature, on March 24 of that year, the county of Butler was established through the passage of a law dividing Hamilton county, which prior to that time had embraced the territory of both of the present counties. The county was named Butler in honor of General Richard Butler, one of the veterans of the Revolution who lost his life in the defeat of St. Clair by the Indians.

Three sites were offered for the Butler county court house, and in 1803 the



Hamilton proposition was accepted. The court house was then permanently located where it now stands.

So much for the early history of Hamilton. Today Hamilton is the county seat of a county of 72,000 people, a county second in agricultural importance in the state of Ohio. According to the last census the city has a population of 24,900. This does not include several contiguous villages just outside of the city limits. They have a combined population of 6,200, giving Hamilton an actual population of over 31,000.



BUTLER COUNTY COURT HOUSE

Soon after the opening up of the town a number of enterprising citizens began to devise a plan by which they might utilize the water power of the Miami. A flour mill and a saw-mill, absolute necessities at that date, were then established. The venture was successful, and water was taken out of the river by races, both on the east and on the west side. Soon other mills were set going on both banks of the river near the east end of the present iron bridge across "Old River."

There were the first industries of the

city and for many years were successfully and profitably operated, and they assisted greatly in the development of the country. This dam and these races became, later on, a source of much trouble and contention in the courts, for when the hydraulic race was opened the water was drawn from the river above the dam built by the state. This lessened the head of water at the brush dam, and was hurtful to the flour mills. After much litigation, the hydraulic people bought up all the water privileges of the flour mills and the primitive races

were abandoned. But the new hydraulic and the canal furnished greatly improved water privileges, and the industrial career of the city began in earnest. From the primitive flour mills the industries of Hamilton have grown until their products are known around the world.

This great development may be accounted for from the fact that Hamilton has always possessed resources especially advantageous for the manufacturer. As a result, many manufacturers have moved their factories to this place from larger cities, preferring business advantages of Hamilton to those of their former place of residence. Another

fact is worthy of note: among the business industries of Hamilton there is not the unfriendly, cut-throat competition that too often exists among institutions of that character. Again, they are peculiarly free from labor difficulties. In general it may be said that a very high class of labor is employed. Every nation of the civilized world is represented by a delegation of skilled workmen. The following are interesting facts concerning the industries of Hamilton:

"Hamilton is the greatest manufacturing city in the United States propor-

tioned to its population. Its manufactured output is greater than that of any other city in the United States of the same size. Its manufactured output is even greater than that of Dayton, Ohio, regardless of population. Hamilton has the largest machine tool works in the world. Hamilton is the safe center of the world. More and better safes are made in Hamilton than in any other city in the world. Hamilton's output of coated paper is greater than that of any other city in the world. Hamilton has the largest paper mill in the United

Hamilton has two of the largest knitting mills in America."

No small part of the success of Hamilton is due to her transportation facilities. In the good old days when the only means of transportation were the wagon roads or the canals, progress was necessarily slow. The first railroad was the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, on which work was begun in 1847. It was once abandoned for lack of funds, but finally began operations in 1851. Today Hamilton has excellent railroads making swift and sure connections with all the



CAMPBELL AVENUE PARK

States and a number of smaller ones, beside. Hamilton manufactures more and better paper-mill machinery than any other city in the United States. Hamilton manufactures more and better shearing and punching machinery than any other city in the United States. Hamilton has the largest Corliss engine manufactory in the world. Hamilton's output of agricultural implements is second largest in the United States. Hamilton has one of the largest spring and mattress factories in America. Hamilton has one of the largest overall and shirt factories in the United States.

principal lines of the country. A system of street railways and interurban lines also promotes travel. The building of the Miami & Erie canal also played a prominent part in the development of the city.

Although Hamilton does not pose as preeminently a city of homes, it has nevertheless many attractions for the private citizen. An excellent school system provides for the education of the young. Within a short distance are a number of colleges for those who desire higher education. All church denominations are represented with a good

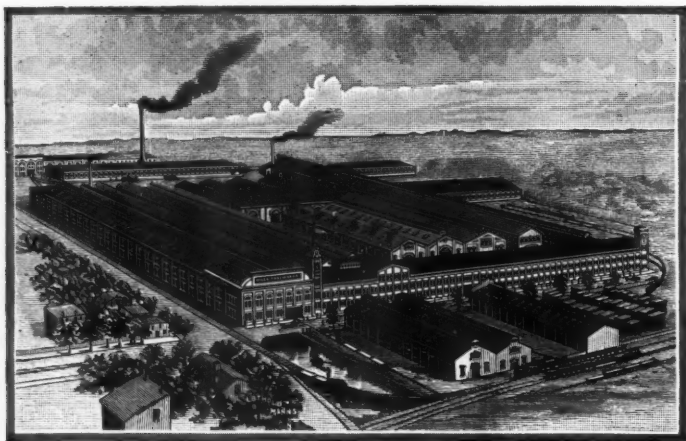
membership and able men at the head of the organizations. A Young Men's Christian Association has a good membership among the young men of the community and a similar organization exists for the young women. The city has not neglected the comfort of her citizens, for there have been established a number of parks, easily accessible for any citizen. Hospitals are also provided. Mention should also be made of the Lane Free Public Library, which is open to all. In this connection one must also state that Hamilton has a number of aggressive daily and weekly newspapers. The writer of this sketch is indebted to them for much of the data necessary for this article.

It is manifestly impossible to enumerate all that Hamilton has done to make it a desirable location for the man seeking a home. Suffice it to say that the citizens are loyal and patriotic and are

always on the alert for means of improvement. They have always been found to contribute liberally for any public enterprise.

Hamilton has pushed its way from obscurity to the front rank of the manufacturing cities of the United States. This would have been impossible had she not possessed resources especially advantageous for the man of capital. The rapid growth of her commercial interests is infallible proof of this point and is the best argument that can be advanced.

Hamilton invites those who are seeking locations, whether for homes or factories, to investigate before locating elsewhere. They will find here all the necessary resources for a permanent, substantial business career and the community will do everything in its power to assist in making a pleasant home and a successful business.



ONE OF HAMILTON'S FACTORIES

## WOMAN

BY EDITH STANNARD BARRETT

Not she with traitorous kiss her Savior stung,  
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;  
She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave,  
Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.

## BAY CITY, MICHIGAN\*

*By Captain A. H. Gansser*

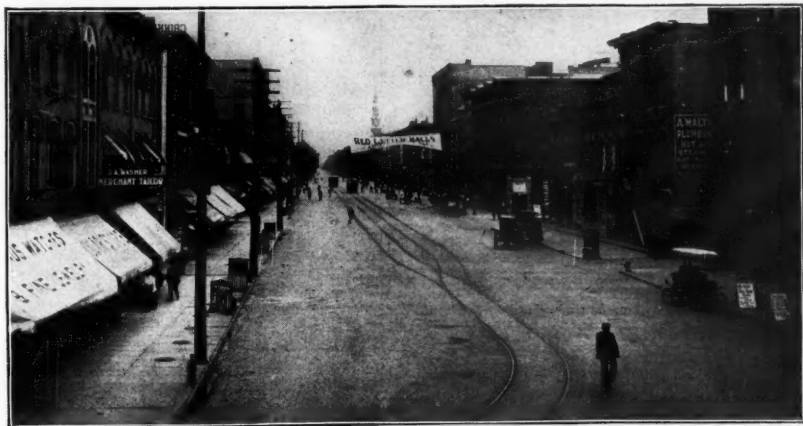
With illustrations from photographs by J. W. Rogers

**B**AY CITY, once known throughout the world as the largest lumber manufacturing and distributing center in the country, famous for the largest saw-mill in the world, the McGraw plant in the southern suburb, has within ten years made a complete change of front, and is today a living example of the enterprise and never-say-die spirit of American communities. From being a mere lumber-producing center, it has become the center of the beet-sugar business east of the Rocky Mountains, and can claim today as varied and stable industries as any city of its size in the country.

Situated at the mouth of Saginaw river, and at the head of Saginaw Bay, the city enjoys superior harbor facilities. Lake boats of deepest draught can enter the river, and once inside the break-water are safe in any storm. Fast fleets handled the lumber shipping, and a huge fleet of lake tugs brought the logs from the north and Canada. For twenty years the river was alive with craft. Much coastwise trade was constantly carried on, until the railroads came and by judicious ratings put the boats with freight for lake ports out of commission. With the passing of the lumber industry,

this river traffic dwindled away, and things looked gloomy indeed during the panicky days of '94 and '95. Instead of leaving the dismantled city, the people looked about them for new avenues of trade and business. A fine grade of bituminous coal was discovered about 150 to 300 feet beneath the surface. The intelligent farmers who prospered in the rural districts tributary to Bay City produced high-grade sugar beets. Chicory proved another successful experiment. The trade in fresh-water fish, caught in unlimited quantities hereabouts, has grown to mammoth proportions.

Somewhere about 1830 the product of the indian's chase and the fish, beaver, otter and other river inhabitants he caught, brought the first white traders to this vicinity. Trappers, missionaries and even government surveyors came earlier, and there are traditions that Father Marquette explored the bay and river with its dense forest setting. But not until 1840 did the pioneer's axe cut out one of those picturesque frontier settlements in the heart of the virgin forest. The indians welcomed the settlers, for they brought many things in trade which to them became more and more indispensable. Rude log huts, built for de-



CENTER AVENUE, EAST SIDE, BAY CITY

fense as well as shelter, gradually gave way to more pretentious buildings, and vigorous pioneer settlers, especially from Franken in Germany, blazed small homesteads in the wilderness, and by dint of hard work and perseverance they and their sons and daughters have made of the country to the east, west and south a veritable garden. Other settlers came, and at the close of the Civil war many men here laid away the sword and rifle for the axe and the ploughshare, and ere long the stately pines began to fall, not merely to make room for the farm and homestead, but for commercial purposes.

About 1870 saw-mills began to multiply, and for over twenty years, with buzz and whirr, the forest kings were transformed to the uses of modern civilization. A cosmopolitan population was attracted by this industry. The woodsman in his day was a unique character, and the city was far famed for its frontier experiences. Its population increased rapidly, so that by 1900 Bay City proper had over 32,000 people, West Bay City, just across the river, 15,000 more, and other suburbs could muster several thousand.

Separated by only imaginary lines, these several communities yet preferred to maintain separate municipal governments. The river and harbor advantages attracted the people who came here to live, yet strangely enough this very same river divided their several communal interests. This very year the dawn of a new year opened with a popular ma-

jority of over 2,000 votes in favor of consolidating these sister cities, and the legislature enacted a law whereby, in 1905, the Bay Cities will be made one, having then a population of between 50,000 and 60,000.

The "lumber-jacks" have given way to sugar-beet experts, coal miners, ship-builders, iron-workers, and skilled labor of every variety. Along the six miles of river front we now find four mammoth beet-sugar factories, the Bay City, West Bay City and German-American, being built in 1899, 1900 and 1901 respectively, and the pioneer Michigan factory, built in 1898. These factories have a daily capacity of over 2,000 tons of beets. Their campaign of slicing beets begins early in October, continuing until the supply of beets furnished by the farmer is transformed into refined sugar, brown sugar, and molasses. The latter product at first was treated as refuse and the factories had a tough problem how best to dispose of it. Two years ago the Michigan Chemical Company was formed by eastern capitalists to manufacture alcohol from this refuse molasses, beside other chemicals, potash, vinegar, etc. These bye-products of the beet-sugar factories have added greatly to the value of the industry, and will aid much in making it possible for this product of American farms, American factories, with well paid freedmen's labor, to compete with the cane sugar produced by coolie labor in Cuba and the West Indies.

The \$2 tariff on lumber drove that industry to Canada. Nothing short of the same suicidal tariff tinkering can now cripple this infant beet-sugar industry, which offers to supply all our home consumption in time, furnishes work for thousands of men, women and children during the Spring and Summer on the beet fields, and in the factories during late Fall and Winter. Millions of pounds of fine granulated sugar are annually produced here, and similar factories have prospered in other parts of the state and the middle West, since the industry was first established here. The American Sugar Refining Company of New York has bought controlling interests in the Bay City and Michigan factories this very year, and these will be managed as one institution this coming campaign. This is a new departure, and may mean much to the industry, as it places it at once in a position where



BAY CITY'S CITY HALL AND LIBRARY

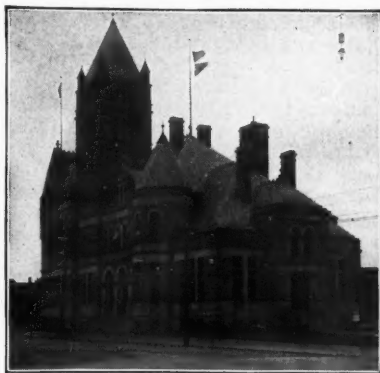


it need no longer fear the competition of the eastern refineries. The beet crop of 1903 will be the best, both in quality and quantity, ever produced here, and this community will feel the effects of the farmers' prosperity.

Railroads are essential to this industry, as many thousands of tons of beets come long distances. Bay City is well supplied in this respect. The Michigan Central has its division headquarters here. Large repair shops and round-houses employ hundreds of mechanics, and its steel bands unite us with Mackinaw on the north, Detroit, Chicago, the South, East and West. The Detroit & Mackinaw within recent years placed this city in touch with the enterprising cities along Lake Huron's eastern shore. Bay City is its southern terminal at present. Cheboygan will be reached this summer, and the line is steadily pushing north. The Grand Trunk enters on the west side, with ready connection for the far East and Canada, Grand Rapids and the West. The inter-urban electric railway connects this city with Saginaw, and is reaching out to Detroit and the East, and another electric line is being surveyed to Cass City, the Thumb and Port Huron on the east.

The discovery of coal has proven a boon to the steam roads, supplying them with fuel and with freight for the East, North and West. Fourteen coal-mine shafts are now in operation here, two of them being within the city limits on the west side. Three more are being sunk, and the supply of the black diamonds is practically inexhaustible. Miners from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Indian Territory and southern coal-producing states are flocking hither with their families, finding both their work and their living more congenial than in their former abodes.

With cheap fuel and deep-water transportation, and ample railroad facilities, manufacturing institutions are rapidly filling up the gaps along the river front left vacant when the saw-mills went to Canada. Marl has been discovered a few miles north of here, and the immense Hecla Cement plant has been established on the west bank of the river near its mouth. This institution has its own coal mines, railroads, docks and harbor, and is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world. It began operations this very year and produces



POSTOFFICE AND U. S. COURT HOUSE

4,000 barrels of cement daily. The Industrial Works has grown from humble beginnings, about 1868, to one of the largest establishments of its kind in the world. Its railroad wrecking cranes, of which it builds specialties, are known and in use wherever the iron horse serves the world's industries. It employs over 1,000 men and is the leading institution on the east bank of the river. Bousfield's Woodenware Works is the largest pail and tub factory in the world. A large veneering works is just being erected north of this mammoth institution by Bousfield & Salling-Hanson of Grayling.

The West Bay City ship-yard is one of the most modern plants on the Great Lakes. This very season it has launched the Sinaloa and Sanoma, sister ships, and the largest steel lake freighters afloat, owned by J. C. Gilchrist of Cleveland. Two more ships of the same size and style are now on the stocks. This plant pays out over \$8,000 weekly in salaries and wages. Captain James Davidson is perhaps the best known ship-builder and mariner on the Great Lakes. He began life as a deck-boy and became, in turn, sailor, captain, owner and ship-builder. His wooden ship-building plant on the west side has produced several hundred craft, most of which are still in commission, a number of them being managed and operated by their builder. A large drydock is operated in connection with this yard. The saw-mills of J. J. Flood, Kneeland & Bigelow, Hine & Co., Gates & Co., and the Hitchcock plant, are reminders of the lumber industry which

once centered here. Fine salt wells and cheap coal brought the United Alkali Company of Liverpool, England, to establish the North American Chemical Company in the south end. It produces chemicals of high quality and ships large quantities of fine table salt. The National Bicycle Company, Smalley Motor Works, just finished, M. Garland's machine shops, Bradley-Miller's mill, Excelsior Foundry, Marine Iron Works, and Michigan Pipe Company, suggest their diversified industries, and are leaders in their respective fields of endeavor.

The lumber yards of Mershon, Shuette, Parker & Co., and the Young Hardwood Company furnished the lumber for the American cup-defender Reliance, which fact speaks volumes for their position in this line of business.

A huge fleet of fishing tugs reaps annually a rich harvest of the finny tribes from the river and the bay. When Winter's cold blasts cover the lakes with its icy mantle, hundreds of fishermen find remunerative employment spearing fish through the ice. It forms each winter one of the most picturesque communities on the American continent. A score of box factories give employment to a large force of men, and hundreds of smaller institutions furnish their quota of workmen.

Today there is a scarcity of homes here, which fact describes better than all else the steady revival and progress of

the city, commercially and industrially. The climate is salubrious, and thousands of visitors swarm in the summer resorts of this vicinity during the heated period of each season. The wide sweep of Saginaw bay prevents gathering storms from doing any damage here. Cyclones, hurricanes and floods are therefore unknown here. The city is far famed for its fine churches, its splendid school system, excellent street railway service, and durable, smooth pavements. The city proudly claims to have the best shaded streets in the country, the tall trees being survivors of the grand forest that once thrived on the site of the present booming city. An enumeration of the churches will include the French, German, Swedish, Belgian, Polish and Hebrew places of worship, which indicates plainly the cosmopolitan complexion of the inhabitants.

The city owns a fine water-works system and electric light plant, and its other municipal departments are well equipped and up to date. Wooden block pavements have given way to brick, asphalt and bituminous macadam. Six fine public parks furnish shady breathing spaces.

The huts and wooden shanties that sheltered the lumber jacks have given way to modern office buildings, palatial residences and cozy homes for the toilers. The transformation is complete, our progress substantial and certain.



THIRD STREET BRIDGE AND SAGINAW RIVER, BAY CITY

## PRAYER

For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift no hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call their friends?

*Tennyson: "Morte D'Arthur."*

## AROOSTOOK COUNTY, MAINE

The Great Hunting Ground of the Eastern States

*By George H. Collins*

Editor of the Presque Isle Star-Herald

Illustrations by courtesy of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway Co.

**W**HEN Hon. Daniel Needham, the president of the New England Board of Agriculture, some fifteen years ago referred to Aroostook as the "great capital county of New England," he hit upon a happy phrase for the statement of a positive fact. The phrase occurs in a speech made by Mr. Needham at a meeting which was held in the Ploughman building, Boston, for the purpose

its great capital county as a game preserve and hunting ground. In the entire country no equal area surpasses it in this respect. Indeed, considering the abundance and kind of game with which its forests abound and their attractions in scenic beauty, it is very doubtful if any other region equals it in charms for the lover of the woods, and woods sports and recreations.



A GOOD KILL

Courtesy of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway.

of calling attention to the resources and attractions of this great county.

It has especial reference to Aroostook as a region of marvelous agricultural resources, easily capable, when laid under contribution, of supplying the great food staples for all New England.

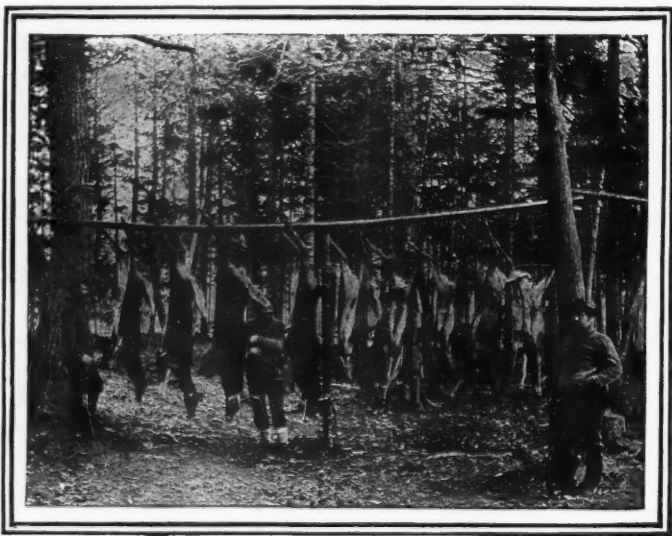
But while Aroostook is the "great capital county of New England" agriculturally, it is quite as emphatically so

When one considers that Aroostook has an area equal to that of Massachusetts, and that by far the larger part of this area is still in virgin forest, and that lost in this great realm of sylvan solitude is a vast system of lakes and streams, the haunt of moose and deer, and the abode of multitudinous trout and togue, he begins to realize what Aroostook really is as a hunting ground. Maine leads



BRINGING IN THE GAME  
Courtesy of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway

all other states in its attractions as a resort for those who seek rest and recreation. Aroostook county surpasses all other parts of Maine, because, in addition.



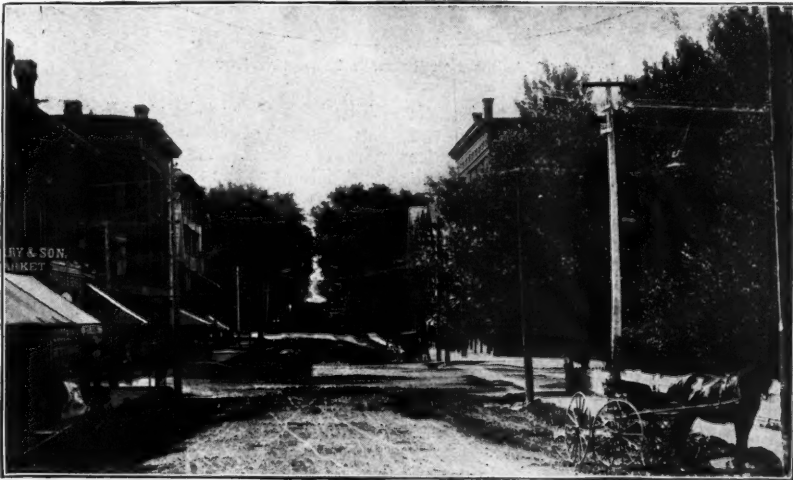
THE SPORT GROWS BETTER EVERY YEAR  
Courtesy of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway

tion to possessing in common with the rest of the state a matchless Summer and Fall climate, and incomparable charms of scenery, it has in its boundless stretch of virgin wilderness an attraction which places it apart by itself as a land of delight and fascination for the lover of nature and the manly sports which pertain to the woods.

How strong this fascination for woods life is, and how irresistibly it is drawing the teeming life of town and city, of all classes; into the bosom of nature in these wild and vast forest solitudes, is shown by the tide of humanity that sets hitherward as soon as Summer begins, and

in its solitude and its freedom from social or business intrusion.

There is no such thing as over-crowding this vast hunting ground; and apparently no such thing as over-taxing its resources of noble game. For, notwithstanding the thousands of deer and moose that are yearly killed by the army of hunters, statistics show that under the operation of a wise system of protective laws, rigidly enforced, the game is actually increasing, and northern Maine is every year spreading wider and wider its deserved fame as the great hunting ground of New England.



COURT STREET, HOULTON

more and more strongly as Summer turns into Autumn, and Autumn wanes into Winter. Clad in the guise of the hunter, this stream of people, men and women, loosed from their peculiar cares and burdens for a longer or shorter time, and buoyant and happy in their newfound freedom and joyous anticipations of what awaits them in the great northern forest, pours over the great highway of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, a veritable army.

Each season the army swells in numbers, yet were it many times larger than its present proportions, the great woods of the north could swallow it up just as easily, and just as easily provide it that rest and recreation whose chief charm is

## HOULTON, MAINE

The Capital of Aroostook County

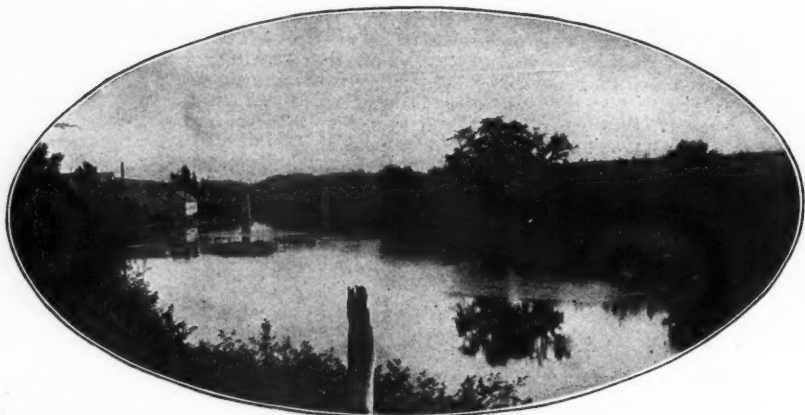
*By George L. Holyoke*

With illustrations from photographs by Thomas S. Estabrook

**H**OULTON is located in the eastern range of Maine towns, on the Canada border, and on the military road which extends from the river St. John, at Woodstock, in the Canadian province of New Brunswick, to the Penobscot at Bangor, Maine.

It was by this road that, nearly seventy years ago, soliders marched through the





BANGOR &amp; AROOSTOOK RAILWAY BRIDGE AT HOULTON

state to participate in the "Aroostook War," and in the protection of the Aroostook lumbering interests. There was then no other thoroughfare through the eastern part of Maine; and it was not till more than a score of years later that the whistle of the steam cars was heard in the state this side of the Penobscot.

The town is picturesquely situated on the western slope of Barracks Hill. This hill, which commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country for many miles in all directions, was selected for military defence; and here barracks were erected and troops sta-

tioned at times when matters became turbulent between this country and Great Britain. And here too, was a guard kept at the time of the Civil war. But no soldier has been needed here since 1865; and now the barrack has fallen to peaceful decay, and the evidence of past strife has disappeared.

The hill is within two miles of the Canada border.

Houlton received its name from one of its earliest settlers, some of whose descendants are now among its residents. It was incorporated in 1813, but as the tendency of immigration was westward, no great progress was made, either in popu-



VIEW ON THE MEDUXNEKEAG RIVER AT HOULTON

lation or industries. But in the past few years several causes have contributed to give an impetus to its development; and now, though it suffered a terrible devastation by fire a little more than a year ago, it is increasing both in population and the development of its industries much faster than ever it did before.

The town may be entered by ten different carriage roads, converging from all directions. It is the terminus of a branch of the Canadian Pacific railroad which connects it with all the system of that great trans-continental thoroughfare, and with the Maine Central at Vanceboro. It is the largest station for export and import on the Bangor & Aroostook railroad; and here some of the repair

heavily timbered districts of northern Aroostook and therefore presents encouraging openings to enterprising manufacturers. Here is a foundry and machine shop, a wood working factory, beside a number of smaller manufactories. But hundreds of thousands of dollars are sent out of the county every year for farm and other machinery, and for house finishings.

It is right in the midst of the great Aroostook potato-producing belt, and the starch factories are located in the town. During potato-digging time continuous strings of teams, loaded with starch potatoes, will line the streets; and then the hauling of this immense product to the station for export will



A HAY-FIELD AT HOULTON

shops of that corporation are located.

Three passenger trains of the Bangor & Aroostook arrive daily from the West and proceed to the towns in the North; and as many pass to the West. The Canadian Pacific branch connects at Debec with all trains north and south on that line. Beside these it is connected by stage routes with all surrounding parts of the state and Canada that are not directly reached by rail.

It is right in line of connection with the best hunting and fishing fields in Maine. Every year brings increasing numbers of this class of travelers to Houlton, and the demands for hotel accommodation make it necessary for the proprietors to make frequent enlargement. It is the center of the finest farming lands in the state, and closely connects by rail with the

give a boom to business until next May or June, when the product of 1903 will have been exhausted.

There are two national banks a savings bank.

The town has a public library and has accepted a donation of \$10,000 from Andrew Carnegie for a library building, which is now being erected. A bequest by the late Dr. George Cary will be applied to the enlarging of the library. The public buildings are neat, substantial, and commodious.

On Military and High streets are situated the buildings of the Ricker Classical Institute, which command a fine view and present a picturesque appearance.

The town school buildings are commodious, comfortable and convenient.

It is a town of many fraternal orders, and a member of almost any society of

a general character will not fail to find a home of his brotherhood here. Here, too, are a number of local societies, of a literary and sporting character. The people are social, literary, musical and progressive. Houlton has an excellent band and a fine orchestra.

Crescent Park, on the shores of Nickerson lake, a placid sheet of water within four miles of the town, is where, in artistic Summer cottages, many of the citizens spend July and August.

northwestern boundry question several generations ago.

Presque Isle, however, the reader may be assured, is very much alive, and in spite of its seeming isolation, is surpassed by few towns of its size in New England in any features that confer upon a place credit and respectability.

It is no great surprise to find in villages and cities in the more central and thickly populated sections of the country all the attractions which come through culture,



WHERE GAMY FISH ABOUND

## PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE

*By George H. Collins*

Editor of the Presque Isle Star-Herald

With illustrations from photographs by

J. B. Smart

**E**XPLORE any map or atlas in a search for Presque Isle, Aroostook county, Maine, and one will find it a mere dot in a vast and seemingly almost blank expanse of wilderness away up in the northern corner of Uncle Sam's broad domain, clinging lonesomely to the edge of the wedge-shaped strip of Yankee territory into which northern Maine was whittled out in the settlement of the

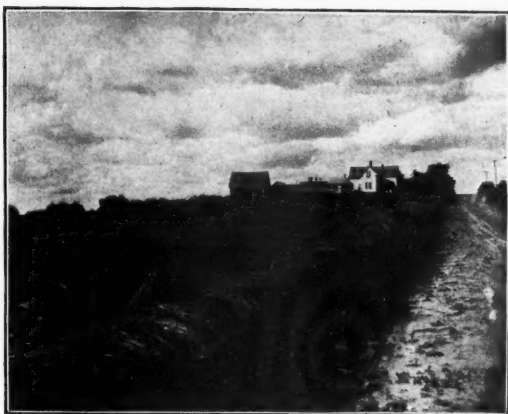
enterprise, wealth and refinement. But to find them equally in evidence in a place geographically so remote as Presque Isle is much more of a surprise, and, in fact, much more creditable to town and people. The fact is, Presque Isle has about all the purely artificial merits and attractions of the average American village or small city, and by virtue of the generosity of nature, some claims to distinction that few New England towns can boast.

Let me first enumerate some of the items to its credit common to all progressive New England villages. Among these I may say that it has an excellent school system, now supplemented by the

establishment here by the state of a new normal school. It has six churches, in charge of an able and vigorous clergy, and two flourishing papers. It has a good water system, and to go with it a thorough system of sewerage. It has two strong and prosperous banks. It has a fine system of electric lights and a system of steam heat from a central plant, which warms all the principal business blocks, and quite a number of its residences. It has two opera houses, one of them, Perry's Theater, the largest and best appointed building of the kind outside the cities of the state. It has three hotels, and among them at least one, the Presque Isle House, which affords its guests every comfort and accommodation to be found in the best city hotels. It is connected by telephone with every other village in the county, and by long-distance wire with every point in the country within the range of telephone communication. Outside of Houlton, (admittedly the most beautiful residential village in Maine), Presque Isle, it is safe to say, has as many handsome and well-kept residences, and as many homes made attractive by culture and refinement as any village of its size in New England.

Similar commendation may be given its stores, which are finely appointed, and many of which carry stocks which in magnitude and variety would do credit to a city of 20,000 population. It has two railroads, the Bangor & Aroostook, and the Canadian Pacific. The former is a most efficient transportation outlet for all purposes, and in its passenger service particularly is unsurpassed for comfort, convenience and dispatch.

Agriculturally, no town in all New England surpasses Presque Isle. A vast wilderness lies, it is true, to the westward of it, but this great forest contains timber



HARVEST SCENE, PRESQUE ISLE

wealth inexhaustible, and is so teeming with game that its repute in this wise has reached every section of the country. But a fairer cultivated landscape than the one immediately surrounding Presque Isle the sun does not shine upon. Excepting possibly the town of Fort Fairfield, Presque Isle has more acres of fertile soil than any other town in New England. With a total population of about 4,000 it has about 500 farmers, nearly all of them thrifty, highly intelligent and prosperous. The regulation farm lot here, as elsewhere in Maine, is 160 acres, but the ease with which large areas of this smooth



ON THE AROOSTOOK RIVER AT PRESQUE ISLE

land can be cultivated by means of modern, improved machinery, tends to a habit of expansion. Within reasonable limits, the bigger the farm the more economically and profitably it can be operated. Hence we find in Presque Isle the average acreage approximating 200, and a large percentage of farms ranging from this figure to 400 and even 500 acres. Potatoes, Aroostook's staple, are found here in fields ranging from twenty to 100 acres, after yielding over 100 barrels to the acre; and since he has caught on to the knack of rotating clover with

and such luxuries as are indicated by pianos, elegant furniture, rubber-tired carriages, fine driving horses, etc., these farmers still have good, fat bank accounts to their credit.

The substantial thrift and prosperity of Presque Isle are undeniable and permanent; its business men are alert and enterprising; its social life characterized by refinement, intelligence and culture. It has been suggested, however, that its climate is one that discounts these advantages. On this point the writer avers that from May until November Presque



IN THE PARADISE OF THE HUNTER

potatoes, the Presque Isle farmer is able to alternate great fields between hay and potatoes, so as to raise and sell an immense volume of both staples, and at the same time actually to increase the strength and fertility of his farm. For the past three years it is a very unpretentious Presque Isle farm that has not yielding profits totalling \$3,000, while many have run as high as \$10,000 and \$12,000. Making all due allowance for operating expenses, there is a margin left that has made these farms a veritable gold mine; and it is no wonder that, after providing himself and family with ample comforts,

Isle enjoys a climate unsurpassed in the world. From November until May, it has, it is true, an abundance of snow and occasional severe cold waves, yet there is a bracing, tonic, and health-giving property in its winter season which makes it conducive to physical vigor and the keenest enjoyment of its numerous winter sports and recreations. Come when he chooses, in Spring, Summer, Autumn or Winter, the visitor, whoever he may be, or wherever he be from, will readily admit that Presque Isle is a gem in New England thrift, enterprise and refinement, and a place of marked attractions.



# NIAGARA FALLS—THE CITY

*By a Staff Correspondent*

**T**HE story of the development of Niagara Falls is one of the marvels of the industrial age. Marvelous because within a decade Niagara Falls has sprung into great prominence as a manufacturing center, and the work of developing its natural resources is only begun. Niagara all these years has stood for only one thing, a stupendous marvel of nature that has held humanity awe-stricken upon its banks. It has remained for the age of electricity to utilize the mighty force of these falling waters.

That which impresses forcibly the visitor to Niagara Falls now is not only the Falls, but the city and the wonderful industrial center that is being established there. For the tourist and traveler there is only one Niagara. Not because Niagara produces the only water power, but it produces it the most abundantly. Two of the greatest electric power plants in the world are located here, and will have a combined output of 150,000 horse power. Another electric power plant is being erected just across the river, on the Canadian side, whose capacity will be 200,000 horse power. The Niagara Falls Power Company, which now furnishes 50,000 electrical horse power, is at present constructing a duplicate plant which will double its output. The Niagara Falls Hydraulic Power and Manufacturing Company is also constructing an addition that will add 50,000 horse power to its present output of 40,000 horse power.

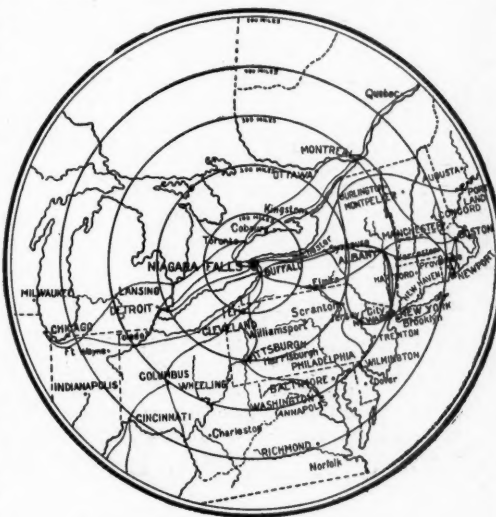
Not only the varied manufacturing in-

stitutions at Niagara Falls are supplied with the output of electrical power which is generated by means of the "white coal" of Niagara, but the entire street railway system of Buffalo is operated by a current of power from Niagara. It is not unreasonable to predict that some day the abundance of power from Niagara will enter all of the institutions of that great manufacturing city, supplying the power for the 70,000 workers in those institutions which have \$100,000,000 invested capital. In 1900 there were 265 manufacturing plants at Niagara Falls

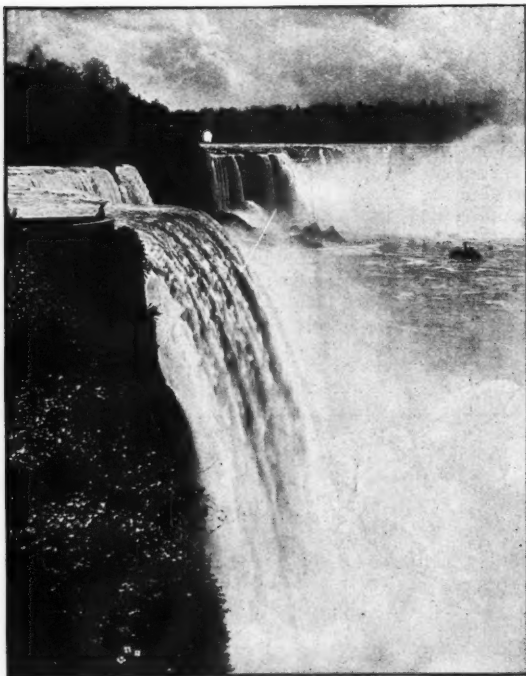
whose power comes to them in the form of electricity generated at these power plants. The capital invested in them was \$14,821,819. This investment has been increased to \$30,000,000 during the past three years by new institutions and the enlarging of those already established. The Natural Food Company, with a capital of \$10,000,000, is one of the latest additions, that

has brought to a happy consummation all of its plans and hopes for an ideal manufacturing institution.

With the advent of the Natural Food Company there has been developed a third industry at Niagara Falls,—the entertainment of conventions. About a year ago a Bureau of Publicity was established, one of the main objects of which is to secure conventions. Excellent accommodations are offered for conventions. There is the City Convention hall with a seating capacity of 1,800 persons. It has two separate assembly rooms and



NIAGARA FALLS AS A CONVENTION CENTER



THE WONDER OF THE CONTINENT

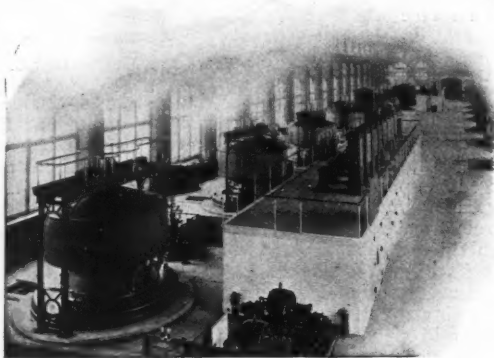
several committee rooms and two conventions can be in progress there at the same time, without any interference. The convention hall is furnished free of cost. The lecture room in the conservatory of the Natural Food Company is one of the finest convention halls in the country. It has a seating capacity of 1,000. This hall is only one feature of the largest and most beautiful manufacturing building in the world. There are also large assembly halls in the International Hotel, the Cataract House and the Prospect House.

Beautiful for situation, Niagara Falls is most conveniently reached from all parts of the country. It is on the most direct line of travel between the East

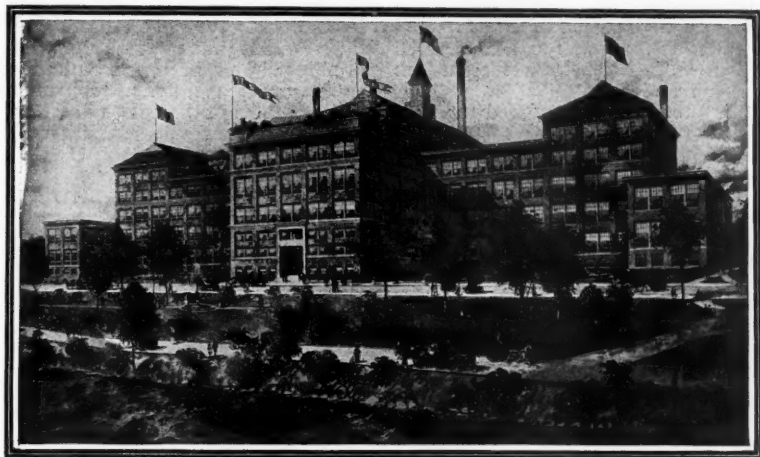
and the West and in a great many instances there can be a choice of rail or water routes. Ten railroads, including the greatest trunk lines, enter the city, also three greatly developed electric roads, and only seven miles away is the lake port Lewiston, where direct water connection can be made with Toronto and other Canadian cities.

Within a radius of 500 miles, using Niagara Falls as the central point, there is a total population of 40,000,000. Some of the large cities that would be included within this radius are Buffalo, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Wilmington, Richmond, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis, Detroit, Chicago, Louisville, and hundreds of other thriving cities.

Not alone easy of access, Niagara Falls and vicinity abound with places of historic interest; these in addition to the majestic panorama of natural wonders,—the Falls, the Whirlpool Rapids, the islands, the parks, and scenic routes



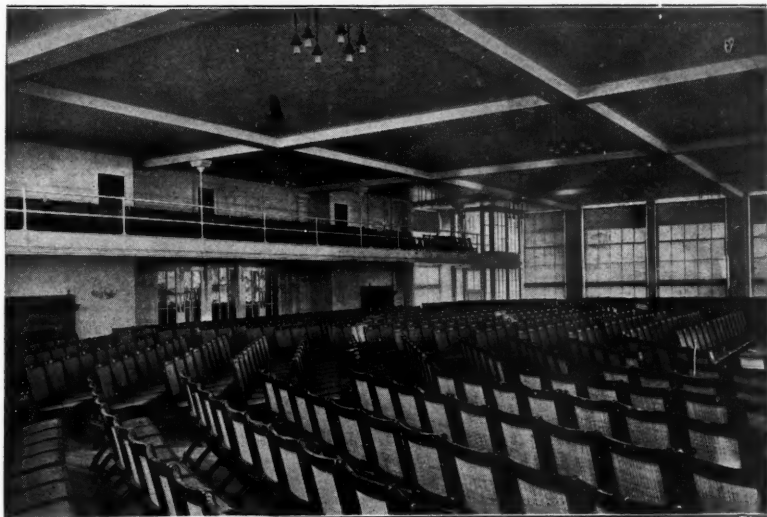
INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE NEW POWER PLANTS



THE CONSERVATORY OF THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY

make a diversity that is unparalleled anywhere. History records the fact that in 1679 the first vessel that sailed the upper lakes was built at the mouth of Cayuga Creek, which is only five miles above the Falls, on the American side. Robert Cavalier de La Salle was the intrepid traveler who built the boat, which he

named "Griffon." He was with Father Hennepin, the early Indian missionary, in some of his travels. Many important events of the French and Indian wars occurred near the Falls, and old landmarks can still be pointed out by the guide who is well informed. On a height on the Canadian side of the river, west



AUDITORIUM OF THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY'S CONSERVATORY

of Horseshoe Falls, the battle of Lundy's Lane took place July 25, 1814, and only a few miles down the river occurred the battle of Queenstown Heights, on October 13, 1813.

It is not to be wondered at that Niagara Falls is beginning to take first rank among the convention cities of the country when all of the inducements for convening there are enumerated. The greatest rival of Niagara Falls as a convention city next year will be St. Louis, on account of the exposition to be held there. The race for securing events is about even up to the present time.

Six conventions were held at Niagara Falls during the month of September this year, but June was the banner month of the year, for in that month the city entertained ten different conventions, some of them of three days duration.

It seems remarkable that Niagara Falls should so soon become noted as the gathering place of the nation, yet not so remarkable when the consistent efforts of its citizens are taken into consideration.

The citizens are but exploiting, in their generous, whole-souled manner, their nature-gifted community.

## WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

*By a Staff Correspondent*

With illustrations from photographs by J. H. Kirk

**S**TRETCHED along the wooded foothills of the Ohio river lies the city of Wheeling, the metropolis of a state of more than a million people, and without a doubt one of the most progressive states in the Union.

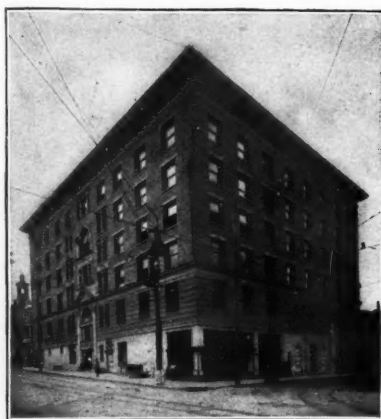
The history of Wheeling is national rather than local. Here was fought the last battle of the Revolutionary war between the British and their Indian allies on the one side and the sturdy American patriots on the other, and thus, amid

the smoke and tumult and the large incidental losses was laid the foundation of an industrial center second to none in this commercial age.

Wheeling is essentially a commercial and manufacturing city, owing to its geographical location, its vast supplies of coal and iron, and its cheap freights west and south by river. The city extends four miles along the river side, has a population of 42,000, with the suburban towns on the Ohio side of the



POSTOFFICE, WHEELING



COURT THEATER AND BOARD OF TRADE



A HOLIDAY IN WHEELING

river containing an almost equal population, and with a rich tributary country in West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

As early as 1836 there were more than one hundred and thirty flouring mills within a radius of twenty-five miles of Wheeling, and in some years as high as 275,000 barrels of flour was ground, valued at more than \$2,000,000, and sent to market via the cheap and convenient waterway of the broad Ohio. In 1840 five glass works were in successful operation, in addition to four foundries, a rolling-mill, paper-mills, a silk-mill, an extensive boat-yard, etc. The ensuing decade witnessed a corresponding growth in the manufacturing industries of the city, and a computation made in 1851 showed that the number of hands employed in the mills was 500, their annual wages \$187,000, and the value of the output \$568,000. This pertained to iron alone. As to glass, 350 men were employed, their wages aggregating to \$105,000, and in this same year \$80,000 was invested in the manufacture of cotton, while miscellaneous industries gave employment to 2,540 hands, who annually drew \$676,000 in wages. The opening of the Balti-

more & Ohio railroad to Wheeling naturally brought great and immediate benefits. This was the beginning of the modern business and manufacturing era of the city, and from that time on the progress of the city was rapid.

The first iron mill in Wheeling was erected by Schoenberger & Agnew in 1834. The second mill was the Virginia, built in 1847 by E. M. Norton & Co., and the Belmont followed in 1849. In 1853 the Virginia was removed to Benwood, just south of the city, and the company was reorganized. In 1852 Mr. O. C. Dewey started the Eagle wire-mill, and in the same year the La Belle mill was organized by Bailey, Woodward & Co. In 1860, Dewey, Vance & Co. started the Wheeling Iron and Spike Works. Today the invested capital is about \$15,000,000, and the value of the annual output about twice as much.

But it was not alone in iron and later on in steel and their various products that Wheeling achieved distinction. Early in the century rough pottery was made here, the nucleus of the present huge establishment. Glass was ever an important industry, the first works being



established in 1828 by Ritchie & Wilson. From that day to the present Wheeling has been a center of glass production of the finest description, as well as of pottery, to say nothing of the fragrant Wheeling stogie, which has a national reputation.

The present jobbing trade of the city probably exceeds \$20,000,000 a year, and at least 400 travelling men are constantly "on the road." The Wheeling stogie output is 80,000,000 annually.

Many branches of industry deserve detailed mention, but the space at command prohibits. It must suffice to say that the city is one of the most prosperous, conservative and solid communities in the country. Business methods have ever been such that even the most serious depression in the commercial and manufacturing world has produced no more than a fleeting impression here. Considering the extent and volume of business, and the diversity of manufacturing, failures have been few.

The banking facilities of the immediately surrounding towns, on the Ohio side of the river and to the north and south of the city proper, have an aggregate capital of \$3,500,000, with deposits in the city proper of more than \$14,000,-

000, and half as much more in the surrounding suburban cities and towns.

The railroad facilities of the city and its surrounding towns are ample for even the enormous traffic they are compelled to take, and all reasonable demands for cars are met with great promptness. The tonnage is enormous. The city is bordered on the north, south and east by the tracks of the Wheeling Terminal Company, and the immense bridge across the river at the north end of the city was constructed at an expenditure of nearly \$4,500,000. The belt line completely surrounding the city, and extending via the big double-track bridge to all the immense industries on the Ohio side of the river, is a most important factor in the interchange of freight between competing lines, and from its inception has proven of the greatest benefit. This belt line connects with all the roads entering the city and its surrounding towns and reaches all mills, furnaces and leading industrial plants.

The city owns its water-works, with a pumping capacity of 28,000,000 gallons in each twentyfour hours with all engines running. The municipality also owns and has successfully operated for



MC LURE'S HOTEL, WHEELING

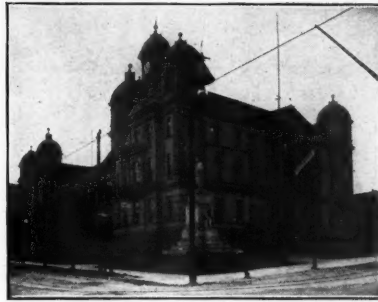
more than a generation an extensive plant for the production of illuminating gas, and the great public benefit of this venture on the part of the city can best be shown by these figures. Under the old private corporation the price of gas to the consumer was \$3.50 per 1,000 cubic feet. Now it is 75 cents per 1,000 feet and in addition the revenues of the works pay for and maintain at a high degree of efficiency a street-lighting system of about 575 arc lamps, all without a cent of expense to the tax-payer. These two municipal plants—gas and electric—represent an investment of about \$1,000,000 and the properties could be very easily sold for that amount.

The public buildings of Wheeling are unusually numerous for a city of its size and wealth. Congress at its last session appropriated \$400,000 for a new post-office, and ground for its erection has just been broken. The building will probably cost half a million or more. The city hall and court-house, with the jail annexed to the latter, are handsome modern structures, representing an outlay of \$300,000.

The public school system is an elaborate one, with a separate school for colored pupils, and at the head of the system is a high school, well equipped, to which a manual training department will probably soon be added. One hundred and forty-five teachers are employed and 4,500 pupils enrolled.

A fine public library of 17,000 volumes is at the disposal of every one.

The city is well equipped with other institutions of learning, including one of the most noted music schools in the country. A feature of the city appealing with particular force to visitors is the vast and still rapidly growing network of trolley lines, giving access to the business portions of the city from points both in Ohio and West Virginia; and work is now being actively prosecuted upon a new line, the ultimate destination of which will be Washington, Pennsylvania, and which is now half completed. The lines at present in operation



WHEELING'S CITY HALL

have a mileage of about eighty miles, and within a year this will be increased to one hundred miles. Last year alone one company transported 1,400,000 passengers from points in Ohio to this city, which will give an idea of the vast total of all the systems.

Mention has been made of the former preeminence of Wheeling as a manufacturing center, by reason of its cheap coal mined right from the hillside in the old days of early manufacturing at practically nominal expense. The cheap coal is still available, averaging but six and one-half cents per bushel for the best grades; but the factories of the city are no longer dependent upon coal, as the city is thoroughly piped by the natural gas companies, and the suburban towns as well. This gas is a particularly desirable fuel for glass-making, the firing of pottery kilns, the making of steel pipe, etc., and the supply is showing no signs of diminution. It is this important factor which makes the Wheeling manufacturing district a model one, and accounts in a large measure for its commercial solidity, the extent of its trade, the wealth and intelligence of its people and the general public prosperity.

Wheeling boasts of two handsome parks, both under public control and connected with the city by trolley lines. Both are lighted by electricity and are justly popular with all classes.

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing  
Did certain persons die before they sing.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*



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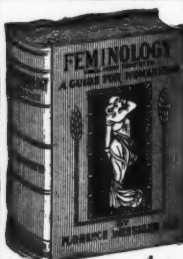
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